



METROPOLITAN TORONTO LIBRARY BOARD

Indexed.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxvi

Toronto, May 1913

No. 1

In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace, and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of unity and harmony. In pursuing the great objects our condition points out to us, let us act in a settled conviction and habitual feeling that all our provinces are the making of one grand country. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country:

Adapted from Daniel Webster's speech at Charlestown, June, 1825.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

Contents Copyright, 1913

261067.



Listen now," he said, "you got to quit groceries!"

The confessions of a Publicity Agent. See Page 108.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVI

Toronto May 1913

No. 1

The Sphinx of Alberta

Canada prides herself on the fact that her democracy has evolved a type of public men that is creditable to modern civilization: History has cast a halo around great men of war, politics, and learning in the past in all the really great countries of the world. When one looks at close range at the living figures of his time he is most liable to adversely criticize these in comparison with the virtues of the past which have been added to "by their being far." It has been the policy of MacLean's Magazine to give character sketches of her living public men, and in this regard our readers have much commended us. The present character sketch is among Mr. Craick's best. He has just returned from a trip to Alberta, where, as he says, he saw the Sphinx in his home province.

By W. A. Craick

THE square white-walled chamber gleamed brilliantly under a flood of light spilling down from a spangled ceiling. Opposite the visitors' gallery, the seven seats of the Opposition, stood out like lonely palm trees in the midst of an oasis of yellowish linoleum. The Speaker, debonnair, like all his tribe, swung to and fro in a big swivel chair. To his right the three ranks of desks, brokenly occupied by a listless crew of government supporters, imparted a lopsided appearance to the apartment. A sprinkling of onlookers in the galleries and a few weary-looking reporters aloft in the narrow recess above the Speaker's dais, completed the scene.

A coup d'oeil from a vantage point, memory-staged the scene. Something in the picture held. A figure partially recumbent in the first front seat on the government side, with feet extended on the adjacent chair, body thrown back, elbows at rest on the arms of his chair

and hands clasped, completed the expression of perfect relaxation. The face in repose is thin, priest-like, ascetic and impassive; the eyes are keen and black. It is a face that catches and holds the attention, impressing one with the strength of personality behind a sphinx-like mask that conceals the workings of an active mind. Among them all,—these legislators of the western province,—he stands forth as the predominating personality in the new white-walled legislative pile.

The semi-recumbent figure is the Hon. Arthur L. Sifton, premier of Alberta. Strange to say he is dignified even in this favorite, undignified attitude. A certain niceness about him, from the clean-shaven face to the immaculate button-boots, makes him appear quite proper in almost any position. His delicate hands, with rings on both little fingers, are as dainty as a woman's. His double-breasted coat is a perfect fit. The

wing collar and the black tie are precision itself. Yet the impression is not that of the fop or the extremist. There is 'nothing loud or showy about his dress. In short he is a careful student of detail, taking pride in his sartorial appearance.

Impassivity is not the invariable characteristic of Premier Sifton's face. The Siftonian smile is notable. At a pointed remark from an opposition speaker, he swings round in his chair and, catching the attention of one of his colleagues, exchanges with him an amused glance. It is the eyes that give the smile its significance. An opponent might term the expression of the face sardonic. There is a raising of the eye-brows, a sparkle in the pupils and almost a sneer about the lips. The transition from grave to gay is rapid, like the passing of a ray of sunlight across a field in shadow, and as suddenly the former imperturbable look is resumed.

These momentary gleams of amused interest in the lunges of opposition speakers is an indication of the rapidity of the premier's mental action. Gifted with really remarkable powers of intuition, he is a man who sees quickly, grasps comprehensively and acts with supreme confidence in his own judgment. His faculty for absorbing an argument in detail is noteworthy. He has been known to sit calmly through a three-hour oration from a member of the opposition, in which facts and figures were hurled at him in bewildering confusion, and then without note or memorandum, rise to make an elaborate reply. His *impassivity irritates his opponents*. He is not discourteous but he conveys the impression of being quite unconcerned, twiddling his thumbs or making meaningless hieroglyphics on a scrap of paper.

Alberta's premier comes of a family, long gifted with an aptitude for dealing with practical politics. His father before him, the late Hon. John W. Sifton, was active in the public life of Manitoba as far back as 1878 and for some years was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of that province. His younger brother, the Hon. Clifford Sifton, is one of the

notable figures in the larger sphere of national politics, whose services to the country have been of great value.

AN ONTARIO BORN.

Arthur Lewis Sifton was born near London, Ontario, fifty-four years ago. His grandparents had settled in Middlesex County in the early thirties, having emigrated to Canada from *Tipperary*, but the Sifton family are of English, not Irish origin, notwithstanding. His father went west in 1875 to undertake some contracting work and took his wife and children with him. Arthur had by that time advanced sufficiently in his studies to be almost ready for the University, and after putting in a winter session at Wesley College, in Winnipeg, was sent back to Ontario to enter as an undergraduate at Victoria University, then situated in Cobourg. The family were staunch Methodists and believed in supporting those educational institutions which were conducted under the wing of their own church.

Graduating in arts in 1880, he began the study of the law in Winnipeg the same year and after taking the usual three-year course was duly called to the bar in 1883. He promptly hung out his shingle in the town of Brandon and started in to win a name for himself as a leader in municipal politics. He entered the council and while he retained his seat at the council table is said to have managed to keep the municipal pot boiling merrily. Then being young, optimistic and venturesome, he wandered away in 1885 to Prince Albert, then probably enjoying one of its earlier booms, and practised there for four years. Following this one finds him invading Calgary, where he continued to reside for quite a number of years.

IN THE OLD NORTH-WEST COUNCIL

On politics he continued to bestow an intermittent interest. This led finally to his being elected a member of the Council of the North-West Territories for the district of Banff. Judge Haultain was leader of the territorial government at the time and soon after the Calgary lawyer's entry into the Coun-



Hon. A. L. Sifton at his desk.

cil, the latter was made treasurer and commissioner of public works. After holding office for two years only, so rapid has been political advancement in the West, he was transferred from the *executive* to the *judicial* department of the government as chief justice of the supreme court of the North-West Territories. This was but a short time before the autonomy bills of 1905 brought into being the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The changes consequent upon the foundation of the two prairie provinces had their effect upon Judge Sifton's position. He was offered two alternatives, the leadership of the Liberal party in Alberta or the chief justiceship of the same province. He chose the latter as it meant practically a continuation of the kind of work to which he had already decided to devote himself. The story of how he was ultimately called from the dignified independence of the bench to take part once more in the turmoil and strife of party pol-

itics, is a familiar one to all Canadians who follow the course of public affairs. There was disintegration at work in the Liberal party of Alberta which spelled disaster. Only one man could heal the breach and that was Judge Sifton. He was appealed to, consented to come to the assistance of his former political friends, threw aside his robes and stepped down from the bench.

A PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATOR.

Much progressive legislation has been put through during the three years that ex-Judge Sifton has been at the head of the Alberta government. There is no province of the Dominion, with the possible exception of Saskatchewan, which has taken such advanced steps. That much of the legislation has been initiated by the premier himself is undoubted. From a long experience of Western conditions he has come to a thorough realization of Western needs and he has not been slow to put into force those measures, which he has

deemed of value to the young and rapidly expanding province. Thus it is significant that Alberta has to-day the *first measure of direct legislation* to be passed in Canada, that it was earliest in the field with a *comprehensive workmen's compensation act*, that its new *system of agricultural schools* has been pronounced the most effective plan of agricultural education yet devised in Canada, that its *co-operative elevator act* is an even more radical measure than the successful Saskatchewan act and that the *provincial university is being developed* along the most liberal lines.

But the premier did not come into office without having to assume a heavy burden in the shape of the Alberta and Great Waterways difficulty, which may yet prove a serious obstacle to progress. With characteristic taciturnity and a dislike of divulging his policy until absolutely necessary, he has not yet given an indication of what steps will be taken to get rid of this old man of the sea. His friends and admirers are confident that he can overcome the difficulty. His opponents hope to see it compass his overthrow.

MAKES DECISIONS QUICKLY.

The experience which Premier Sifton gained on the bench has had much to do with his success as an administrator. As a judge he was famed for his penetration and quick decision, coupled with a fearlessness that led him to enforce the law with the utmost rigor. It was largely through his firmness and zeal that cattle-rustling was stamped out in Alberta, while other forms of lawlessness had short shrift from him. When his energies were diverted to the making of laws, instead of their enforcement, he put these same faculties to good use in their drafting and enactment.

When Chief Justice the speed with which he rendered judgment was an astonishment to many members of the bar. He could estimate the value of an argument in relation to a case in point almost as soon as it was delivered and did not require hours of study to arrive at a decision. This was well illustrated in the *lumber combine case* of 1907, when the court listened to evidence and

argument for ten days. The final address of counsel was delivered, onlookers and participants were preparing to leave the room, when to the amazement of everybody the Chief Justice, instead of announcing that he would postpone judgment as was anticipated, rose in his place and calmly proceeded to deliver his finding. Though in many respects a most complicated case, the whole thing was over in twenty minutes.

There is one *explanation* which is sometimes advanced to explain Premier Sifton's propensity for settling problems quickly. Realizing his power of summing up a situation with accuracy and despatch, it is said that he has gradually assumed a sort of mental indolence, which makes any long continued application to study distasteful. Concurrently he is equally averse to having the necessity for making a decision hang over him and so, to put himself entirely at his ease, he seizes his *bête noir* by the horns and has done with difficulties as they arise. By a strong exertion of will-power he settled the lumber combine case "right off the bat" and doubtless went home a much more contented man than had he used the excuse of requiring more time for deliberation, in order to save the trouble of immediate action. Be this as it may, Premier Sifton is certainly not to be described as a "plugger", nor does he possess the power of long, concentrated application, which has given Hon. Clifford his advantage.

IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

In the premier's desk in his private office, there is a box, well-known to his friends. It has a glass top, through which one can see the even layers of an excellent brand of black cigars. The premier is an inveterate smoker and a connoisseur in the matter of weeds. He and his black cigars are seemingly inseparable. If he is not puffing at one of them, he is at least holding it in his fingers or picking it up from his desk, and the replenishing of his glass-topped box is a frequent necessity.

A STORY FROM THE HUSTINGS.

Apart from his love of tobacco, Premier Sifton has no other so-called bad



A MAGNIFICENT PILE.

Alberta's new Legislative buildings on the banks of the Saskatchewan at Edmonton. The foothills of the Rockies make its setting to the west, while around it stretches out a fabulously rich agricultural province.

habits. No one has ever heard him swear and he has the reputation of never having taken a drink in his life. What is more, he has such an aversion to intemperance that he would not countenance a man even partially intoxicated in his presence. On this he is very decided. Apropos of his temperance principles, the story is told that when he was campaigning in the Banff district in 1902, his friends the late Malcolm Mackenzie and Paddy Nolan, accompanied him one day to the collieries at Bankhead, where he was to address a meeting of miners. Nolan was throwing money around with Celtic generosity, treating the men lavishly, but Sifton with characteristic distaste for such proceedings held aloof. His attitude was remarked by the men, who presently began to nudge each other and point to him. Nolan saw that his friend was not gaining anything by his adherence to principle and, to offset any possible loss of prestige, took a few of the miners into his confidence and whispered mysteriously by way of explanation: "*He's interdicted, boys. That's*

why he can't join you." This bit of information circulated rapidly, the candidate became an unconscious hero and his stock rose appreciably.

The Honorable Arthur has been induced on occasion to patronize horse shows where his brother, the Honorable Clifford, has exhibited some of his famous horses. He would endeavor to look interested in the proceedings, watch the jumping attentively and applaud the fraternal triumphs, but would fail on the whole to understand just why people should get so enthused over such a performance. Despite the rakish look, which the cigar and the tilted hat impart to his appearance, Alberta's premier is not to be classed as a sport. He plays no games himself and rarely goes to watch others play.

NO REAL ESTATE SPECULATOR.

So far as it can be known of one so reserved, the premier has never speculated in real estate. Indeed his reputed ignorance of the business is so great that it is said he doesn't even know the name of one of the subdivisions around Ed-

monton. Be this as it may, it is not a bad characteristic in the man who is at the head of the government of a province, in which real estate speculation has been carried on so extensively.

Premier Sifton, (or the Chief, as he is generally called around the Legislative Buildings, the name having clung to him from judiciary days), has made very few intimate friends. To the people at large, even to the large majority of his supporters in the Legislature, he is a riddle. They respect him personally, cherish a warm admiration for his abilities, but love him little. He is courteous but cold, polite but markedly reserved, a man with a mask to all but a small group of close personal acquaintances. Those who enjoy his confidence, men like the Hon. Charles Mitchell, fairly worship the ground on which he treads. His secretaries and those who work under him in his own department, are loud in his praises, calling him a prince among men. But one must needs be very intimate to get under the shell.

There are two places where the Chief is in his element and these are so opposite in character as to arouse comment. One is in the forefront of a spirited debate in the Legislature and the other is at an afternoon tea or evening reception in his own or a friend's house. In both situations his sharp wits and sharp tongue find opportunity for agree-

able employment. He enjoys the flip-pant talk of the drawing-room, as he revels in the keen play of argument in debate, and it requires no second invitation to induce him to attend a society function.

As a platform speaker he possesses notable abilities. He is fluent, convincing and practised. His style is perhaps a trifle too caustic and aggressive to be generally appreciated. He likes to ridicule his opponents and often indulges in satirical references to their achievements, but as a party fighter he knows how to please his followers. The Chief is a strong partisan with an inherent dislike of Toryism and a prejudice against all Tories.

When necessity demands it, he can be as *ambiguous as the best mugwump orator* in the field. Prior to the Dominion election of 1896, he went down to Pincher Creek to address a meeting on the issues of the day. The greater part of his speech, which lasted for an hour and a half, was taken up with a discussion of the Remedial bill. After the meeting an old rancher came up to him in a perplexed state of mind and said, "Mr. Sifton, I've been living out here quite a long time now and I've sort of got out of touch with things down east. Our family used to be good Liberals in Ontario. Would you mind telling me now, which side you're on in this Remedial business?"

IMAGINATION

Imagination, like hope, and all other racial gifts, is hard to kill. Some men and women hold it so sacred that neither the elements nor the wild flowers are ever quite forgotten; their clothes are never in the way of their wings and their feet are beautiful in the meadows. Indeed the fairy-sense, if I may so call it, will never die. It is innate as the religious sense itself. Although intellectualism may give us theology for gospel, academic technique for virile handcraft, school curricula for education, yet—and notwithstanding those fratricidal idolatrous twins, Science and Witchcraft—the fairy sense still lives. It is clothing itself anew in old dance song and handcraft; while the children rise to give it welcome.

—From The Contemporary Review.

The Classic Commonplace

Why do art studies command such an influence over us? Why is it that the beautiful picture will arrest, hold and respiritualize the casual passer-by? It must be as Upton has well said, that true beauty is sweetness and sweetness is the spiritualization of the gross.' In MacLean's Magazine a series of articles have been appearing giving inside glances upon the work of some of our Canadian painters. This article is of a different type and will be found in a measure preparatory for a further appreciation of the good picture. It is note-worthy that the casual observer passes over a great deal of detail in the landscape which, to the trained eye, becomes intensely interesting. For later issues some especially good articles on art and artists are in preparation.

By Dewar Montague

BEAUTY, said the old proverb, lies in the eye of the beholder, but if the beholder is too busy to see it—this is the modern, Canadian completion of the proverb—that doesn't say that the beauty is not there just the same. Beauty is that quality in any object which, through our faculties of perception, stimulates agreeable feelings in us. But if our perceptions are pre-occupied with other things, such as selling real estate, or building sky-scrappers or digging post holes, it does not necessarily follow that the dawn is any less lovely. In the older countries, the countries from which we came in the first place, educated men and even the uneducated make a practice of observing the beautiful things about them. Their eyes are trained to look intelligently at the works of new painters or new sculptors, and to appreciate the masters long since dead. Their ears are more or less attuned to agreeable music, either in the form of a Strauss waltz or a classic at the opera. In short, in these older countries there is a whole literature of the artistic and the beautiful. But in

this country of ours, miles and miles of more exquisite pictures than any in a continental salon, and endless bars of greater music than that of their orchestras or their operas, go to waste every year simply because the country is too busy to see it, and cannot spare men to paint it, model it or write down in the form of music.

Of course beauty is not confined to the things a man sees with the eye or hears through his ears, but is found also in all the branches of man's activity. The performance of a horse on the race track may be really beautiful because it pleases the perception of the onlookers; the sheer honest manliness of a common laborer walking home from his day's work in the trench may be beautiful because it pleases certain perceptions of another onlooker; the working out of a problem in calculus may, by its very trueness delight the student of that subject; and so with a printing press, in which thousands of parts revolve in perfect harmony with the will of the motor which is driving it; so with the integrity of a public man, the accuracy of an adding ma-



"He——points with enthusiasm at an old tumble-down shack and an untidy back yard."

chine, the faithfulness of an old dog—these things have in them elements of the beautiful. But the more easily recognized forms of beauty are those which are expressed in color, line and form, or by the rhythmical and scientific combinations of sounds in music. By pencil and paint, by wet clay and marble, or by written sheet and responsive instrument, examples of almost all that is beautiful are placed on paper by the men whom we call artists, in order that at least some of the beautiful

things of life may be recorded conveniently, and interpreted for those who are too busy to see for themselves, and who have other work to do in the community. You and I in our places in the great industrial fabric of this nation have not always the time to see the beautiful about us. Beauty, like flowers in an astronomer's garden, blooms unseen about us, until the artist, whether in music or painting or marble, gives it permanent form by his work.



"A group of white-washed houses—and the cheery sunlight filtering through the chestnut trees."

It is an age of specialists, as has been said a good many times but, comparatively speaking, we lack specialists in the arts in Canada. Paris and London and Vienna overflow with artists. They have a quarter in Paris by themselves. They fill the garrets and the cellars and the middle floors of many a house—with nothing but the materials of their art. They spend their lives observing the effect of sunlight on a green field, or the shadow of a cloud on the grey side of what you and I would take to be merely a tumble-down cow-stable—and the rest of Europe is content to let them do it, and even pays them big prices for some of the pictures which are thus brought into the world, because the plain business folk of Eur-

ope have their own work to do—starting wars, or stopping them, or buying Sir William Mackenzie's bonds, or crowning a king or two—and so they leave it to these art specialists to look out for the beautiful things for them. It is the same with us, we leave jewel setting and watch mending to the jeweller, and putting up stove-pipes to the odd-jobs man, and laying the hardwood floor to the carpenter. But for Art! For the beautiful!—Canada has not yet been able to spare enough men from her railway building, wheat growing and real estate booming to make more than a small colony. The artists of Canada are a mere handful out of our eight million souls, and because we cannot spare much money for pic-

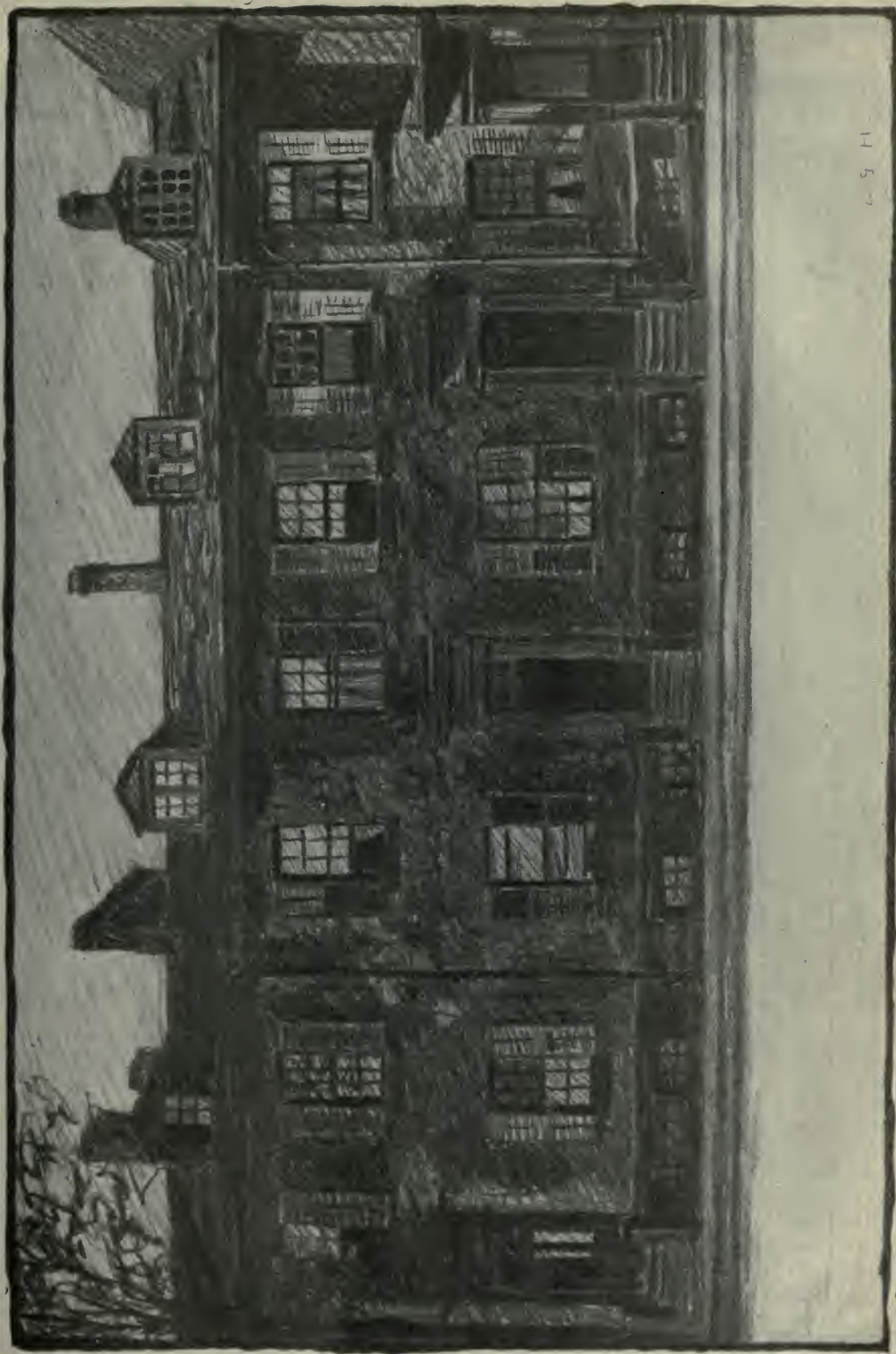
tures, but must use it in more material ways in this young country, we do not spend enough per annum in paintings, or sculptury to keep even those artists we have, in Canada. They flit abroad to the countries that have more time and more money for art, and they employ themselves seeing the beauty of other countries instead of the beauty in Canada. Men do not find it profitable to become, as it were, searchers after beauty in this country. Having graduated from college or high school they are sucked into the vortex of good healthy commercialism which represents the business life of Canada. If they want to paint pictures it must be after hours—unless they have private means or the courage to stand out and face a hard struggle for existence. Those artists who have prospered in this country and who are supplying, as best they can, the needs of this particular side of our national life, are doing so in spite of the youthfulness of the country, in spite of its absorption in more mundane affairs.

So for want of interpreters a great percentage of the beauty that lies about us in our Canadian country and towns goes unappreciated. Occasionally a business man, taking a holiday in the northern woods or in some place where nature still has a chance to show her head, has a sort of feeling that there is something about that sunset over there, or about that dawn, or that snow-storm sweeping down over the frozen lake, or the greyish-purple haze on the burned-over hills, or the glow of the camp-fire at night—that makes him long to be an artist. Perhaps, if he gets confidential, he may exclaim that he "wishes to goodness" someone had taught him how to draw, and that he could only make a picture of such and such a thing he saw that stirred agreeable feelings in his mind. Or, hearing the wind in the forest at night it makes a weird music which he wishes he could remember. It has a tune and yet not a tune. It has rhythm and yet no rhythm that one could mark by tapping his foot to it. He wishes he were able to *write* music, and write

down the great symphony of the forest. Or, he hears the crash of the waves on the beach beside his summer cottage during a gale—and again wishes he were a composer. He sees and hears a thousand things which he longs to remember. He yearns for the power of expressing himself. But he ends up, as a rule, by going back to his desk in the city and trying to forget all about it by dictating crisp business letters into a dictating machine. It is possible that next year he takes a camera with him up into the bush to try to "snap shot" some of the scenes he likes. But the camera does not get the colors he saw, nor the soft effects of light in the early morning or the early night. He is baffled—until one day, in an exhibition of pictures, he sees a painting of almost the very thing, or at a concert he hears a great orchestra or a great choir reproduce the sounds of that wind in that forest. The things he could not write down or paint for himself the *specialists* of music and painting have caught for him and idealized. So he goes on making money in his boiler factory and buys one of these paintings, or subscribes to seats at the concert for the whole season.

Though we may not have a great many artists in Canada to interpret for us and place in permanent form the beauty that lies all about us, one can realize more of this beauty by getting the habit of *looking* for it. Of course it is a common practice for every sentimental person to admire sunsets and dawns—though fewer persons see the dawns than see the sunset—and the pretty effect of snow on trees, and moonlight on water, but these are only the simplest, most rudimentary and most obvious forms of beauty. True, they must not be ignored, but instead of letting admiration and appreciation stop with them, the average man or woman might just as well train the eye to see the beauty or the interest in less prepossessing things, and sometimes even in very unexpected places.

Almost every man has an instinct for proportion and balance and the



4511

“The pathos—of what were once aristocratic old houses in a fashionable part of the city.”

general symmetry of objects. Most people have general notions of the way colors blend, and can appreciate the difference between the richness of a piece of sage green velvet and the shallowness of a piece of cotton of exactly the same color. And these, are the rudiments of an understanding and appreciation of the beautiful. As for music, its appreciation is more of a gift, and those who have not an *instinct* for feeling the moods of music and catching the spirit of a composition, can only hope to appreciate it properly by considering the mathematical side of it, the ingenuity with which the composer has made one small theme the subject of a great movement, how he has built up the composition by the repetition and variations of a musical phrase which never becomes monotonous to the ear.

Follow this artist down town some morning when he is in a communicative mood. Let us suppose that he is a real observer of the beautiful, one who is worth talking to. You may happen to say what an ugly, dull day it is and he may reply, in a lively tone, "Dull! No, it isn't dull. It's a beautiful light Look at that sky. It's not very often you see it such a peculiarly soft shade of grey. See the light on those old rough cast houses. Isn't that a peculiarly rich tone of grey? Look how cold the glint of the winter sun is in those back windows!"

He takes you through a very poor district and points with enthusiasm at old tumble down shacks and untidy back yards; he passes a church in course of erection and bids you admire the "Quality of the light" in the gloomy littered up interior. He points to an old row of houses and remarks at the pathos in them. You smile. You say to yourself "*Dippy!*" in a way that conveys great meaning to the practical mind, and in reality you conclude that the artist is only bluffing and putting on airs. But he isn't.

Go to his studio three weeks later. He lets you see his paintings. You wonder whether this one is a scene in Normandy or in rural England. This

bit of seascape must be from the coast of Brittany, this landscape from Wales. For we Canadians have come to believe that nothing is worth painting but something abroad, and, indeed, there are still a good many of the painters themselves who cannot see anything beautiful enough to paint in Canada, but must flee to Europe for inspiration. But in reality these pictures in this particular studio were not painted on the far side of the ocean. They are good Canadian scenes. The one you thought came from Normandy really is a scene in Halton County, Ontario; the bit of Brittany coast is lake Ontario; the Welsh landscape is from Quebec, not far from Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

But presently, from another room, the artist brings out a handful of sketches.

"Made these," he explains briefly, "from little scenes along the way as we were walking down town together the other day. Remember? That was great stuff we saw that day—"

You say to yourself Hmph!

"—and I took down a sketching box and made these few notes. I had to get permission to go into some of the back yards in order to get some of the pictures, but the people were very nice. Look here."

You look.

These are not the things that you and he saw the other day as you walked down town.

Here is that old fruit shop on the corner of York and Adelaide—why it makes quite a picture. If you had photographed it there wouldn't have been anything to it at all. Just the way the artist has looked at it, the way he has shaded it here and there makes it a picture and somehow brings out the *character* of the building.

Next is that dirty row of old boarding houses in "the ward." You thought nothing about them as you passed them that day, but *now*—the picture makes you shiver. The man who made this sketch has caught the *feeling* of poverty, misery, grime and dirt about these buildings. They looked clean enough from the outside when you passed, and

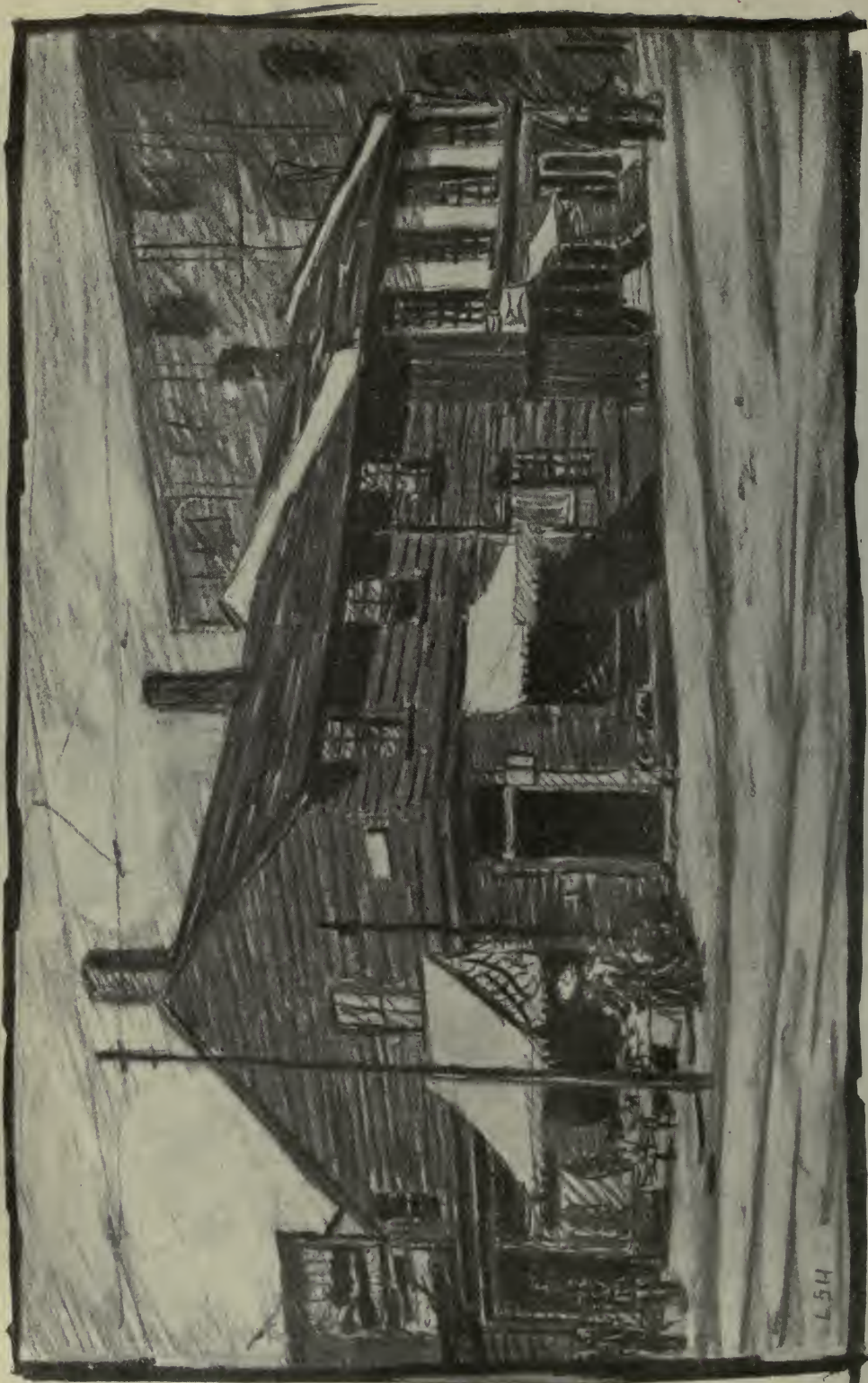


“Observe some night the cold effect of a winter sunset on the back windows—
you will hurry in to your fire.”

only your instinct told you they were inwardly unwholesome. Yet, the picture tells it also where the camera would have lied. See how the pencil has brought out the *texture* of the old roughcast walls, and how the naked trunks of the half dead trees stand out, partly covered with snow!

There is on another street, a row of houses which you pass many times a month and which you never give a thought. The true artist passed them only once—and makes a picture of them! He tells you in the picture what you had not seen yourself: those were once aristocratic old homes in a

fashionable part of the city. They sheltered many a man distinguished in Canadian history, many a gay ball, many a formal reception by one of the elite of those old days. They were accounted wonderful dwellings then, with their solid walnut stairs and the dim old halls and the high-ceilinged drawing rooms. The picture tells you the comedy—tragedy of those old houses. They have been turned to baser uses. Some of them are respectable boarding houses, others are “lodging houses” for the tide of “transients” that continually flows in and out of the city. And



“Here is the old fruit-shop on the corner of York and Adelaide Streets.”

there, like aristocracy brought low, the fine old doors and windows stand—monuments to progress, a progress which has left them behind. The artist does not only suggest that story but he makes the telling beautiful. The glint of light in the old squared-panes, the shadows on the time-stained walls—all these he brings out, where you and I would pass them unnoticed.

I am not arguing that such things as old houses make beautiful pictures—though the artists are ready enough to declare it—but I wish merely to show many things are to be seen even in a city street, and how the artists may see them for us. As you walk along a certain street in a very poor part of the city, you may observe a group of white-washed houses shaded by a row of chestnut trees. They are the tidiest and cheeriest houses in the whole district. The artist makes a sketch—just to record the cheery way the sun filters through the leaves of the dust-grimed trees on the sides of the houses. He only uses a few strokes of the pencil and yet, in those few strokes, he has told you more than you or I ever saw in all the times we passed.

Observe some night the peculiar cold effect of a winter sunset on the back windows of your house—you will shiver and hurry in to your fire. Now, the artist can put that shiver on paper or canvas for you, even though it is only a picture of the back windows of your house. He makes a picture of it. There is beauty in the way he expresses

the thing everybody saw, but only he could express.

So with a thousand other things. The portrait painter paints into his picture the thousand and one subtle impressions of the subject's character. He does not just record a certain number of features having such and such measurements and colors and mutual relationships. He interprets them by his impressions of the subject's own character. That is the difference between the portrait and the photograph. So with pictures from the brushes of great figure painters: they convey the beauty of form and color. So also with landscapes and seascapes. Thousands *have seen* the things the artist saw, but only the artist *perceives* them and makes pictures of them. Through his pictures we, whose specialities are of a more practical sort, are led to see the inward beauty of the subject.

In return for his art we do the chores for the country—each man to his own specialty. But as I said before, there are proportionately fewer artists in Canada than there should be, so that it behooves all of us to learn for ourselves a little of his skill, and to practice seeing the beautiful. Otherwise we miss thousands of pictures in a year, either in the street, or in the woods, or in our own houses; and we miss also many a fine symphony because we have not learned to look for music in the whining of the wind under our eaves, or the roar of the fire in the fire-place.





"Here, you boy, where've you been?" he said.

A Gambler's Chance

Readers of the April issue enjoyed "A Transaction in Bonds," written by Mr. Glass. This author was marked by many readers in that issue as especially clever in the field of business stories. "A Gambler's Chance" will be found to portray certain characteristics in the office and street life of the modern city which will particularly appeal to our readers.

By Montague Glass

LITTLE did it avail Jakie Feinberg that he sold more *Tageblatts* than any other boy in Seward Park, for the Semitic ancestry that determined the quality of his business ability had endowed him with an inordinate lust for gambling, which consumed all the profits of his newspaper vending.

Now, Jimmie Brennan's attitude toward gambling was different. He played craps because it was the vogue. If you didn't shoot dice, you weren't one of the gang, he reasoned; and so he continued to risk not only the small sum at stake, but a good licking from his mother to boot.

Mrs. Brennan allowed Jimmie out of

his weekly stipend sixty cents for lunches, which he was permitted to spend at the rate of ten cents daily; and to the end that none of it should go for riotous living, he was obliged each night to display the correct unexpended balance, or suffer the penalty. Rarely did he exceed his daily allowance, for his mother's hand was heavy and, laid on in correction, potent for good. Accordingly, one Monday morning it was an untoward destiny that confronted Jimmie with the tempter, Jakie Feinberg, and he arrived a half hour late at Mr. Goodel's office, with but twenty of the hebdomadal sixty cents remaining in his trousers.

Only the necessity of reaching the office before his employer had brought the game to a reluctant close, and it was with the promise to renew the contest on the dock at the foot of Wall Street between one and two that Jimmie had hastened down-town to his labor. He arrived breathless, to find his employer, Mr. Goodel, seated in the private office. Mr. Goodel frowned severely as Jimmie tiptoed to his little desk in the outer room.

"Boy," he cried in an awful voice, "you're late!"

Jimmie gulped and made no reply.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Goodel continued, and waited for a reply.

At last Jimmie's excuse found husky enunciation.

"I was sick," he muttered. His cheeks, already flushed by the exertion, became crimson in his effort to stem the impending tears; but do as he might, a large drop formed in the corner of his eye and rolled slowly down his cheek.

Mr. Goodel plunged behind the extended sheets of his morning paper and grew suddenly interested in the editorial columns.

"Well, sit down in your chair and take it easy," he said, in tones of gruff kindness. "Maybe you'll feel better after a while."

Then from the editorial page he turned to the stock quotations. In the transaction of his business of investment securities Mr. Goodel at all times displayed a conservative moderation. He dreaded wildcat enterprises, and in reading the market report it was his custom to skim over in the most cursory fashion all references to mining securities, and rarely did he give more than passing notice to the quotations of industrials. To-day, however, his eye wandered over the financial page, and, caught by the leaded heading, "United Chocolate and Cocoa," he read with interest the item that followed:

In United Chocolate and Cocoa there was a resumption of the phenomenal activity which developed yesterday on the agreement between both caucuses of the House to increase the duty on manufactured cocoa fifty per cent. ad valorem. It is expected that the tariff-revision bill will pass the House by a

large majority, this afternoon, and in anticipation of the result, the price of the preferred stock rose thirty points yesterday. Conservative operators predict that it will touch par before the close of the market to-day.

Thus read Mr. Goodel. He made a rapid calculation by which he found that in selling five hundred N. Y. S. fours at ninety-nine, and investing the proceeds in "Chocolate," as the abbreviated term has it, he would net a profit of something like goodness knows how many thousand dollars before breakfast the next morning. Then his better judgment prevailed and he laid down the paper with a sigh.

New York Southern bonds are as tangible as gold eagles, but "Chocolate"—well, "Chocolate" was an unlisted security dealt in by curb-brokers on Broad Street—and, to Mr. Goodel, a curb-broker was even as a dissenting minister to a clergyman of the Church of England.

II.

At this juncture Goodel's brother-in-law, one Rushmore Luddington, entered and greeted him noisily. Luddington was a dealer in commercial paper—the dealer in commercial paper, and hail-fellow-well-met with every bank president in Wall Street. His conversation was studded with allusions to dialogues between himself and these executive officers, wherein he addressed each one of them by his abbreviated Christian name, and they called him in return, "Luddy, old boy."

He hid a shrewd temperament beneath a boyish and jovial exterior that in an old man might be thought a trifle unbecoming. Goodel, however, had a high opinion of his brother-in-law's judgment, and could always gauge the importance of the information which Luddington could, if he would, disclose, by the degree of hilarity he developed.

This morning he was particularly boisterous, and Goodel scented a valuable market-tip under the cloak of his brother-in-law's merriment.

"H'lo, Luddy," he cried. "How's the market? Sit down 'n' make yourself comfortable."

Luddy sank into the chair with a

grunt. His two hundred pounds, contained within a trifle more than five feet, were further compressed by a frock-coat, which fitted without a wrinkle and made almost an acrobatic feat out of the simple act of sitting down.

"Look here, Goodel," he said, in tones of melting confidential timbre. "There's the opportunity of a life-time to-day. The House is sure to pass the tariff-revision bill, and when it does, there will be some astounding developments."

Goodel blew clouds of smoke that expressed his interest more eloquently than speech alone.

"I see you're been reading the financial page," Luddy went on; "but their prediction isn't half bright enough."

His voice sank to a whisper.

"I have K. P.'s word for it, Chocolate will touch one hundred and fifty by next week."

Goodel shook his head.

"It's no use Luddy," he said. "I haven't the available funds, and if I had, speculation is not in my line."

Luddington made an impatient gesture.

"The opportunity of a lifetime," he repeated. "You know I never take a flier, for I couldn't buy a hundred shares without every one on Wall Street knowing it; but really, my dear Goodel, it would be criminal to neglect this splendid occasion."

"I tell you what I'll do," Goodel interrupted. "Come and take lunch with me. In the meantime I'll think it over, and if I decide on anything, I'll let you know then."

Luddington arose and fairly wafted himself out of the office, for, despite his weight, he was remarkably light on his feet, and dashed around from bank to bank, peddling his commercial paper, with all the agility of a man half his age.

"I'll see you at twelve," he said, going out. He left a faint odor of violets behind him, for Luddy's *boutonnière* was as much a part of him as his little spiked beard.

Goodel smoked furiously at his cigar until the ends of his moustache were

perilously near to scorching.

"Boy," he called, flinging away the end, "how do you feel now?"

Jimmie arose and murmured that he was better.

"Then go out and buy me three evening papers, showing the opening prices," he said. "Be sure to get one showing the opening prices. Do you understand?"

"Yessir," Jimmie replied, and ran for the elevator.

He returned ten minutes later with three papers, one of them pink. Goodel took them into his room and shut the door. He turned them over and over, but not a trace of any market news was visible.

"Boy," he roared, "didn't I tell you to buy me a paper with the opening prices in it?"

"Yessir," said Jimmie.

"Well, where are they?"

Jimmie folded the first page and grinned triumphantly.

"Here they are, sir," he cried, and pointed to a double heading: "To-day's Entries and Probable Odds."

Goodel seemed to be on the verge of apoplexy.

"You take these papers back," he yelled, "and get me the edition showing the stock-market opening."

When Jimmie came back, Mr. Goodel ascertained that "Chocolate" had opened at ninety with ten sales in the first three minutes. He paced up and down the room, and then, with an air of determination, he put on his hat and went down to the office of Matthews & Company, his brokers, where he watched the ticker for a good three-quarters of an hour.

"Chocolate" advanced on thousand-shares sales to ninety-five, and had Mr. Goodel been a man of nervous temperament, his excitement might have conquered his judgment and he would have loaded himself up with every share of chocolate available.

As it was, when he entered his office it need little pressure on the part of Mr. Luddington, for he had about made up his mind to buy a thousand shares. The utmost confidence prevailed in Wall Street that the tariff-revision bill



When Luddington bounded down the steps of the Industrial Trust Company building, Jimmie not only failed to see him, but was knocked squarely into the gutter as well.

would go through before two o'clock, and not only "Chocolate" but many other industrials on the list reflected, by a sharp advance in prices, the excited tone of the market.

Luddington arrived promptly at twelve, and Goodel and he left immediately, nor did they return until nearly one. Luddington's strident laughter testified to a successful luncheon, with at least two quarts of wine, while even Goodel was a trifle flushed and garrulous. He sat down immediately and drew a check for a large amount, which, together with an order to purchase two thousand "Chocolate," he enclosed in an envelope addressed to Matthews & Company.

III.

It was now ten minutes past one, and Jimmie chafed at the delay. No doubt Jakie Feinberg would wait for him, but one hour was a trifling period in which to recoup his morning's losses. At length Mr. Goodel called him into his office.

"Boy," he said, "you go to lunch now, and while you're out take this letter to Matthews & Company. Be sure to go there first."

Jimmie seized the envelope and was off like a flash.

"Be careful," Mr. Goodel called after him. "Don't lose it."

Luddington rose, and they shook hands with such cordiality as a bottle of wine will engender.

"Wish you luck, old man," he said. "You're in for a good thing."

Goodel smiled a little vacuously and, as Luddington closed the door, sighed heavily. Speculation, he reflected, plays the deuce with a man's money and peace of mind. His lips uttered and re-uttered the words till a faint drowsiness came over him and, induced by his unwonted intemperance at luncheon, his head lurched forward on his breast and he sank into a profound slumber.

Jimmie hastened down to the foot of Wall Street, the note tucked in his breast pocket, and the thought of Jakie waiting there spurred him on, so that he arrived at about half past one. For once Jakie's luck stayed with him while they shook the dice and threw again and again until Jimmie's twenty cents dwindled to five, mounted to fifteen, diminished once more. At last, at a quarter to three, fortune entirely deserted him,



He arrived breathless, to find his employer, Mr. Goodel, seated in the private office.

and he was obliged to declare himself flat broke.

He retraced his steps to the office, plunged in despondency. As he reached the corner of Broad street, an excited mob surged around the curb-brokers' enclosure. Messengers ran hither and thither, and overgrown newsboys with husky bass voices were yelling their extras.

His hands were thrust deep into his trousers pockets and his mind dwelt on the licking to come, so that when Luddington bounded down the steps of the Industrial Trust Company building, Jimmie not only failed to see him, but was knocked squarely into the gutter as well.

Luddington rushed over to Goodel's quarters and burst into the private office like a whirlwind. Its occupant snored in oblivion of the disaster that awaited him as Luddington entered and shook him by the shoulder.

"Goodel wake up," Luddington yelled. There was no trace of the debonair "Luddy, old man" in the perspiring and disheveled figure that fairly danced with excitement.

"What's the matter?" gasped the rudely awakened Goodel.

"Awful, awful!" Luddy ejaculated. "The tariff-revision bill was defeated.

Some misunderstanding among the leading; 'Chocolate' dropped to fifty, and the bottom's fallen out of the whole market."

Goodel turned white and almost fainted.

"Let's get a paper. Here you, boy," he yelled.

There was no answer.

Goodel jumped up and reached the outer office just as the forlorn Jimmie entered, all dusty from his tumble, and attempted to reach his desk unnoticed.

"Here, you boy, where've you been?" he said.

"To lunch," Jimmie croaked.

"Did you deliver that letter?"

Goodel asked.

Jimmie jumped as though he had been shot.

"Oh, gee!" he muttered. "I forgot all about it," and reaching down into his breast pocket, he pulled out the crumpled missive addressed to Matthews & Company.

"Give it to me, give it to me!" Goodel shrieked hysterically, and without waiting to open it, tore envelope, check, and order to a thousand pieces. He sank into a chair utterly exhausted with excitement.

"What delayed you all this time?" he said weakly, trying to maintain a semblance of composure.

Jimmie hung his head.

"I met a kid I know and we were shooting craps," he almost whispered.

"What!" roared Goodel. "Gambling, hey? And you lost, too, I'll bet a million."

Jimmie nodded dolefully.

"Well," said his employer, reaching down into his pocket, "here's a ten-dollar bill for you. Don't ever gamble again. It's a terrible thing to do. It loses your money and destroys your peace of mind, by gad!"

He turned to Luddington with a smile.

"And now, Luddington," he said cheerfully. "Let's go down and steady our nerves."

The Ethics of Taxation

The writer of this article is the son of the first Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, the Hon. Charles Drury. He is a graduate of Guelph Agricultural College, the Ex-President of the Dominion Grange, and at present the Vice-president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. He has frequently been the spokesman for farmers' organizations and deputations that have waited on the Parliaments. He has a well balanced mind and can present his case in such manner as to mark him an antagonist against whom no debaters in the country will unpreparedly enter the lists. He has very strong views on the tariff and other outstanding questions.

By E. C. Drury, B.S.A.

SINCE the days of Matthew the Publican, and long before, the tax-gatherer has been an important, if not a popular, personage in all civilized communities. Popular opinion of him may have somewhat improved since the days when "publicans and sinners" were included in our dark generalization, with the publican first, but it cannot yet be said that the tax-gatherer is regarded as a welcome visitor. He is rather regarded as a bad necessity, a thing to be shunned and avoided as long as possible.

"There are two things you cannot dodge," says a popular proverb, "Death and the tax-gatherer." And yet this much maligned personage is, or should be, our greatest benefactor. Without his assistance, not all the efforts of the most enlightened members of the community could prevent a *return to a condition of savagery and anarchy*. But for him there should be no popular education, no civic or national improvements, no law and order. *Club law* would replace *jury law* as a means of settling disputes, and bad as our present condition in regard to laws and law-suits is, that would admittedly be worse. We should undoubtedly revise our ideas of the tax-gatherer, and instead of regarding him as an evil, look upon him as an angel of light, in disguise.

Yet, in spite of these very real and obvious reasons for regarding the tax-

gatherer as a benefactor, it is an unquestionable fact that most people look upon him as a natural enemy, and think it no crime to cheat him wherever possible. Men who would not for one moment think of a dishonest act toward another man, make false statements as to property and income when the assessor comes around, and go to church with a clear conscience the next Sunday. And, while *the business* of smuggling is generally looked down upon the most respectable citizens, pillars of the state and elders in the kirk, will smuggle a little, privately, when they get the chance. Undoubtedly there is an unreasonable feeling of antipathy deeply implanted in the minds of most people towards this greatest public benefactor, which leads them to assume an attitude of hostility towards him, and to apply to him a different code of morals than that which applies to other people. It is possible that this feeling is an inherited instinct, handed down to us from days when the tax-gatherer was not a benefactor, but an oppressor when taxes were not, as now, a contribution to a fund for enlightened community effort, but were really a tribute, yielded unwillingly to a tyrant, or to a conquering foe. It is possible that some of our methods of taxation are relics of the same dark days.

In our country, leaving out of consid-

eration those funds which are raised by the sale of natural resources, as, for instance, in Ontario, the revenues which are derived from the sale of timber limits, taxes are raised in two ways. For municipal and provincial purposes they are raised by direct taxation, that is, they are collected directly from the people, on the basis, in some few municipalities, of their land holdings, and in others, and so far the greater number, on the basis of their evident wealth,—their land, buildings, improvements, income and bequests. For Federal purposes taxes are raised indirectly, by means of a customs tariff, or tax levied on goods entering the country, and by means of an excise tariff levied on certain classes of goods, as spirits and tobacco, produced within the country. Let us consider the effect of these taxes.

At one time it was considered that all that was necessary was that a method of taxation should raise money for the taxing authority, that it should raise as much as possible, and do it without raising at the time undue opposition on the part of those who were taxed. There can be little doubt that both our methods of taxation grew up when these ends were the sole thoughts and consideration. The simplest direct tax was the poll-tax, a levy of so much per head from every subject. This, however, proved unsatisfactory in that not enough money could be raised by it. If the poor men were taxed no more than he would pay without violent protest, the rich man escaped too lightly. Hence, the tax was modified. Instead of a simple tax of so much per head, it became, in proportion to his riches, a tax on the evidences of wealth. Lands, houses, the number of windows in the houses, horses, servants, etc., have all been at one time or another, subjects of direct taxation in the endeavor to tax the rich man in proportion to his riches. The modern direct tax has been simplified to a tax on land, improvements and income, but the object is the same, to tax men in proportion to their wealth. Nor can it be denied that this object is worthy and just, provided it works out. That aspect of the case we shall examine presently.

But, while the object of the direct tax was to tax men in proportion to wealth, with the original idea of raising as much money as possible, the object of the indirect tax was entirely different. Here the main end in view was to raise money *quietly*. The main difference between direct and indirect taxation is the difference between the highwayman and the pickpocket. The fellow who levels a pistol at the wayfarer and demands "your money or your life," may get money, but he also stands a good chance to get a broken head, a bullet, or some other pleasant little reminder of the occasion. The more diplomatic pickpocket gets the money just as surely, and much more safely, his victim not knowing where his money has gone or in some cases even suspecting that it is gone. When someone discovered that taxes could be raised by the simple expedient of levying a toll on merchandise as it passed a certain point, and best of all, that the people would remain largely unconscious of the tax, we can imagine what a boon it was to arbitrary and unpopular governments. I do not know who made the discovery. Some credit it to the Moorish pirates, who, during the Moorish occupancy of Spain, used to sally forth from the town of Tarifa, near Gibraltar (hence the word tariff) and buy tribute on passing ships. I suspect, however, the discovery was much older. However that may be, it was at one time immensely popular. Not only national governments, but the barons of the Middle Ages, and even the cities and towns, raised money in this way. When Browning's Italian gives his reason for living in the country, instead of in the city, where he would prefer to live, he says:—

"They have clapt a new tax on salt,
And what oil pays, passing the gate
'Tis a horror to think, so, the villa
for me, not the city.
Beggars cannot be choosers."

With the modern rise into power of the national governments, these local tolls have been abolished as hindrances to trade, the national governments reserving to themselves the right to collect taxes in this way. As of old, how-

ever, the tariff tax has this for its chief merit, that it is paid unconsciously for the most part while in many cases people are even under the delusion that the more they pay in this way, the richer they are. Thus governments are saved much vexatious criticism of their expenditures.

TAXATION ALONG ETHICAL LINES.

With the growth of modern economic ideals, however, men are beginning to demand more of systems of taxation than that they shall raise money plentifully and peacefully for municipal and national governments. This is perhaps a natural growth of democracy, for the subject is now the ruler as well, at least nominally, and naturally his viewpoint of the whole question is somewhat different from that of the arbitrary ruler, who was not so directly concerned with the question of the effect of taxation, but more particularly with its *yield*. But the ordinary citizen, the man who is being taxed, is now directing his attention to the effect of the taxes collected, on industry, on wealth, on public morality, on the vitality of the race. He is seeing, more and more clearly, that in the raising of taxes, as in the making of laws, the object should be, to *make it easy to do right, and hard to do wrong*, so that those who are engaged in useful activities and who live sanely, shall be taxed as lightly as possible, while those whose commercial or other activities are useless or injurious to the public, or whose manner of life tends to folly or luxury, shall pay as largely as may be into the public revenues. Thus, in taxation, as in laws, the good should be encouraged, and the bad and useless, discouraged. Let us see, in the light of this test, how our present systems of taxation are serving the public well-being.

RAISING MUNICIPAL TAXES.

First, as to the direct taxes raised for municipal purposes. The system at present most in vogue in Canada, with some Western exceptions, taxes both land and improvements. During the past year there has been a considerable

movement in Ontario in favor of so amending the Assessment Act as to allow municipalities to exempt improvements if they wished, and several deputations have waited on the Provincial Government with this request. Their request, however, has been denied as radical and dangerous, and, if reports are true, as likely to lead to anarchy, the dissolution of the home and destruction of the marriage tie. The connection between the marriage tie and the taxation of improvements is not very obvious, of course, and it may be that the reports given to the public were more or less exaggerated. But the requests were denied, and a circular, instructing assessors to tax improvements at what they would add to the selling value of the land on which they stand, has been issued. This is a definite policy of taxation. Let us see how it works out in encouraging industry and discouraging idleness or injurious speculative activities.

TAXING THRIFT.

I think it will be generally admitted that the man who improves a farm, builds a barn or house on it, drains it, or plants an orchard on it; or in a city or town, builds a factory, store or residence on a vacant lot, is doing a service to the public as well as to himself. *Wealth*, that is, *those things that increase the efficiency and happiness of life*, comes, it is true, from the land in one form or another but from the land *improved*, not unimproved. The savage cowers, shivering and hungry, in his wigwam, in the midst of unlimited land, which could yield many times over, all he could possibly need, had he the industry or knowledge necessary to improve it. He who improves land, creates wealth, not only for himself, but for the whole community. All our national wealth and all the advantages of civilization have their origin either directly or indirectly, in the improvement, the use, of land. Yet, how do our laws reward the improver of land? By inflicting on him a heavier burden of taxation.

Let us illustrate. Here is a school-section of four thousand acres in, say,

New Ontario. Let us suppose the land is worth, when the section is opened for settlement, \$5 per acre. Of the four thousand acres, two thousand are held by actual settlers, and two thousand by absentees who are holding the land for speculative purposes. There are twenty settlers, each holding one hundred acres of land, originally worth \$500. The settlers proceed to improve their land. They build houses and barns, clear, drain, and fence the farms, each putting \$1,000 worth of improvements on their farms. Their investment is now \$1,500 each, \$500 in land, and \$1,000 in improvements. But meantime their industry has made the section more desirable as a place of settlement. The values of land have risen. Unimproved land is now worth \$10 per acre, instead of the original \$5. Each hundred acres held by a settler is, on this basis, worth \$2,000, while the speculator's hundred is worth \$1,000. The rise of land values, due to the enterprise and industry of the settlers, has increased the value of their investment by 33 1-3 per cent., while the investment of the speculator has increased 100 per cent., for which he has done absolutely nothing, nay more, he has been a hindrance and a clog to his industrious neighbors.

But now a school must be built. Fifteen hundred dollars is required for this purpose. The land and improvements, under our present system, are assessed to raise the money required. On this basis the twenty settlers, each holding one hundred acres, valued at \$2,000, each are taxed \$50 for this purpose. The twenty speculators are taxed \$25 apiece. But the presence of the school again raises land values, say one dollar per acre. The settler, who has paid \$50 toward the school, finds his holding increased in value by \$100, by its erection. The speculator's land has also increased \$100 in value, while he has paid but \$25 toward the school. And so with every municipal improvement which increases land values, the settler receives proportionately less value for the amount paid, than the speculator, for land values are increased by municipal enterprise, while the values of improve-

ments are not so increased. And *thus our present system of direct taxation discriminates against the land improver, the maker of wealth, in favor of the land holder, who is not in any sense a maker of wealth, but merely a taker of the wealth which others have, by their industry and enterprise, made.*

WE EXEMPT SPECULATIVE CUNNING.

It may be said that this is an extreme instance. I am not at all sure that it would be extreme in very many of our pioneer sections. But, granted that it is, the principle illustrated holds good, not only in pioneer farming settlements but in older localities, and in towns and cities. *We tax industry, skill and foresight. We exempt idleness, thriftlessness and speculative cunning.* One would think that the activity of the land-speculator was that most valued by the state, and must be encouraged, while that of the land-improver must be discouraged. Nothing more grotesque or foolish could be found in the entire kingdom of Topsy-turvydom.

Nor can this system be defended on the ground that it taxes men according to their wealth. Quite as often, perhaps oftener than not, it exempts the wealthy and taxes the poor. That land is improved does not necessarily mean that its owner is rich. Quite generally, improvements are made with borrowed capital, while unimproved land is held by the rich as an investment for their surplus money. There might, of course, be individual instances where the introduction of the only sensible system, that of exempting improvements and taxing land values only, would result in a poor man paying a larger share on his unimproved land than he now does, but in general it would undoubtedly be found that more often it would result in the rich man paying a fairer share on his idle holdings. The best that can be said for the present system is that it is a survival of a past age of ignorance, unscientific and inefficient and that in its operation it discourages all good citizenship, and encourages all bad. It surely is not ideal.



Before and After. Showing what education and higher standards have done on Liloet Reserve.

The Indian Is Not Dying Out

Considerable prominence has been thrust upon the Indian in Canada of late owing to the action of the British Columbian Government in making a settlement of reserves a question of controversy with the Dominion Government. Another movement is on foot in the Dominion to bring all the Indians into a common representation for the purpose of bettering their conditions. It will be a surprise to some readers to know that the Indian is not subject to the white man's diseases in the manner that has been represented. The Indian has adapted himself to changes of circumstances in many ways that are surprisingly commendable.

By John MacCormac

"THE Indian problem? Yes, that will solve itself in a few years, you know. The Indian is dying out."

How many Canadians, one wonders, would so express themselves if called upon to go on record in regard to the present condition and future prospects of the first citizens of this North American continent?

Assuredly a large percentage, for certainly few questions have been made the subject of so much vague misinformation and of few things has such absolute nonsense on occasion been said, as the problem presented by the aboriginal races of Canada and the United States. Though perhaps little taken into account by the average citizen, the problem is none the less a serious and vital one, and it will never solve itself as popular opinion would have it do. *Popular opinion places the*

Indian in the same category as the great auk, and it is prone to link him with the fast vanishing buffalo, to whose extermination, by the way, he himself has largely contributed, but popular opinion is wrong. Any Canadian Indian department official would proclaim it so.

True, he would admit, the Indian, as has been the case with many another aborigine, has passed through a period of exhaustion consequent upon the first contact with civilization, but this once behind him, he either remains stable or begins to increase and multiply again. How to help him to do so is one of the things the governments of two great nations are yearly spending millions on. What is to become of him ultimately is another question. The two together make up the Indian problem, so called.

As regards the first question, the preservation of the Indian from exhaustion, experience has shown several things necessary. The red man's health must be preserved, the stamina of the race in general improved, through education he must be brought to a higher mental level, and Christianity must benefit him ethically. The Indian has been regarded as the sick man in the North American scheme of things, and like any other sick man he has needed nursing. He has needed it through his feverish days, when the virus of a raw and crude civilization was racing through his protesting veins, rainy days when that which he had not laid up for himself according to the scriptural precept, had to be laid up for him, and dry days, when his throat thirsted for the white man's whiskey. He got the nursing, got the very best, and got it free. Indian departments don't cost the Indian much.

WHEN THE CALL OF BLOOD FAILED.

We in Canada, however, think we supplied the better nurses and solved the Indian problem first. The fact that this country's legislation has been federal in character since the British North America Act, and that Canada has followed a consistent policy in dealing with the Indian problem ever since British occupation, has given her a great advantage in dealing with her native tribes. Her system has always been the same. It has kept the red man in tutelage to a certain degree; he has had to be fed when he hungered, but it has finally succeeded in inspiring him with a wholesome respect for civilization, and for the white man's intentions toward him. The basis of the Canadian system, established by law as far back into history as the 17th century, has been that no Indian should be dispossessed without his consent. You cannot in Canada to-day buy a foot of land from an Indian without a legal surrender from the Crown and from the Indian himself. The result of this policy has been evident. The Riel rebellion has been Canada's only serious trouble with the Indians, and

even then only the Crees went out while the rest of the red men turned a deaf ear to the call of blood and remained loyal.

The Indian is not dying out. His recuperative force is remarkable. In the middle of last century, for instance, the gloomiest of prophecies were made as to the speedy and total extinction of the Six Nations; yet from 1880 to 1910 their increase in Canada was over thirty three per cent. The total Indian population of this country is 103,661 Indians, with some 4,600 Eskimos, British Columbia boasting the greatest number and Ontario following close. The number would be greater were it not for the prevalence of the white plague, which has also become a great red plague. The unsanitary condition of dwellings and premises is the great obstacle in the way of a general betterment of health, for the Indian's attitude toward spending money in their improvement, has hitherto been as the needle's eye to the camel. But time is telling and the red man is learning the greater good, expressed in terms of prophylaxis.

Public opinion has never rated the Indian very high as a producer, unless it be of furs. It comes rather as a surprise then, to learn on glancing over the statistics covering the total production of the Indian population of Canada during the last year, that their total amount is \$1,460,462.46, an increase over the preceding year of \$85,647.46.

SOLVING THE LABOR QUESTION.

This increase and, in fact, the whole industry, is the direct result of the promotion of farming and the assistance which has been given to ex-pupils of boarding and industrial schools, to establish themselves on the soil immediately after graduation. Figures show that a total population of 89,290 Indians, comprising only those districts where farming is possible, has a total acreage of 58,550 under cultivation, and is carrying on a vigorous live stock industry. A little further investigation discloses the fact that the Indian is becoming an important factor



A favorite Indian occupation in British Columbia. There are no suffragettes here. No one is idle and even the babies seem to have a serious object in life.

in the labor market, sufficient in fact, to account for a million and a half dollars annually as a reward for his labor. The most striking exemplification of the change is in the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. There, where the Indians a few years ago followed their nomadic modes of life in all their aboriginal crudity and labor was delegated to, nay forced on, the squaws, a large proportion are now engaged as farm laborers and their services are sought after. Their training in the industrial and boarding schools has qualified them as expert farm help. True, the labor of Indians so occupied does not go to improve the reserves to which they belong, but on the other hand their absorption in the industrial life of the country is tending, more than any other cause, to the final solution of the Indian problem.

Farming does not, however, absorb the greater portion of Indian labor power. Wages, and the proceeds from various industries, account together for \$2,392,965 of total earnings per year. Hunting, fishing and trapping, which the natives of the North American continent have followed from time immemorial, first that they might eat and clothe themselves, and later that they might benefit by supplying the necessities of others, still continue to be profitable, and one million and a half dollars is realized from their combined pursuit every twelve months.

In the pursuit of these different industries the Indian is exhibiting an unsuspected adaptability and more capability than he has ever yet been given credit for. A shining example was the late Dr. Oronyhatekha, executive head of the Independent Order of Foresters



Indians whose training as carpenters has enabled them to drive a nail or put timber and joists together with the white man.

and a financial genius supreme in his own field. The production of even a single mentality such as his is evidence that education is slowly ousting tradition, and the attrition of constant contact with civilization is wearing away heredity.

Education is the big factor in bringing on the Indian millenium; education in its three main phases, social, industrial and moral. On it the government has concentrated its energies, and an efficient and well staffed system of day, boarding and industrial schools has been established with a total enrolment of 11,190 pupils, and a percentage of attendance of 60.44. These schools are carried on altogether through the medium of the religious bodies, the government contributing financial assistance in the form of a per capita grant.

A youthful instructress in an Ontario Indian day school smiled indulgently over her class of button-eyed statuettes in bronze as she spoke of her work of teaching the young Indian idea how to shoot, and assured the interviewer that it did not lack results.

"Yes, the work here is most interesting and, with those who attend steadily, very satisfactory. My pupils are quick to learn and were it not for their difficulty with the language and their bashfulness, they would do as well as white children. The language is the big trouble, though. I find it so difficult to get them to write it correctly, and they do persist in leaving out what they think are superfluous words. You know Indians always use as few words as possible in speaking, and it is well brought out in some of the replies I get from my children. 'Mind baby' is the laconic excuse they give me for absence, and 'Gone town; work' is another favorite.

"They have a natural taste for bright colors, so I let them do a lot of drawing, which pleases the parents very much. I also try to teach them cleanliness, by urging them to keep themselves and the schoolroom neat. I must say their manners improve greatly after a few months here. But I do wish they would attend more regularly," and here the youthful educationist sighed.

This matter of irregular attendance

is really one of the most serious that the education of the Indian has to contend with. As a rule, when school begins each year, at least one half the population of the reserves is absent. A white man who had finished work on his own small farm and was inspired by a laudable desire to accumulate extra wealth outside would leave his wife and children behind to take care of the home. Not so with the Indian. When he seeks fresh fields of employment he must take the whole family with him, and both home and school may then take care of themselves as far as he is concerned. The result is that during the warm season of the year, when conditions are such as to enable the children of even the poorest in the land to attend school regularly if so disposed, the Indian child is in camp with parents or guardians near some town or industrial centre. Early winter finds the whole family back on the reserve with, perhaps, barely sufficient food to keep those in his care from experiencing the pangs of hunger until the return of spring, but with his children poorly clad and unprepared to go from home in the cold weather even so far as the schoolhouse.

In some reserves, too, the old time

pagan festivals have survived the iconoclastic influences of modern days, and are still held regularly at stated times of the year. They last a week at a time. Religious in nature they are considered of greater importance than the "white man's education" and all men, women and children attend regardless of the scholastic term. All these various causes of intermittent attendance help to paralyze educational efforts, and hence it is that the progress the majority of these Indian schools make is surprisingly satisfactory under the circumstances. When one listens to pupils, young aborigines whose fathers would have viewed the alphabet with wonder and regarded an arithmetical formula as "bad medicine," reading with fluency, distinctness and a good accent; when their ready and intelligent solution of mathematical problems, and well executed penmanship and drawing are witnessed, and their undoubted interest in their work apprehended, there is little room or justification for further pessimism in regard to the future of Canada's red races.

Wherein lies the ultimate economic salvation of the Indian? In education.

What is the real Indian problem of



The well-known half-breed in his garden near Edmonton, Alta. He is getting rich by his personal efforts in this work.



An old crone. A type of the Southern U. S. Indian.

the present day? And the answer once again is, education.

It has been made the basis of many a short story, but it's hard fact to the officials of the Indian departments of two nations. You will find it under a separate heading in the bluebooks, labeled Degeneration of Graduates in Reserves, and there are as many causes as cures for it. Briefly, it is the difficulty met with in changing these people from hunters and trappers who have been nomads for ages untold, to a pastoral community in touch with the conditions of this modern age.

The difficulty is perhaps not so much in changing the Indian as in keeping him changed. The aboriginal character is always more or less in a condition of flux, and ever ready to flow back into the old mold. The schoolboy who goes back to the reserve with all his newly absorbed knowledge heavy upon him finds himself suspended between heaven and earth. The old people laugh at his "white" ways, and the young people who have not enjoyed equal educational advantages seem cut off from him. He has been educated out of touch at the very point where he should be in touch to make a success of life. The accessories of modern civilization, its adequate lighting and heating equipment, its breadmixers, its

washing machines and perhaps its pocket manicures, have bred in him a contempt for things as he will have to meet them on the reserve. There are no organs there, and that is why the case of the Indian girl who asked to remain an extra year in a boarding school because she "was getting along so well in her music," is a particularly apt illustration of this form of over-education.

THE SOCIAL CLEAVAGE OF THE RACES.

Lack of social sympathy from their white brothers and sisters also contributes to decadence. The color line is drawn, in other words. Here and there one finds flashes of ambition in scholars of the best type who, having nothing in common with the reserves, make for the cities and there find employment as deckhands, shop assistants and carpenters. Money comes easily and they want to spend it. Lacking sympathy from the better class of white people, they find association with the lowest type, the next best thing, and then begins the easy journey along the downward path of degradation. Laws to the contrary, someone may always be found who will sell liquor to the Indian, and thus the sot is bred, while the girls, too "smart" for the Indian villages and unfitted because of hereditary tendencies for city environment, swell the ranks of the white slaves.

These are individual cases, however. In general a wide adherence to the moral code is to be recorded. From their peculiar and distinct position in society, Indians are open to ignorant censure from the very class of the community that stands aloof from all efforts to improve their condition, but, considering their proneness to be sought out and influenced by the less desirable members of the white communities, who tempt them with their own vices, the Indians stand well as moral and law abiding citizens. The native code of ethics is not, clause by clause, the same as that of the white race, but they are capable of practicing Christian morals, and do so after education and experience.

What then is the future of the Indian? That first contact with civilization results in seeming decadence and that this decadence, apparently final, with further development proves but the first growth of a later progressive evolution has been indicated. But evolution is an everlasting process, and now that we have embarked our red brother on it we owe it to him to follow it to the end.

A NEW RACE OF STOICS.

What is that end to be?

Absorption and inter-marriage will bring it to pass. Think of the North American continent as a huge basin. Vizualize the Indian as liquid in the basin's bottom which has never had a chance to slop over the rim. Consider the collective Caucasian as a sponge, drop the sponge in and observe how it soaks up, or if you prefer it, absorbs, the liquid. The analogy is simple, but correct. The white man of Canada and the United States is slowly, steadily and surely absorbing his red brother. The higher the latter's ascent up the social scale, the more that is done for him by education and Christianization, the quicker will the process be. But even in his present imperfect stage of development it is going on. In the Canadian province of Ontario one whole band has already disappeared. It has not died out; it has simply lost its racial identity. Others will follow and absorption will not cease with the half breed. Ultimately he, too, will disappear and with him will go the old Indian traditions and the barbaric traits which are as impossible to civilization as a vacuum to nature.



Olgotche Indians in the interior of British Columbia.

In time there will be no more Indians. But there will be a new strain in this new world blood of ours, and a new writing on the palimpsest of national character. We believe nowadays in the survival of the fittest. Let it be our hope, therefore, that, gradually freeing ourselves from the inherent weaknesses that were the Indian's, we may retain, in this North American breed of men, some of the stoic virtues of his race.

“Mazeppa”

Travellers through Canada will have come in contact with many troupes of actors who visit the small towns in their annual circuit of the country. George Hibbard has found in this feature of Canadian life material for a good story. It will be particularly interesting to the dwellers on the prairie. Romance, daring, and enterprize are strangely mingled in a happy result.

By George Hubbard

AT the small way-station the sad-eyed man wearing the overcoat with the worn astrakhan collar sat on the large iron-bound trunk. It was marked in fading letters, “Mammoth Folly and Fancy Aggregation.”

“Speaking of the procession of the equinoxes and the tide in the affairs of men,” he said, “once I was lifted on the crest of the wave of opportunity, hung suspended amid the glittering froth of fortune, and then—— Well, speaking of the way the cat jumps, the town was a one-night stand, though that hardly describes it either, for there was a palpitating doubt, almost amounting to certainty, that it might not stand for us—even for one night. We were giving ‘Mazeppa.’ Now, of course, you’ll understand that we weren’t an outfit carrying any untamed steed of Cayuse breed about with us. For the wild courser of the plains we mostly had recourse to the local livery-stable. Mapleton, though, wasn’t of a size to boast a livery-stable, and the horse that the hotel proprietor sent out with the buggy had temporarily succumbed under a twenty years’ strain of dragging drummers round to the cross-roads stores. Speaking of ‘my kingdom for a horse,’ Gridley, the manager—he played the Castellan of Laurinski, and the trombone before the show—was ready to go to the perilous extent of ‘most a dollar and a half for the hire of one for the evening. A breath of relief was breathed by the entire company when by superhuman efforts and the aid of the

Mapleton barber an animal was secured. We hired him out of the wagon of the Mapleton Steam Laundry. They had bought him the day before from a farmer out in the country. His name was Napoleon. You’d have concluded, to look at him, that it was Napoleon at the end of a long, hard, Russian winter. His knees were bigger than his hoofs, with his head hanging down between them, and his ribs like the gratings they have to keep the cows from straying on the railroad tracks. Still, I never liked the look of his eye, which was by way of being red where it ought to be white.”

The narrator at this point took from his pocket the half of a cigar, which he lit and inserted in his mouth.

“Now, speaking of misfortunes never coming otherwise than in mixed sizes,” he went on, “that wasn’t all which we was up against on that particular pleasant April evening. Charley Springer—Montagu Delorme, who was lead *and* Mazeppa—had been stricken with the mumps to a degree that even Mapleton wouldn’t have accepted him for a heroic figure. He might be all right next day, for they were subsiding, but at that moment his face looked more like a punching-bag than anything human. Well, as the subjects come up of what’s one man’s dope being another man’s dinner, I wasn’t keeping back any hot, burning tears because of Charley’s inability to appear. In fact, they weren’t pressing forward at all ready to fall. My eyes were as dry as a village the day

after it has voted prohibition. The *entente cordiale* between Charley and me was to say the least strained, owing to his riding something of the high horse even when he wasn't playing Mazeppa. My chance had come. You know the story: The star out, the understudy called in; the scene of tumultuous applause at the fall of the curtain; the accidental presence of the metropolitan manager; the contract at his own terms waiting for him in his dressing-room; a season on Broadway. Of course there wasn't going to be any metropolitan manager in Mapleton, or any Broadway to follow for a demitasse. I was bound, though, to show them what I could do, and if Charley Springer got one of those engagements about which he was always boasting, why, I might have the glory of appearing every night before an enraptured audience in 'Flesh legs, arms, and body, short tight trunks, half body of brown cloth' (which is the costume directions for the big scene), to say nothing of drawing increased pay when the ghost walked on Saturday."

Here the speaker paused to rekindle the cigar, the end of which he kept alight with difficulty.

"Since Cardinal Richelieu—I played the part in stock for a week in Toronto, Ontario—made use of that bright lexicon of youth in which there was no such word as 'fail,' there's other editions of the dictionary been brought out in which it's to be found fast enough, with several other distressing synonyms. I had made up my mind, though, to make good, for the reason already stated, and likewise, moreover, and according to the party of the second part, because—now, right here comes in that heart interest without which no drama can be complete. Her name was Nettie Mayhew! Being by chance in the drug-store, I beheld her at the soda-water fountain, and I heard her whisper to the second female juvenile who was with her that if she could induce 'popper' to bring her in from the farm that evening she was going to the play. How did I know who she was? No sooner had she passed from my sight than I sought

the requisite information. Thereupon, I learned with further satisfaction that she was the daughter of old farmer Mayhew, out on the Millpond Trail, whose holding of stock in the Mapleton Private Bank amounted to more than half. Within half an hour of our walking up from the station, the village had picked out each one of the 'actors.' I saw she knew who I was, and if I had not misread a look in her eyes, I had reason to believe that I had something to do with her wishing to be present in the evening.

"I had a temperature. Speaking in the words of an all-star cast of Iago and Monte Cristo, if I got it over, 'the oyster was mine.' Do you think I was anxious? As I stood in the balcony before the Mapleton Opera House, where the supers that were Tartar Shepherds were doubling in brass, and saw the youth, beauty, and fashion of the fairest gem of outstrung villages of the prairie crowding to the door, I swore that I'd be worthy of the occasion and of her. When I went down to dress, I noticed that Charley Springer was putting up a talk that he was all right to go on. A sight, though, of his face, which resembled a contour map of the country round Edson, Alberta, was enough to satisfy anybody; so for that night—'Only to-night, only to-night, as the old song has it—the centre of the stage and the limelight were mine. I dressed with care in Charley's costume, which fitted well enough, and when I stood in the flies I felt the pleasing sensation permeating my being that there were no flies on me. And just then a kicking and a stamping, mingled with a suppressed murmur as if the mob was a-coming on before its cue, caught my attention. They were leading in Napoleon through the stage entrance, it being on the ground floor, with an opening as big as a barn-door into the alley. This was easy enough, but Napoleon objected. There seemed to be something about the air of the playhouse that didn't attract him.

Now, if ever there was a horse that you'd say offhand could be warranted to stand without hitching, it was Na-

poleon. Seemed as if that was the job he'd have naturally sought in life, but now——! He fidgeted this way and that, and those cunning old eyes of his with the red whites kept looking here and there. Anyhow, they finally got him in and stationed at the R. U. side off. With a pair of blinders and a nose-bag, we strove to impart the impression to his mind that no evil was intended. They say one of those old guys, Ed. Keene, used to shake a prop. ladder just before he went on in one part of Shyllock, to get himself waked up. The little encounter with Napoleon had the same exhilarating effect on me. From the moment I stepped into sight of the audience, I knew I had 'em.

When I spoke these few simple opening words: 'Olinska! Dear Olinska! Ere yet the envious daylight robs my soul of the sweet privilege of drinking from thine eyes deep draughts of the bright liquid fire which as from twin stars of love stream through my enraptured heart,' and so forth, you could have heard a roseleaf drop from the corsage of the belle of the village green in the front row. When I came to the utterance, 'Aim at my heart; it has no defense but courage and this good sword,' the volume of sound had such a pressure to the square inch that no boiler-inspector would have passed it if it had been steam. And there was an explosion! I took five calls at the end of the fourth scene of the first act. All was going well, gloriously. The only drawback was that I could not discover Nettie in the audience. However, she might be sitting back in the darkness under the gallery, and I played as if I knew that her eyes were upon me.

"The stage directions of Scene Sixth, Act First, read: 'The Outer Terrace of the Castle, overlooking a tract of desolate country, composed of precipitous mountain ranges, abounding with cataracts; the rocky pathway crosses a stupendous waterfall by a slight rustic bridge, and is finally lost in the chain of lofty eminences stretching into the distance.' Of course in the way of 'stupendous waterfalls' and 'lofty eminences' the most high-browed critic couldn't

accuse us of any over-elaboration of realism. Later there is 'music,' and the book says, 'The horse is brought forward.' Well, as to the horse, we were all there. We had a horse. At least, Napoleon would have passed with a Professor of Zoology, if not with judges of the Horse Show. Also, he allowed himself to be led on. His little playful attempt to land with his off hind-hoof on Rudzloff, which, if it failed to reach that character successfully, put Drolinsko out of action, added verisimilitude to the occasion. Instantly he won the plaudits of the multitude. He was restless while I was being bound to his back. Charley Springer had been obliged to go on among the 'Knights, Officers, Guards, Herald,' where his face didn't count, and was not feeling kindly about it. He fastened those knots as if he were a committee tying up a clairvoyant. To move in the least was impossible for me—and then——

"I don't blame Charley Springer for what happened. Charley has his little faults, but he'd never play it low down like that. The leader of the orchestra was to blame. He started it—beginning all of a sudden before the time with the bars of the 'Ride of the Walkurie,' that we brought in to set the audience off. Well, it did, and it set Napoleon off. He stood straight up on his old hind-legs. Gridley cried 'Whoa!' which wasn't in his lines, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* began to make remarks for which they'd have been fined in any theatre in the country. No wonder! Napoleon was scattering all over the place. That horse wasn't a horse; he was a centipede. He had the stage cleared in a minute. All the actors were looking out from round corners of the scenery, except those which had climbed down into the orchestra for safety. For an instant Napoleon stood still. Then he headed for a group which had ventured forth a little L, consisting of Abder Khan, King of Tartary; Thamar, Zemba, and some Chieftains and Warriors. He went through them like the champion Harvalse quarterback through the line of a minor college for 'steen yards. Next

he pranced into the space behind the back drop, where the door to the alley was. He ramped out of that into the alley, where I caught for an instant the frenzied tumult in the opera house. He clattered up the alley and round a corner. Round another corner into Main Street. As I dashed past, all the men and boys on the sidewalk shouted.

"The cries faded away. I don't know Napoleon's pedigree, but when he got going he had speed. We were out in the open country. The road led into a wood. We tore through that. Once more black fields were on either side. There have been some rides in history—some. Paul Revere took quite a little run for the money. I once heard a reciter put it up about a fellow who rode from a place called Ghent—I wonder if it was in Alberta—to I. None of them, though, even took their rides dressed in pink tights and little else, tied to the back of a strange horse going they didn't know where or the time he'd take in getting there. The night was clear and starry—and cold. Napoleon seemed 'most as good in wind as in limb. I began to entertain nervous doubts as to how long he could keep it up. Miles passed. Time went on. So did Napoleon. The lights were out in the houses. We met nobody in the road. The first fine exhilaration of the adventure was wearing down, wearing down to the bone. At least, I was chilled to the bone. At the rate he was going, the night air whistled over me. On; on, raced Napoleon, as if he thought that he was entered in some equine Marathon, and then, just as I was about thinking of having my berth made up for the night, he turned into a lane. He pounded down it and into a farmyard, and brought up against a barn door with a bang that would have waked any one. I could see the farmhouse, which was a big, prosperous-looking place. At once I started to call. Finally lights began to show in the windows, and at last the door opened. An old man with a lantern appeared on the threshold.

"What's the matter?" he growled.

"'Most everything,' I answered. 'Come and see.'

"He looked about cautiously, and concluding there was no one else, he came forward. A girl, who had evidently dressed hurriedly and held a shawl about her and over her head, followed him. It was Nettie.

"What April fool's business is this?" he demanded, and I could tell how easy it was for him by nature to be unpleasant.

"If you think anybody's going to ride a night like this, dressed like this, for a joke—I began.

"Why," cried Nettie, looking at the horse, "it's Napoleon!"

"So it is," said her father, his curiosity overcoming his propensity to make himself disagreeable. "How in thunder—"

"If you'll unfasten me," I answered, "and let me get a little warm, I'll tell you all about it."

"Of course in common charity he had to take me in and take care of me. They gave me something to eat, and now I ask you, wasn't there enough in the manner of my arrival to satisfy a girl who had followed from page to page stories of romances all her happy young life?

"You didn't come to the play," I whispered tenderly to Nettie, as she offered me another slice of peach pie.

"Father wouldn't let me," she replied, with a laugh which greatly disquieted me. "But this is as good as a play."

The whistle of the way train sounded faintly beyond the bend as the narrator stood up and looked along the tracks.

"Nettie? No. I didn't marry Nettie. Charley Springer came out with Gridley the next morning about the horse. He'd got over the mumps. When Charley Springer and Nettie saw each other, there couldn't be any doubt from the first blush that it was a case of two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. They say that Charley Springer is a supervisor out there now, and that father-in-law Mayhew is going to make him president of the bank."

Can Canada Deliver the Goods ?

Some very erroneous arguments ensue very often from premises that are not all inclusive. The point raised by a London financial paper as to Canada's producing powers is an illustration in point. Comparative census returns of a particular crop cannot convince if there were counteracting influences for better production in other lines of which the report does not deal. The writer, who is a well-known authority in matters of finance in Canada, handles this question.

By James Cranmer

IF there is one thing more than another to which Canada can point as justification for heavy borrowing, it is the responsiveness of natural resources to the hand of labor. Whenever, therefore, any of her critics aid in drawing attention to the productive resources of the Dominion, and to the extent to which they are being exploited at the present time, and the rate at which actual production is increasing, sober Canadians ought to be grateful.

If Canada cannot show results as a consequence of much borrowing, her credit in the money markets of the world ought to and should decline. On the other hand, if the money borrowed is well cared for and the returns upon it are satisfactory, aid in the form of new capital will be furnished in steadily increasing volume to further the exploitation of the vast resources which rightly enough Canadians pride themselves in possessing. We may be ever so proud of what we own, but that will avail nothing at the bankers' counters in Paris, Amsterdam and London unless we can show a measure of production from year to year in proportion to the amount of borrowing registered against us.

This is a question that vitally concerns every Canadian. If any one of them borrows an insignificant amount from an investor and shows to him at the end of the year that he has produced with the money borrowed enough to pay the principal due, the rate of inter-

est as agreed, and in addition a substantial profit—then if he wanted more money there is no doubt he could get it if there was any to be had. If, however, the borrower had spent the proceeds of the loan he got, in 'blowing' about what he could do, or otherwise making a "fuss," and at the end of the year pays interest out of the capital he borrowed, then the purse once opened to him would be closed. This may sound very elementary, but nevertheless it is a principle which applies to the nation as well as to the individual, and for the economic health of the former should be kept well in mind.

During the past few years the amount of money borrowed has been enormous, and there is a tendency in the London market to ask what Canada has been doing with it. Exports are far below imports in value, and the acreage cropped last year was actually less than in the year previous, are points of attack. Both these statements have their basis in official figures issued by the Dominion Government. Those respecting the adverse balance of trade have been fully explained by some of the leading financial journals of the world's metropolis and by eminent authorities, amongst whom Sir Edmund Walker and Sir Williams Taylor can be included. Since the discussion on this particular question subsided, that with respect to an alleged decrease in the area under crop in 1912, as compared with 1911, has arisen.

The *London Economist* gave place in its columns to a statement to the effect that agriculture was not progressing—that, as a matter of fact, the area cropped in 1912 was less than in the previous year. The editorial opinions of that influential journal have been noticeably critical of Canadian investments and the character of Canadian development for some time. It is not the purpose of the writer to take issue with the *Economist* as to its opinions, or with those expressed by its correspondents, but the effect of the discussion which they have given rise to, has been to suggest doubt as to whether production in Canada has developed as rapidly in proportion as the extent of borrowing. If a suspicion to the effect that Canadian production has not increased by the aid of so much borrowed new capital, gains headway, one of the resultants would be a serious depression of our credit in the money markets. Procuring new capital would be made more difficult and higher rates would be demanded, even though the market was less stringent than at present.

The *Economist* is to be commended for its frankness and independence in permitting freedom of expression of opinion in its columns. No matter what statements, made in good faith, appear there with regard to Canadian production, perfectly frank and free discussion will sift out the truth. That is just what we, as Canadians, should most desire. The prominence into which the question, even in a very limited sense, is lifted by its being sponsored by so eminent a journal might well be taken as justification for Canadians asking themselves: *Are we delivering the goods?*

If that question can be answered satisfactorily, then Canadians need have no fears with regard to the money market. They will get their share. But after some seasons of heavy borrowing it is but natural that lenders should want to know just what we are doing with all the money received. If we cannot answer promptly and effectively, then our national bookkeeping is at fault. By bookkeeping, in this particular con-

nection, is meant the gathering of statistics which measure periodically the wealth produced in the Dominion. In the older countries this may be necessary for social and political purposes, but in younger countries like Canada, readily accessible and comprehensible accounts should be kept, showing the increase, or decrease, as the case may be, of the wealth of the nation from year to year, or at any rate more often than from one decade to another. Decennial census returns constitute a reliable guide, but they might well be supplemented each year by a less elaborate but reliable account of wealth produced if for no other purpose than to satisfy fully the lenders of the annual and generous supply of new capital, which Canada can use to the mutual advantage of lender and borrower.

BIG PRODUCTIVE GAINS.

The census returns of Canada, the only measure of the production of wealth available, furnish facts which we might reasonably hope will satisfy the most exacting investor. At the present time the writer has not access to a full report of the census returns of the Dominion made in 1911. He has, however, before him a paper by Dr. Archibald Blue, chief officer of the Census and Statistics of Canada, which was read before the Manufacturers' Association of Canada in September last. It shows the amount of capital employed in the manufactories of Canada in each census year, commencing with 1890, as follows:

| Year | Capital employed | Value of Products |
|------|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1890 | \$331,635,499 | \$368,696,723 |
| 1900 | 446,916,487 | 481,053,375 |
| 1910 | 1,247,583,609 | 1,165,975,639 |

In ten years the increase in capital employed was therefore approximately \$801,000,000, or roughly £160,000,000. It might be explained that "capital" for census purposes, in this case is defined under two heads: (1) value of land, buildings and plant occupied by the factory, and (2) the amount of working capital employed which might include money borrowed for carrying on the factory operations.

We may look forward to other figures from the census returns that will show a corresponding advance in other departments of national activity in Canada. Already the investing public is familiar with the recently published figures setting forth a substantial gain in the mineral output of 1912. British Columbia is rapidly forging ahead, and it would appear from the character of the reports of mining companies in Ontario that that province is but in its infancy so far as the mining production is concerned.

CANADA HAS MADE GOOD.

To refer to the growth in the area devoted to the raising of cereals, either from year to year or from decade to decade, is superfluous. Through the various emigration offices of the Dominion Government, and also through the equally effective offices of the great Canadian railways, agricultural statistics are supplied in abundance. It might however be pointed out in view of the recent criticism in the *Economist*, to which reference has already been made, that it is quite possible, through weather conditions, one year's acreage cropped may be less than that of the previous

year. But the average of any five-year period will show a very rapid increase. It would be quite possible to furnish further figures and facts showing how rapid has been the increase in the volume of production in Canada. But enough has been said on the subject to warrant the conclusion that Canada has "delivered the goods." The capital borrowed in so large a volume is represented in a wonderful industrial growth; in a railway mileage that has increased at the rate of 1,000 miles a year and at present totals over 26,000 miles; in the equipment of cities and villages and in the settlement of vast new areas every year. While thus building up the country and absorbing approximately 300,000 new immigrants every year, the exportable surplus of our wealth produced has been less than our import needs. We have, however, in Canada to represent the balance of trade against us, a development and growth of wealth-producing assets that will demonstrate their power to "deliver the goods." If there is temporary doubt as to that result, there will possibly be some diminution of the supply of capital for a time, and a consequent slowing up in Canada, but it will be only temporary.

'A SPRING SONG

"What are ye daein', ma bonny wee birds
Amang the hedges hidin'?"
"Biggin' a bower! Biggin' a bower,
Biggin' a bower tae bide in!"

"But April wi' its wind an' weet
May blatter down an' harm it."
"We'll licht a fire! a fire! a fire!
The fire o' luve tae warm it!"

"An whan ye've theekit yer bit hoose
What wull ye pit intill it?"
"A peck o' bairns! A peck o' bairns!
A peck o' bairns tae fill it!"

—Tamar Faed, in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The One-Price System

By Elbert Hubbard

THE greatest change in modern business came with the One-Price System. This has all been brought about since the Civil War.

The old idea was for the seller to get as much as he possibly could for everything he sold. Short weight, short count and inferiority in quality were considered quite right and proper. When you bought a dressed turkey from a farmer, if you did not discover the stone inside the turkey when you weighed it and paid for it, there was no redress.

The laugh was on you. And, moreover, a legal maxim—*caveat emptor*—"let the buyer beware," made cheating legally safe.

Dealers in clothing guaranteed neither fit nor quality, and everything you paid for, once wrapped up and in your hands, was yours beyond recall—"Let the buyer beware."

A few hundred years ago business was transacted mostly through fairs, ships, and by peddlers. Your merchant of that time was a peripatetic rogue who reduced prevarication to a system.

The booth gradually evolved into a store, with the methods of the irresponsible keeper intact. The merchants cheated their neighbors and chuckled in glee, until their neighbors cheated them, which, of course, they eventually did. Then they cursed each other, began again and did it all over.

John Quincy Adams tells of a certain deacon who kept a store near Boston, who always added in the year 1775 at the top of a column, as seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents.

The amount of misery, grief, disappointment, shame, distress, woe, suspicion and hate, caused by a system which wrapped one thing when the buyer expected another, and took advantage of his innocence and ignorance as to quality and value, cannot be computed in figures.

Suffice it to say that duplicity in trade has had to go. *The self-preservation of the race demanded honesty, square dealing, one price to all.*

The change only came after a struggle and we are not always quite sure of the one price yet. But we have gotten thus far that the man who cheats in trade is taboo. Honesty as a business asset is fully recognized. If you would succeed in business you can't afford to sell a man something he does not want; neither can you afford to disappoint him in quality any more than in count.

Other things being equal, the merchant who has the most friends will make the most money. Our enemies will not deal with us.

To make a sale and acquire an enemy is poor policy. To a peddler or a man who ran a bazaar or fair it was "get

your money now or never." Buyer and seller were at war. One transaction and they never met again. The air was full of hate and suspicion, and the savage propensity of physical destruction was refined to a point where hypocrisy and untruth took the place of violence. The buyer was as bad as the seller—if he could buy below cost he boasted of it. To catch a merchant who had to have money was glorious—we smote him hip and thigh. Later we discovered that, being strangers, he took us in.

The One Price System has come as a necessity, since it reduces the friction of life and protects the child or simple person in the selection of things needed, just the same as if the buyer were an expert in values and a person who could strike back if imposed upon. Safety, peace and decency demanded the One Price System. *When we reach the point where we see that all men are brothers, we have absolute honesty and One Price.*

And so behold! we find the Government making favoritism in trade a crime and enforcing the One Price System by law. And just remember this, law is the crystallization of public opinion, and no law that is not backed up by the will of the people can be enforced.

As we grow better we have better laws. In Kansas City the other day three men were fined forty thousand dollars each for cutting prices.

They were railroad men and railroad men have only one thing to sell, and that is transportation. *To cut the price on it and sell to some at a less figure than to others is now considered not only immoral, but actually criminal.* The world moves.

And this change in the methods of business and in our mental attitude toward trade has grown out of a dimly perceived but deeply felt belief in the Brotherhood of Man, or the Solidarity of the Race.

Therefore he who ministers to the happiness and well-being of the life of another is a priest and is doing God's work.

It is quite as necessary that you should eat good food as that you should read good books, hear good music, hear good sermons or look upon beautiful pictures.

The necessary is the sacred. There are no menial tasks. "He that is the greatest among you shall be your servant." The physical reacts on the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical, and rightly understood, are one and the same thing.

We have ceased to separate the secular from the sacred. That is sacred. That is sacred which serves. *Once a business man was a person who not only thrived by taking advantage of the necessities of the people, but who banked on their ignorance of values. But all wise men now know that the way to help yourself is to help humanity.*

We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others. And the recognition of these truths is what has to-day placed the Business Man in the fore-front of the learned professions. *He ministers to the necessities of humanity.*

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:

In the first chapter we catch a passing glimpse of Hector Dunois, the hero of the story, aged, paralytic and near to death, honored and respected by Kings and Emperors for his great life work in the cause of suffering humanity. Time is then set back seventy years, and we find him in about the year 1840, a boy at the Military School in Paris, fighting a duel with a comrade, de Mouluy, who is wounded owing to Hector's accidentally falling.

Hector's mother was the daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Wiednitz, a Bavarian Principality, and had entered a convent as Sister Therese de St. Francois, which she left to marry Marshal Dunois, Hector's father, formerly one of Napoleon's generals. Her fortune of over a million francs previously dedicated to the convent was afterwards reclaimed by her husband and paid to him on condition that his wife should re-enter the sisterhood, which she did when Hector was eight years of age. It was the relation by de Mouluy of this story of which Hector was ignorant, that led to the duel.

A reconciliation takes place, Hector takes an oath never to touch a penny of the money thus infamously acquired, while de Mouluy in return swears to be his friend till death. Shortly afterwards they are estranged by the circulation of a false report that Hector's fall was intentional and that he had wounded de Mouluy by a trick. His vow places him in sore financial straits, but he makes rapid progress in his profession and becomes adjutant of his regiment.

Ada Merling, the heroine of the story of whom Florence Nightingale is the prototype, has met Hector and admires his self-denial in refusing to touch his mother's fortune.

The scene of the present chapter is laid on a country road near the residence of Thompson Jowell, a swindling army contractor, who meets Josh Horrotian, a private in the British Army, and enters into conversation with him.

XXI—Continued.

"You ask me three questions, Mr. Jowell, sir, that I can but answer in one way; and a fourth," returned the red-haired trooper, looking frankly up out of a pair of very clear blue eyes at the large face of disapproval bent upon him from the lofty altitude of the mail phaeton's front seat, "that I can't answer in any way at all."

"I hope I don't understand you, Joshua Horrotian," said Thompson Jowell loftily. "But go on, go on! Damn you, don't fidget!" He addressed this exhortation to the more restive of the champing blacks, who had switched his flowing tail over the reins, and was snorting with his scarlet nostrils spread, and his wild eye cocked at the hedgerow, as though to be detained upon the road to the home-stable for the purpose of conversing with a common soldier was a thing past bearing by a high-bred horse.

"Whoa!" said the driving groom.

"Whoa, then, my beauty! That curb be a link too tight, Mr. Jowell," said Joshua Horrotian, betraying for the first time, by a lingering smack and twang of the broad local accent, that the county of Sloughshire might claim him as its son. "Shall I let it out a mite? He'll stand like a rock then."

Thompson Jowell nodded in answer, and the thing was done in a moment, and Horrotian back in his old place by the side-step, saying:

"You wanted to know just now, Mr. Jowell, where I'd left my proper pride, and my enthusiasm and eagerness and ardor for a soldier's career? I've left 'em yonder, sir." He lifted his riding-whip and pointed across country. "Over to the Cavalry Barracks at Spurham, where Ours have been quartered best part o' three years. With your leave, sir!"

He spat in a soldierly, leisurely way upon the sandy road, and hitched his pipeclayed pouch-belt, and shoved a finger of a white-gloved hand within

the edge of his sword-belt of gilt lace with a white stripe, and went on speaking:

"It seems to me, sir, when I've casted round to think a bit—having done a bit o' gardening for mother in old days when I wasn't busy on the farm—that pride and enthusiasm and ardor and eagerness for a soldier's career are like hardy plants that will grow and put out leaf and bloom even in a soil that's as poor as ours at Upper Clays, if they're but wedd a bit and the snails and slugs picked off 'em, and a drop o' water given in drought, and hobnailed boots, and wheelbarrows, turned aside from crushing of 'em down!"

"Well, well, my man! Where does this bring us to?" demanded the autocrat of the cocked inquisitive nose, and puffy cheeks, and goggling, greedy eyes, from his lofty perch upon the front seat of the scarlet mail phaeton.

"It brings us to this, Mr. Jowell," said the trooper, with a fold coming between his thick broad smear of dark red eyebrows, and an angered narrowing of the blue eyes that were so clear, "that if you want a dog to respect himself, let alone his superiors, you'll give him a clean kennel to sleep in, and decent food to eat; and if he's to do a dog's work for you, you'll not curse and bully him so as to break and cow his spirit. Nay! and if you respect yourself, you'll give him, whether he's been a good dog or only a tolerable sort 'o one—some sort o' nursing and care when he lies sick, if it's only the roughest kind, before he kicks his last on his straw bed. Then throw him out on the dung-heap if it's your liking; he can't feel it, poor brute! He be past all that. But where's the use of a Soldier's Funeral with a Firing Party and a Bugler, if—when the man was living, you branded his soul with as many lines of anger and resentment and rage as there are stripes in the Union Jack, God bless it! that, him being dead, you lay as a pall of honor on his coffin? That's what I want to know!"

"You want to know too much for your rank and station, Josh Horrotian—that's what you do!" said Thompson

Jowell, frowning displeasure upon him. "You're one of the Malcontents, that's what you are. If you were to tell me on your oath you weren't, I wouldn't believe you. I've met your breed before!"

"If you have, Mr. Jowell, my answer is that it's not a bad breed," retorted the trooper, with a hot flush and a bright direct look of anger. "Without trying to use finer language than my little education warrants, it's a breed that will fight to the death for Queen and Country, and hold that man a damned and despicable cur that hangs back in the hour of England's need. But when the same bad usage is meted out by the Authorities in Office to the willing and the unwilling, the worthless and the worthy, let me tell you, sir, a man loses heart. For Drill and Discipline and Confinement to Cells for defaulters, and Flogging for the obstreperous; with Ration Beef and cabbage, and suet-balls, tight clothes and tight belts, and a leather stock that saws your ears off, can't make a machine of a human being all through. There's got to be a living spot of flesh left in him somewhere that feels and tingles and smarts. . . . And the sooner the great gentlemen in authority find that out, the better for England and her Army," said Joshua Horrotian, with a straightforward, manly energy of voice and look and gesture that would have gone far to convince, if the right man had been there to hear him.

"Now, look you here, Trooper Joshua Horrotian," said the wrong man, "it's confounded lucky for you that these opinions of yours—and the private soldier with opinions is a man we don't want in the Army and would a great deal rather be without!—have been blown off to a person who—having a regard for that decent woman your mother—who I'm not above acknowledging, in a distant sort of way, as a relation of my own—isn't likely to report them in quarters where they would breed trouble for you, and maybe a taste of the Black Hole." The speaker held up a large fur-gloved hand as the trooper seemed about to speak. "Don't

you try my patience, though! I've listened to you long enough. . . . Discontented, that's what you are! And Discontent leads to Murmuring, and Murmuring to mutiny. And Mutiny to the Gallows—in your case I hope it won't!—but I shouldn't be at all surprised if it did. So beware of being discontented, Joshua!"

"I may be what you say, a grumbling soldier, though I don't recognize myself in the picture you draw of me," returned the trooper; "but if the time came to prove whether I'd be willing to lay down my life for the Old Shop, I'd be found as ready as any other man. And I have cause for discontent outside the Army, Mr. Jowell." And the speaker squared his broad shoulders and drew himself to his full height, looking boldly in the bullying eyes of the great man. "While I have been a-sogering my mother's farm has been going to rack and ruin. Some little-knowing or ill-meaning person has advised her, Mr. Jowell, for these three years past, to turn down their low-lying gore meadows of hers beside the Drowse in clover and beans and vetch. Grazing cows is all they're good for, being flooded regularly in November and February, and Aprils extra-wet. And what with the cold, rainy summers we've had, has suffered in pocket, and worse she will suffer yet! For if her having borrowed money on mortgage to throw after what has already been lost beyond recall is going to bring her any good of—I'm a Dutchman!"

"Now, I'll tell you what, Trooper Horrotian," said Thompson Jowell, purple to the rim of his sporting parson's hat with something more stinging than the bitter February wind, "I don't pretend not to know what you're driving at, because Aboveboard is my name. If my distant relation, Mrs. Sarah Horrotian, is pleased to drive over from Market Drowsing sometimes on her egg-and-butter days, for the purpose of asking advice from a man who, like myself, is accustomed to be looked up to and consulted, supposing I happen to be at home at my little place"—which was a huge, ornate and showy

country mansion, with a great deal of avenue, shrubbery, glass, and experimental garden-ground about it—"I am not the man to gainsay her, to gratify her long-legged puppy of a son."

"I'm obliged to you, I'm sure!" said Josh, reddening to his red hair, and angrily gnawing, in his desire to restrain himself from incautious speech, the shiny black strap by which the idiotic little muffin-shaped forage-cap of German pattern approved by Government, was sustained in a perilously slanting position on the side of his head.

"My name being Plump and Plain," said Thompson Jowell, once more extracting the large fur-gloved hand from under the leather apron of the phaeton, "I'm damned if I care this snap of my fingers"—he clumsily snapped them—"whether you are obliged to me or whether you ain't! Is that clear to you?"

The groom who occupied the driving seat beside his master laughing dutifully at this, Thompson Jowell's righteous indignation was somewhat appeased, as he proceeded:

"If the river flooded those fore-lands of your mother's, and the rainy season finished what the river began, I'm not the Clerk of the Weather Office, I suppose? Call Providence to account for the bad season, if you must blame somebody. . . . Though, if you do, and should happen to be struck dead by lightning as a punishment for your wickedness, don't expect Me to pity you, that's all! Granted I gave a pound or so for Sarah Horrotian's mildewed clover and stinking beans, and barley that had sprouted green in the ear, to burn for top-dressing; and let her have a bit of money at easy interest on her freehold of Upper Clays;—I suppose as it's her property, having been left her for her sole use and benefit by her father (who was an uncle of my own, and don't my admitting that prove to you how little proud I am?), she's free to borrow on it if it pleases her. You are not the master yet, my good fellow!"

"And won't be, please God!—for many a year to come!" said Mr. Jowell's

good fellow, with unaffected sincerity. "Nor will be ever, Mr. Jowell, supposing my mother not able to pay off your interest. You've foreclosed on too many of the small freeholders in this neighborhood, for me to believe that you'll be more generous and mercifuller with your poor relation, than you've been with them you've called your good friends!"

The groom who drove, forgetting himself so far as to chuckle at this, Thompson Jowell damned his impertinence with less of dignity and more of flustered bumptiousness than an admirer of the great man's would have expected.

"And poor as my mother is, and hard as she has been put to it," went on the trooper, pursuing his sore subject, "if she had dreamed that the spoiled fodder she sold you for the price such unwholesome rubbish was worth, was not to be burned for top-dressing, but dried in them kilns that are worked in another name than yours at Little Milding—and mixed with decent stuff, and sold as first-class fare for Army horses, poor beasts!—she'd have seen you at Jerusalem beyond the Jordan before she'd ha' parted with a barrow-load of the rot-gut stuff, or she's not the woman I take her for!"

"You insolent blackguard!" said Thompson Jowell, blowing at the speaker, and swelling over the apron of the phaeton until the soundness of its leather straps must have been severely tested. "You've heard of the Lock-up and Treadmill for proved defamers and slanderers, haven't you, in default of the damages such vermin are too poor to pay?"

"I've heard of lots o' things since I joined the Army, Mr. Thompson Jowell," retorted Joshua Horrotian, who had regained his coolness as the other had lost self-command, "and I've seen a few more! I've seen such things come out of the middle of Government hay-and-straw trusses as nobody, except the Contractor who sold and the Forage Department Agents who took 'em over, and the Quartermaster-Sergeant who served 'em out, and the soldiers who got

'em, would expect to find there. Not only cabbage-stumps and waste newspapers," said Josh forcibly, "which in moderation may be good for Cavalry troop-horses. But ragged flannel petticoats, empty jam-tins, and an old hat with a litter o' dead kittens inside of it, form too variegated and stimulating a diet to agree with anything under an ostrich; and I'm none too sure that such wouldn't be too much for the bird's digestion in the long-run."

The groom covered himself with disgrace at this juncture by exploding in a guffaw, which Thompson Jowell, mentally registering as to be expiated next pay-day by a lowering of wages, loftily ignored. He realized his own over-condescension in arguing with the worm that dared to lift up its head from the ground beneath his chariot-wheels, and argue with and denounce him. He changed his tone, now, and, instead of bullying, pitied the crawling thing.

"You don't understand what you're talking about, Horrotian," he said patronisingly, "and being a poor uneducated, common soldier, who's to be astonished at it? The British Government is too great and powerful and glorious and grand a Power to trouble itself about rags and jam-tins, or a hatful of dead kittens, shoved for a joke inside a truss of Army forage by some drunken trooper. Possibly next time you're in liquor, my man, you'll remember that you put them there yourself? As for any person being unprincipled enough to sell sprouted grain and mildewed hay, mixed up with sound stuff, as you suggest some persons do; what I say to you is that such people don't exist, such wickedness couldn't be possible; and if you undertook to prove to me that it is—I shouldn't be convinced! And, further, understand this; and what I say to you is what I said to an impudent, meddlesome whelp of a young foreigner I met in the train t'other day betwixt Dullingstoke and Waterloo—the British Government will BE the British Government, in spite of all the fault-finding and grumbling of mutinous and impudent upstart Rankers or their betters! And the iron wheels

of Administration will keep on a-rolling, and so sure as heads are lifted too high out of the dust that is their proper element, those iron wheels I speak of will roll over 'em and mash 'em. Mash 'em, by Gosh! D'ye understand me?"

"Quite well, Mr. Jowell," returned the other composedly. "But I've good hopes of being able to roll or crawl or wriggle out of reach before those iron wheels you speak of roll my way. Mother having come round at last, I'm to be bought out of the Army come next Michaelmas, having served with the Colors—I humbly hope without a single act that might be calculated to dishonor them, or soil the reputation of an honest man and a loyal soldier!—rising five years out of the twelve I 'listed for; and, once being free, I mean to put my shoulder to the wheel in the farming-line in good earnest; and leave the officer's sash, and the pair o' gold-lace epaulets you spoke of, hanging at the top of the tree for some other fellow fortunater than I have been, to reach down."

"Go your way, ungrateful and obstinate young man," said Thompson Jowell, sternly, expanding his cheeks to the rotundity of a tombstone cherub's, and snorting reprehension. "I hope for your respectable's mother's sake it mayn't end in ruin and disgrace, but—my name being Candid—I shouldn't wonder if it did!" He shook his pear-shaped head until he shook his hat over his goggle eyes, and so took it off, and blew his large cocked nose sonorously upon a vast silk handkerchief he whisked out of the crown, adding: "I suppose you are on furlough, and were bound for the Upper Clays when I overtook you marching along the Queen's Highway with your riding-whip in your hand?"

"Why, a cane might be better, for a man on leave to carry," returned Joshua Horrotian, meditatively running his eye from the stout handle of the riding-whip to the strong lash at its tip. "But though I came by the railway, I mean to go back by road. My Captain, being a rich gentleman, and having a good opinion of my judgment in horseflesh"

—he said this with a flush and sparkle of honest pride—"has bought my young horse—'Blueberry'—for the troop. And I'm to ride him. He won't look so fat and shiny on the Government forage as he does on what he gets at home, but he'll do credit to the Regiment yet, or I'm no judge. Good-afternoon, sir!"

He saluted and wheeled, setting his handsome face ahead and Thompson Jowell, in surly accents, bade the groom drive on. And as the spirited blacks broke at once into a trot, carrying their owner from the scene so rapidly that the spick-and-span mail phaeton became behind their lively heels a mere flying streak of scarlet, he directed towards Blueberry and his owner the fervent aspiration: "*And I hope your brute may come a downer when you're charging in close order, and break your infernal neck for you!*" But he did not utter the words aloud.

XXII.

MEANWHILE Josh Horrotian pursued his march, but without the cheerful whistling accompaniment, decapitating the more aggressive weeds and thistles growing by the roadside with such tremendous slashes of the stout riding-whip as to leave no doubt that he executed in imagination condign punishment upon certain individuals unnamed. Indeed, so far did his annoyance carry him, that, disturbed beyond measure by the incessant chattering of the frosty wind amidst the crisp dry leaves of an elm-hedge he was passing, he bade the tameless element hold its noise, in what was for him a surly tone.

But, coming to a hog-backed stile, breaking the hedge and leading by a narrow right-of-way over some clayey wheatlands, where the first faint green blush of the young corn lay in the more sheltered hollows, together with a powdering of fine unmelted snow, his bent brows relaxed, and the shadow that darkened his handsome sunbrowned face vanished. He whistled again as he threw a long blue leg, with a white

stripe down the side of the tight trouser strapped down over the spurred Wellington boot, across the iron-bound log. For on the high bleak ridge of the sixty-acre upland, stood his mother's farm, facing away from him to the west; where the fall of the clay-lands upon the other side sloped to the deep and muddy Drowse, spanned by an ancient stone bridge that had rude carvings of tilting knights in plate-armour, upon some of the coping-stones of its parapet. The bridge crossed, a mile of country road dotted with farmhouses and cottages led to the small and sleepy borough-town of Market Drowsing, in the shadow of whose square Anglo-Norman church-tower many tall Horrotians had mouldered into dust. . . .

The sight of the low, irregular brown-and-red-tiled roof of the old home building, with its paled-in patch of garden at the southern gable-end, its great thatched barn sheltering it on the north side, and its rows of beehive-shaped ricks, each topped with a neatly plaited ball of grass, tarred to resist weather and impaled upon a wooden spike, warmed the man's heart, not for the reason that a somewhat cheerless boyhood had been passed beneath those mossy-green, lichen-yellowed, old red tiles, but because they sheltered Nelly.

"I wonder if she sees me?" he questioned with himself, as the path took a curve and the great church-shaped barn reared up its gray and ancient bulk between him and the homestead. "The little dairy-window at the house-back—this being about the time o' day she's drawing off the skimmings for the pigs—ought, if so be as she's on the look-out, to have given her a view" — his smile broadened—"of the approaching enemy."

Of course it had, long happy minutes back. Even as the image of her rose smiling in his mind, she came running down the pathway straight into his arms, and with the joyful shock and the warm contact of her, vexations fled away, and he snatched her, not at all objecting, to his beating heart, and they took a long, sweet kiss—rather an experienced kiss, if one may say it, and

more suggestive of the full-orbed sweetness of the honeymoon than of the wooing-time that goes before.

"Now, do 'e give over, Josh!" she said at last, and emerged all rosy with love and happiness from his strong embrace, and straightened her pink quilted sunbonnet, pouting a little. "Bain't you ashamed?"

"I'd like to see myself!" declared Josh stoutly, and had another kiss of her upon the strength of it, and then held her off at arm's length for a long, satisfying look.

She was very pretty, this Nelly, orphan daughter of a small freehold farmer named John Pover, who had borrowed money upon a mortgage from the great Thompson Jowell, and had, unhappy wretch, once the suckers of that greedy octopus were fairly fastened on him, been drained by means of extortionate interest, until he cut his throat—an absurd thing to do, seeing how little blood was left in him—leaving his freehold, farm, and stock to be gulped down, and his girl to take service as dairymaid with that grim Samaritaness, Sarah Horrotian.

She had sweet, soft, shy, dark eyes, had Nelly, and a sweet round face, the tops of its rosy cheeks dusted with golden freckles. There were some more on her little nose, a feature of no known order of facial architecture, but yet distracting to male wits, taken in conjunction with the rest; and a powdering of yet more freckles was on her darling upper lip, and the underlip pouted, as though it were jealous at having been overlooked. Her dark hair had a gleam of yellow gold on the edges of the curls that had escaped the control of the sunbonnet that now hung back upon her shoulders; and she had the round neck and plump breast of a dove, or of a lovely young woman, full of the vigour of fresh life and the glow of young hope, and the joy and the promise and the palpitating, passionate fulfilment of Love, without a bitter drop in the cup—until you came to Sarah Horrotian.

Josh came to Sarah, when the first edge had been taken off his appetite

for kisses. He asked, unconsciously dropping back into his broad native accent, as he stood under the lee-side of the big barn, with his strong arm round Nelly's yielding waist, and her curls scattered on the broad breast covered by the tight blue jacket:

"Well, and how be mother?"

"I reckon much about the same. Throwing Scripture at a body," said Nelly, with a grimace that only produced a dimple, "whenever her be wopsy."

"And that's all round the clock," said Sarah Horrotian's son decidedly. He added: "Hard texts break no bones, Pretty. I learned that when I was a lad. And how's old Blueberry? Proper? That's right. He takes me back to-morrow—starting early so as not to overdo him, good beast!"

"I believe you love him better than poor Nelly," she said, with tears crowding on her long dark lashes at the thought of losing her love so soon.

"I'll show poor Nelly whether I love her or not." He pretended to bite a pink finger of the soft hand he cherished in his own. "Let's just forget to-morrow till it's here." His tongue broadened insensibly into the Sloughshire dialect as he went on: "And how be my old dog Roger? And Jason Digweed? Does he still take off his boots to clean pigsty, and then put 'em on again over all the muck? And wear no clothes at all to-house, and answer a knock at door naked as my hand? O' course he do! It wouldn't be Jason else. There's nobody can tell me anything new about *him*!"

"Meb-be I might!"

He took her by the chin, and turned the coquettish face to him, and looked into the dancing eyes with a twinkle in his own.

"Now then, what is it? Speak up, you teasing witch!"

Nelly dimpled and blushed, and finally burst out laughing, smothering her mirth against Josh's blue sleeve in a very endearing way.

"Hurry up, or I shall guess!" Josh's florid face broadened in a smile, and his blue eyes twinkled knowingly. "I

doubt but I do guess, though, all the same. Still, tell!"

She shunned his eyes with provoking coyness.

"I don't half like to say it out loud!"

"Whisper then," he said gaily, "and give a man a chance to kiss a pretty neck!"

"Behave yourself! But stoop down. You be so tall."

He stooped, and she whispered, and the whisper sent him off into a guffaw of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, to-be-sure!" He slapped his thigh and roared himself red in the face, and she laughed with him, though in demurer fashion. "Whew! that beats all! So Jason be in love, after all his cursing o' females, and wishing as the Almighty had seen fit to people the world without the help of petticoats. But who's the maid, if it be a maid, and what's her mind to him, seemingly? Will she swallow the mortal down, with a hold on her nose? or turn it up, and bid him get to windward with that mug of his, as a New Zealand idol might be jealous of? Come, give her a name! or I'll say you grudge her her good fortune!"

"You gave her your own, not so long back!"

"You don't mean yourself?"

Convinced by Nelly's blushes as by her laughter that she did mean herself; a purple hue swamped the trooper's florid countenance and a weakness took him in the knees. He rocked awhile, holding his blue-cloth-covered ribs, and then his laughter broke away with him, and wakened echoes that the barrack-room knew, but that the blackened, cobwebbed rafters of the ancient barn had not echoed to since a roaring bachelor squire of the soldier's name had held Harvest Home there in the dead old days when the Second George was King.

Nelly checked him when he reached the climax of gasping speechlessly and mopping his overflowing eyes. He crowed out:

"Well, that bangs the best! And what did you do when he made up to 'e? Comb his hair wi' a muckfork, or

curtsey and thank him kindly for his damned presumption?"

"Use proper talk, else I'll tell 'e nowt," she threatened.

"I will, I vow! From now I'm the best boy in the Sunday-school,—mild as a dish o' milk, and as mealy-mouthed as Old Pooker—not that he's a bad sort, 'as the white-chokered corps go!"

"See you keep your word! Well then . . . Says my customer to I . . ."

"Meaning Jason? . . ."

"Meaning Jason. Says he, smirking all over his face, as how I be a main pretty maid; and he have wrestled in prayer upon the matter, and meb-be if I looked out wi' my bright eyes sharp enough, I should see myself standin' up before the Minister to Market Drowning Baptist Chapel, being preached into one flesh wi' he—he—he!"

Josh drew a deep breath, inflating his broad chest to the utmost of its lung-capacity and bellowed:

"And this is the man as down-cries all women. Why, he got round mother that way, cussing of the female sex for traps and snares and Babylonish harlots, though why that kind o' talk should tickle her, hang me if I know! her being a woman herself, by way of! . . . But how did you meet the bold wooer? . . ."

"Tossed up my chin like so"—she furnished a distracting example—"and telled'n as no living minister should mould me into one flesh wi' any mortal man!"

"Having been regularly tied up in the matrimony-knot by a parson—my blessings on his tallow face!" said Josh, with a triumphant hug, "that snowy day in January when you met me at the little iron church down the Stoke Road near Dullingstoke Junction, wi' the licence buttoned in the pocket of my borrowed suit o' plain clothes, and the ring jammed on my little finger so precious tight—for fear of losing it!—that it took you and me and the beadle to get it off again!"

Upon the strength of these reminiscences he did some more hugging. She freed herself from the enclosing girdle

of warm, muscular flesh and hot blood, pouting:

"Believe, and let a body finish! To that about the minister, and me never marrying, Jason he tells I as all young maids be 'ockerd at axing. 'But a'll gi' thee another chance,' says he. "Oolt thee or 'ootent thee? Cry 'beans' when I cry 'peas,' and it's a bargain! Wi' that, he offers to kiss me!"

"The—frowsy son of a gun! Don't say you ever—"

"Likely! . . . I fetched 'n a smack in the face. . . ."

"Bravo!"

"Following up with the promise that I'd rather die than wed 'n, and all the same so if he were hung wi' gold and di'monds. . . ."

"There's my girl! What more?"

"Oh, Jason he were cruel casted down. Quite desperatelike, and threatened me he'd 'list for a soger. . . . 'Why, they would wash 'e! I tells 'n; and he bundled away in a girt hurry, and haven't come athirt I since. . . . But your mother must ha' heard, her looks be so mortal glum."

"Never mind her looks! Tell her I've got a better husband for her pretty dairymaid than her pigman comes to, dang his dratted impudence!"

She rallied him in rude country fashion, its homeliness redeemed by the beauty of the speaking mouth and the dancing hazel eyes.

"You be jealous!"

"Jealous, am I?" He rapped out the fashionable oath, caught from his officers: "Egad! you rogue, I'll punish you for that!"

She seemed to like the punishment rather than not. And as she gasped, crimson under his kisses, there was a rustling inside the barn, near the great doors of which the lovers stood. One of these swung open, affording to the views of those without, had their absorbed faces but been turned that way, a segment of the vast churchlike interior, with its noble raftered roof upheld by kingposts at the gable-ends, and only lighted by the gleams of cold wintry sunshine that found entrance by the partly open door, and by the cracks

between the ancient side-boards, and here and there where birds or rats had tunnelled holes in the ancient brown thatch. Mounds of recently-threshed wheat occupied the granary at the higher end; with bales of sacks, cord-tied, destined to receive the hard, sound, golden grain. The lower threshing-floor was ankle-deep with the chaff of beans, and stout bags of these, newly tied, stood in rows against the opposite wall, while a great mound of the straw rose in the background. The wooden flail that had been used in the bean-threshing lay upon the floor. The man who had wielded it had yielded to the desire for a snooze, a weakness of Jason Digweed's when the beer was working in his muddy brain. . . .

When the lovers had jested about him and his unlucky wooing, there had been a stirring in the heart of the mound of bean-straw, and a dirty finger shod with a black nail had worked a spying-hole for an unwashed face, embedded in a matted growth of dirty hair, to rest in. Thus, unobserved, Mrs. Sarah Horrotian's pigman, fogger, cow-keeper, and general factotum, favored by the widow on account of his Dissenting principles and avowed and sturdy misogyny, could see what took place, and be entertained by the conversation.

It had fallen to fitful whispers. The man was urgent, and the damsel coy. The experience of the ambushed hater of the sex had to be drawn upon for the context of the broken sentences that reached the dingy ears under the dirty hair-thatch.

"Miss Impudence!" Josh called his sweetheart after some retort of hers.

"*Miss!*" she breathed, so softly that even her lover barely heard her.

"Miss Nelly Pover to the world as yet, and in the hearing of folks to-home here. But Mrs. Joshua Horrotian in snug corners when there's none to listen or pry. Eh, my beauty?" he said, hugging her.

"I don't know how I durst ha' married you!" she panted, "and me that afraid o' your mother. . . ."

"Let me but get bought out of the

Army and settled in my proper place as master of this farm," said Josh in a loud, ringing voice of cheerful hope, "and there's no one on earth you need hang your pretty head for, or ever shall, my darling!"

XXIII.

MEANWHILE Sarah Horrotian, a small, determined, flat-bosomed woman of curiously heavy footsteps and rigorously determined aspect, attired in a narrow gown of rasping wincey and a blue-checked apron with a wedge-shaped bib, made plaint, groaning over the hideous wickedness of this world as she pounded with the roller at the dough upon the pastry-board. It helps the picture to add that the widow's pastry was of a consistency so tough and lasting that no human being, save one, partaking herself, had ever been known to venture on a second helping, the exception being Digweed, the pigman.

When Sarah's only child, Joshua, then a white-skinned red-curled, burly youngster of eighteen, already standing nearly six feet high in his deceased father's solid mahogany-topped boots and old-fashioned cords, and the baggy velvet coat with the huge horn buttons, even when the hard, shiny, low-crowned hat hung on its peg against the passage wall—when Josh took the Queen's Shilling; it may have been an undigested slice of the widow's Spartan piecrust, innocent of mollifying medium or shortening of any kind, that spurred him to the act, combined with Sarah's railing.

For the Lili and the Lilith, that ceaselessly chide, with shrill, weird, human-seeming voices, amongst the ruins of dead and long-forgotten cities on Babylonian plains, were as piping bullfinches compared with Sarah Horrotian.

If she had ever met with any members of the sect, she would have shone as a Muggletonian. To denounce rather than to exhort was her religion. To proclaim sinners lost eternally, and luxuriate in the prospect of their frying, to call down judgments from Heaven

upon those who had offended her, was the widow's way.

News came to her from Jason Digweed, her unsavoury Mercury and general intelligencer, that one Whichello, clerk and beadle to the Parish Church of Market Drowsing, whose incumbent claimed tithes from the widow, had suffered the loss of an eye, which had dropped out upon the Prayer-Book in the middle of the Litany, being a blinder all along—though Whichello had never had the ghost of a notion of it—and nearly scared Parson into fits.

"Then the Lord has not forgotten me!" said the grim little woman, folding her great bony hands upon her meagre bosom. "He remembered that clutch of thirty addled Black Spanish eggs I bought of that whited sepulchre and set under our old Broody, and He has smitten, sparing to slay."

"Now mother! . . ." began Josh, wriggling on the low-backed settle; "you don't really go for to say you believe a thing of the Lord like that there!"

"Silence!" said the widow, turning her long, sallow, high-nosed face, with the scanty loops of black hair upon the temples, upon her son, and freezing even his accustomed blood with the glare of her fierce black eyes. "If so be as the Almighty wills to avenge His chosen, who are you to say Him nay?"

She went out of the kitchen, shaking the crockery on the shelves with her ponderous gait, and visited her stores and sent from thence half-a-bag of potatoes and a leg of new-killed pork to the clerk's wife. "For the Lord never meant the innocent to suffer with the guilty," she knew. Later, when she subscribed half a-crown towards the purchase of a glass eye for the bereaved Whichello, she forgot to quote her authority for the act.

Poor folk in want approached Sarah, expectant of verbal brimstone, not unhopeful of receiving more substantial aid. For the widow Horrotian, after severely-exhaustive inquiries, failing to run Deception to its earth, exuded silver in shilling drops, girding as she gave, when the well-to-do buttoned up their pockets and bestowed nothing but

sympathetic words. Yet these were praised as kindly folk, when there were no blessings for Sarah. For even as her hand relieved, her tongue dropped vitriol on human hearts, and raised resentful blisters there.

One of these blisters, breaking upon a Sunday night at tea-time, led to the outlawing of Josh and his subsequent enlistment. A teapot was involved in the quarrel, which yet sprang from a milky source. For to the moral scourges with which Mrs. Horrotian lashed the quivering flesh of her only child, she never, never failed to add, as a crowning, overwhelming instance of the filial ingratitude of her son Josh, the reproach that she had nourished him at her maternal bosom—preferably choosing meal-times, and those rare occasions when guests gathered at her board, for these intimate reminiscences of the young man's helpless infancy.

To look at the woman raised doubts as to the possibility of her ever having nourished anything except a grudge or a resentment. No deal board could be flatter than the surface she would passionately strike with her bony hand in testimony to the fact alleged, causing Josh to choke with embarrassment in his mug of home-brewed ale, and eliciting from the guest—always a partisan and a crony of her own—grunts, if a male: or pensive, feminine sighs, or neutral clicks of the tongue against the palate.

"As if I could help it!" Josh suddenly burst out on the epoch-making occasion referred to.

The turning of the worm was so unexpected that the widow leaned back in her chair, and there ensued a silence only broken when the minister of the local Bethseda groaned. For the Reverend Mr. Pooker, with his wife and daughter, were frequently guests at Sarah's board, the widow, nominally a member of the Established Church, having seceded to Dissent, liking her religion as she liked her tea, hot and strong, and without sugar.

"I think you spoke, young man?" said the Reverend Mr. Pooker, setting down the pot of rhubarb jam into which

he had been diving, and staring solemnly at Josh. Mrs. Pooker faithfully reproduced the stare, and little Miss Pooker tried to do so, but only managed to look at the presumptuous youth with her little canary-colored head tilted on one side in an admiring manner. Not being sufficiently regenerate and elect to be insensible to the dreadful fascination of wickedness.

"I did speak!" asserted young Josh, boldly meeting the black eyes that flamed upon him out of the deep hollows under his mother's high narrow brow. "I said, 'As if I could help it' and I say so again. . . . Were there no teapots handy? A teapot wouldn't ha' pitched itself in a child's face years after he's earned the right, Lord knows! to call himself a man."

"Scoffer!" thundered the great bass voice of the little flat-chested woman. "Mocker! As though I, Sarah Horrotian, would disobey the command that bids a woman suckle her children!"

"Well and nobly said, ma'am!" commented the Reverend Pooker, reaching for the seed-cake. "And let us hope that the respect and gratitude owed by a child so nerrished to a parent—"

"And such a parent!" interpolated Mrs. Pooker tenderly.

"Will not be forgotten," said the Reverend Mr. Pooker through the intervening medium of seed-cake, "by this misgeided and onrewly Young Man!"

"Very well, then!" said Josh, driven beyond patience. "All right! But why be I to thank her for doing what the Lord commanded her to do? That's what I want to know!"

Sarah Horrotian rose up at the tea-board end of the Pembroke table in the best parlor.

"Another speech like that, Joshua, and if you was ten times the son of my womb, you should go forth motherless from these doors. What! Shall the Name of the Lord be taken in vain at my table, and I not drive forth the blasphemers from my roof!"

"Dear sister in grace . . ." began placid Mrs. Pooker, possibly foreseeing regrettable contingencies. But Sarah was fairly launched.

"And naked shall you go, Joshua, save for the clothes upon your back, and not a penny of my money shall be lavished upon the accursed of God and of his mother, for whom Hell gapes, and eternal punishment is most surely waiting."

"Hem!—hem!" coughed the Reverend Pooker, getting alarmed. But Mrs. Horrotian was wound up, and, as Josh knew, would go till she ran down.

"There shall you gnash your teeth in torment," boomed the awful voice of the widow. "There shall the Worm that dieth not gnaw your vitals—"

"Oh!—dang the dod-gassed Worm!" broke in the lost one, and at this hideous blasphemy the Reverend Mr. Pooker set down his refilled teacup with a bump that spilled half its contents over the saucer's edge, and the minster's wife and daughter fairly cowered in their chairs.

"I be sick to death of hearing about worms and gnashings and torment. And as for going forth o' your doors, I'll go now. So good-bye, mother, for good, and my parting respects to you, Mr. Pooker and Mrs. Pooker! Don't 'e cry, Miss Jenny! I shan't go to Hell a day sooner for all my mother's cursing. A pretty mother!" said Josh in boiling indignation, "to be calling down damnation on her only son across her Sunday tea-tray. Why, one o' they Cannibal Islanders she throws away good money on converting 'ud make a better shift at being civil to her own flesh and blood!"

Sarah did not recover her power of sonorous speech for some minutes after the best parlor door had slammed behind her departing prodigal, and his swift heavy steps had traversed the stone-flagged passage, and his manly voice, still vibrating with anger, had been heard telling the old mastiff Roger to go back to his kennel in the yard. Then she offered Mr. Pooker a fresh cup of tea, and when the pastor declined, suggesting application at the Mercy Seat for a better frame of mind for somebody unparticularized by name, the stark little woman gave no more sign of consciousness of the intimate and personal nature of the supplication,

than if she had been asked to join in prayer for an obdurate Fiji Islander, determined on not parting with a favorite fetish of carved cocoanut-wood adorned with red sinnet and filed sharks' teeth.

But when the farmhouse was silent, and its few inmates, all save the mistress, wrapped in slumber, Sarah Horrotian sat upon a hard, uncompromising, uncomfortable chair by the dying embers of the farm-kitchen fire; and wept, as might have wept a wooden mannikin, on some stage of puppets; wrenched with grotesque spasms and wiry throes of grief, holding her blue-checked apron squarely before her reddened eyes.

Ah! pity these isolated ones, stern of nature, obdurate of heart, who yearn to yield but are not fashioned for yielding. All they crave is the opportunity to relent and be tender, but it never, never comes! If someone had the courage to cling about those iron necks of theirs and pray them with tears and kisses, to be kind, they believe in their secret hearts that they could; but the waters of tenderness are dried up in them, or lost, as are forgotten and buried fountains in the great Desert, doomed never to spring to the light in crystal radiance and cool a thirsty traveller's lip. What tragic agonies are theirs, who can even see their dear ones die, unreconciled and unforgiven Ah! pity them, the obdurate of heart!

As for the Prodigal, who had tramped it into Market Drowsing, and bribed the under-ostler at the Saracen's Head Inn with sixpence to let him sleep in the hayloft appertaining to that hostelry after a supper of bread-and-cheese and ale, he had had a clinching interview with the tall Sergeant of Lancers at the Recruiting Office, before that stately functionary's palate had lost the flavor of his post-breakfast quart of beer.

Josh chose the Hundredth Lancers for the reason that he liked horses; and because the Sergeant, whom he hugely admired, belonged to that dashing Light Cavalry regiment. Also because there were knights in plate-armor tilting with lances in the half-obliterated

fourteenth-century frescoes that rainy weather brought out in ghostly blotches through the conscientious Protestant whitewash of Market Drowsing Parish Church; and he had, from early boyhood, achieved patience throughout the Vicar's hydra-headed sermons, by imagining how he, Josh Horrotian, would wield such a weapon, bestriding just such another steed as Sir Simon Flanderby's war-horse with the steel spiked nose-piece and breast-piece, the wide embroidered reins, and the emblazoned, parti-colored housing sweeping the ground like a lady's train. . .

The Railway had not yet reached Dullingsstoke. But the Sergeant, with his plentifully-be-ribboned captives, six other youths of Josh's own age, had marched into town—with frequent washings-out of thirsty throats with pots of beer upon the way—and had whisked them off by the "Wonder" coach for Spurham before to Sarah Horrotian of The Upper Clays Farm came the news that her only son had joined in his lot with the shedders of blood.

Erelong, to that hopeful recruit, learning the goose-step at Spurham Barracks with other raw-material under process of licking into shape, arrived a goodly chest containing comfortable provender of home-cured bacon, home-made cheese and butter, a stone bottle of The Upper Clays home-brewed ale, and a meat-pie with a crust of almost shell-proof consistency. In conjunction with a sulphurous tract, a bottle of horehound balsam for coughs, and a Bible containing a five-pound note pinned within a half-sheet of dingy note-paper, inscribed in the widow's stiff laborious handwriting: "*For my son. From his affectionate Mother. S. Horrotian.*"

Do you know stern Sarah a little better now? Do you comprehend the craving need of strong excitement, the powerfully-dramatic bent that found a relieving outlet in the provocation of those passionate scenes that left the simpler and less complex nature of her offspring suffering and unstrung?

He was the gainer, she the loser, by

that breach of theirs. Her terrible voice, her freezing glare would never overawe his soul and paralyze his tongue again. He would always have an answer for her thenceforth; her quelling days were over. . . .

For to Josh, who had been bred in the belief that the word of Sarah was as little to be disputed as the Word between the black stamped-leather covers of the great Family Bible on the best parlor side-table, had come the revelation that his mother was merely a woman after all. She had always promised him that he would be blasted by a lightning-stroke from Heaven did he presume to defy her awful mandates and dispute her sovereign will. He had done both these things, and what is more, had done them on a Sunday, and the effect upon the weather had been absolutely *nil*. One of the balmiest, rosiest, and brightest of summer evenings he could recall had smiled upon the exile's tramp into Market Drowsing. He had thrown his curly red head back, and squared his strong shoulders as he went, looking up at the pale shining splendor of the evening star. . . .

Full revelation of her loss of power to sway the imagination of her son did not come to Sarah Horrotian until two years later, when Josh, a full-blown trooper in Her Majesty's Hundredth Regiment of Lancers, came home upon her written invitation, to spend a furlough at The Upper Clays.

He had acquired a power of smart repartee, a military sangfroid which Sarah found disconcerting. . . . His way of smiling as he pulled at a recently-acquired red whisker betokened self-consciousness and vanity, that damning sin. . . . It was in vain she urged him to confess himself a worm, and no man. . . .

"That's your opinion o' your son, maybel. . . ." Josh played with the hirsute ornament, which his mother secretly admired, in the dandified way she abhorred, adding: "But I should call my father's son a decent sort o' beggar, taking him all round."

"Pride goeth before a fall," said Sarah, in her deep chest-notes of warn-

ing, "and the pit is digged deep for the feet of the vainglorious."

"Ay, ay!" assented the soldier. "Perhaps I be vainglorious, a bit. But you have so poor an opinion o' me, mother, that I'm driven to have a better o' myself than I should in ordinary. Try praising me, if you want me to run myself down!"

Sarah was silenced. She shut up her mouth like a trap, and went about her work in rigid dumbness, while the voice of her soul cried out in bitterness, wrestling with Heaven for the soul of her son, whom to praise, whom to take pride in, whom to favor and indulge were to damn to all eternity, according to the Book from which some souls draw milk and honey, and others corroding verjuice and bitterest gall.

XXIV.

This February noon, while the early sunset reddened the west and the son made love in the barn, the mother prepared stewed rabbit in the kitchen. She sliced cold potatoes into a pie-dish, with severe brows and compressed lips. And a young rabbit, disembowelled and skinned, ready for dismemberment and interment, leaned languidly over the edge of a blue plate, waiting the widow's will.

There was a heavy step upon the flagstones outside the closed half-door that kept the expectant group of fowls assembled at the outer threshold from intruding into the kitchen. The upper part of a tall man's body appeared over the half-door, blocking out the sunset. Its long shadow fell over the chopping-board and the widow's active hands. She knew whose was the step, and her hands were arrested in mid-movement. Had her grim nature permitted it, she could have cried out with joy. As it was, a dimness obscured her vision, and the roaring of the blood in her ears drowned out the click of the latch as he came in.

"Joshua! . . ."

"How are you, mother?"

The tall, manly, soldierly figure, towering in the oblong of open doorway against its background of flaming sun-

set sky, farmyard, and stubble sloping to the jade-green river crawling between its frosted sedges, stepped to her and took her large, hard hand, and kissed her underneath the high, sallow cheekbone, with a duteous peck of lips.

"I am well, thanks to the Lord!" said Sarah, regarding him unflinchingly. He was so like her dead husband, his father, that a wild surge of emotion strained the hooks and eyes of the brown wincey gown and swelled her lean throat to choking anguish.

"That's right. But you always are well, ain't you, mother? Bobbish, if not tol-lol? And Miss Nelly?" For she had entered at the moment, bringing the radiance of youth and happiness to illumine the somewhat gloomy farm-kitchen. "No need to ask how she is, if looks speak for anything! How do you do, Miss Nelly? Let me hope as you've not quite forgotten an old friend?"

"No, for sure! and I be nicely, Mr. Joshua, kindly thanks to 'e!"

With her quilted sunbonnet shading a face that the February wind, or some more ardent lover had kissed to glowing rosiness, from the widow's hard black eyes, she put her pink hand in the hypocritical fellow's large brown one, and gave him modest welcome.

So modest and discreet, even in those rigorous eyes of Sarah Horrotian, that the extraordinary snorting sound emanating from Jason Digweed, who, heralded by his characteristic perfume of pigsties in combination with unwashed humanity, had appeared outside the half-door, startled the widow as though a geyser, suddenly opening in the brick kitchen-floor, had been responsible for the utterance.

"Bain't you ashamed, man?" she tartly demanded of the offender, "to make noises like the beasts that perish?"

"No-a!" retorted Jason. He stepped boldly across the kitchen threshold, permeating its slightly onion-flavored atmosphere with a potent suggestion of pigs, and planted his huge and dirty boots defiantly upon the spotless floor-bricks, in defiance of the mute appeal made by the rope-mat to the entering

visitor. He scratched himself leisurely, within the open bosom of a shirt of neutral hue, and as he scratched he looked from one to the other of the three faces that bore degrading testimony to the daily and thorough use of water, soap, and flannel, and his little eyes burned redly under their populous thatch. It is not often that to a piggy man who has been wounded by the dart of Amor and roused to resentful frenzy by the fair one's contemptuous rejection of his love, comes so complete an opportunity for vengeance upon a triumphant rival as Jason savored now.

The soldier's rashness hastened the descent of the sword . . .

"Why, 'tis Jason," he began, with a tingling in the muscles of his strong arms prompting him to punch a head, and an urgent impulse concealed within the toes of his spurred Wellingtons, that had ended before now in somebody being kicked. "No need to inquire after your health, I see. A perfect picture. . . . Isn't he, Miss Nelly?—if so be as a chap could see the picture for the dirt upon it!"

"Let Digweed be. He is as the Lord made him!" boomed the deep rebuking voice of Sarah, "and a burning and a shining light of holiness such as I have prayed in vain the son of my womb might be!"

"The Lord made him as clean as the rest of us at the start, I reckon," retorted the soldier, rushing on his fate, "and a burning and a shining light in a mucky lantern is no better than a bad 'un at the best. Eh, Miss Nelly?"

At this homely piece of wit Miss Nelly laughed out merrily, and Sarah, turning her long narrow face and stern black eyes on the blushing offender, bade her be silent in so harsh a tone that she began to cry.

Mightily relishing Nelly's tears and confusion, Jason perpetrated a whinnying imitation of the silly little laugh that had drawn down her mistress's rebuke upon her. But upon a sudden forward movement of the angry-eyed trooper, he hastily turned the whinny into a groan of the prolonged and gusty kind, wherewith searching pulpit utter-

ances were ordinarily greeted at the Market Drowning Bethesda.

"Now, look ye here, Digweed," began the trooper, upon whose rising anger the groan had anything but a mollifying effect, "if so be as you're a man, and have anything upon your tongue's end, out with it in human language, and ha' done wi' bellocking and grunting—or betake yourself where the company are more likely to understand ye."

The speaker slightly jerked his thumb towards the littered yard, in shape an irregular square; the long straggling mass of the farmhouse occupying the upper side, the stables, sheds, and cattle-byres enclosing it upon the right hand; a goodly row of populous pigsties flanking it upon the left, where a hollow depression was occupied, during ten months of the year, by a brown pond of gruel-like consistency, much patronized of paddling ducks and a large black maternal sow, at that moment engaged in rootling investigations upon its plashy borders.

"Let be!" sounded in the deep tones of the widow. She checked her son's impulse towards continued speech with a semaphore-like movement of the lean little arm with the great bony hand at the end of it. "If you have anywhat to say, say it!" she commanded, seeing her unwashed factotum to be in labor with speech.

"Mis'ess," said Jason, getting out the word with a violent wrench and twist, "since Babylonish luxury and scarlet doings be 'lowed on this here varm, my time 'ool be up come Mickenmass—and I'll be ready to up-stick and bundle!" He wagged his shaggy head at his mistress, but his piggy eyes were on her son.

"Silence!" boomed the great voice of Sarah Horrotian. She put up her large hand as the soldier opened his mouth to speak. She set back the rabbit on the blue plate from which it had lapsed as though overwhelmed by the secession of the fogger. Then she folded her lean arms upon her triangular apron-bib, and confronted the shining light with judicial severity.

"Who speaks of luxury and wickedness doing on this place," she proclaimed,

ed, "must make his charge good. Out with yours, man! . . . Let us hear what you have to say!"

"I were gettin' my nuncherd o' bread an' chaze up to th' owd barn," said Jason, with another spasmodic effort, "lean-in' my back agen th' boards to th' wind'er d' zide of 'n, as I chudd, when I heern a nise-like inzide. Like so!"

The pigman primmed his lips, and brought out a long-drawn, chirping kiss. The sound plopped into the silence as a stone plops into a pond, creating rings of consternation. Two of the three faces the narrator scanned with the bilious little savage eyes under his heavy brake of eyebrow were flaming crimson. The third was pale with wrath, as Sarah exclaimed indignant-ly:

"Trapesers again!"

"A male man and a female woman," continued Jason, "kissing and cuddling."

He turned up his eyes and groaned again. The soldier's leathern stock grew strangling in its embrace. The milkmaid's bosom lifted on a gasp for air. Josh and Nelly, each in their different way, prayed that the ordeal might be soon over. . . .

Meanwhile thunderclouds gathered upon the high shallow forehead of Mrs. Horrotian, between the scanty loops of her black hair. A suspicion sharpened and yellowed her. She reviewed possible offenders in her narrow mind a moment, then said:

"Be you swearing-certain they sinners were tramping bodies?"

Jason returned, plunging two hearers into a hot and cold bath of perspiration:

"Noa, I bain't!"

"Med-be," said Sarah, with a vinegar face of disgust, "that to-yielding girl of Abey Absalom's has been straying with some bachelor-mankind hereabouts. Both Joe Chinney and Tudd Dowsall be sinners prone to fall."

She waited for no answer:

"Was it Joe Chinney wi' Nance Absalom?"

"Noa!" returned the piggy man. And drove home the negative with a vigorous headshake. . . . Horror stiffened Sarah's facial muscles. Her great voice

deepened to a blood-curdling whisper as she said:

"Jason Digweed, do you mean to tell me the Seventh Commandment has been broken in my barn?"

For answer Jason raised a gnarled and stubby forefinger and made a malignant jab with the digit in the direction of the tall, martial figure in the blue, white-faced uniform.

"Best ask your soger son, Widder Horrotian. Med-be he'd took unto his-'seln' a praper missus som'ers before he made 'e mother-in-laa to your own milkin'-wench?"

XXV.

There was a moment's horrible silence in which the white-faced clock was drowned, or so it seemed to the married lovers, by the thumping of their hearts. Then the dreaded voice boomed forth:

"Joshua Horrotian!"

"Here!" said the soldier, as if the roll were being called.

"Your miserable mother has a question to ask. Are you, the son I bore, a villain, or an honest man? Is this girl whom I have sheltered under my roof, and fed o' my charity, a virtuous woman or a weak, to-yielding trollop?"

"I should ha' knocked down the chap who'd asked me them two questions," said Josh, turning a blazing crimson countenance, illumined with a pair of indignant candid eyes, upon the widow. "But I suppose, being my mother, and a professing Christian, it's your privilege to think the worst o' your own flesh and blood, no less than other folk. And so far as I can remember, you always have, I'll say that for you! And though such usage goes far to the making of a decent young fellow into a villain and a blackguard as well, I am neither of these things, I declare before my Maker!" He added, with a clinching vigor that drove home belief in him: "And this young wife o' mine is as clean of sin, if not as innocent—before Him I say it again!—as when she came into this charitable-thinking world a naked baby!"

The strangling sensation behind the leather stock had lessened, the ripe-to-

mato hue that had swamped Joshua Horrotian's open, florid countenance had faded to a more normal tinting. The flaming sunset of the cold, clear evening showed up his stately height and vigorous handsome proportions to rare advantage. He was only a private trooper in Her Majesty's Hundredth Regiment of Lancers, but in the eyes of the stern mother, whose love of him was intense in proportion to her rigorous concealment of it, no less than in those of his shy, worshipping wife, he seemed a king among men. But while the wife rejoiced in his beauty, his mother loathed it as a snare. She had no words in which to bid the soldier take not the Holy Name in vain. She turned her hollow eyes away from him, lest she should offend the grim Moloch she worshipped by excess of pride in this perishable shape of clay, formed from her own body. And the resonant manly voice went on:

"Here's the extent o' my defaulter's sheet where you're concerned. I've married you're milkmaid wi'out asking leave of you or anybody. Why? I'll save you the trouble of asking the question I see on the end o' your tongue. Because I love her and she me! Come herealong, my Pretty!"

He held out, with his dead father's well-remembered gesture, the strong arm in the blue cloth sleeve, and the masterful look of affection and the becoming air of pride he did this with, the widow of George Horrotian well knew. An insufferable pang pierced her when Nelly, with a little, eager cry, ran into the welcoming circle of the embrace. It closed upon the rounded waist as if it never meant to let go. And a spasm of rageful, despairing jealousy clutched Sarah as she saw; and her heart fluttered and clawed and pecked in her lean bosom like a starling burrowing in a crumbling wall. She closed her haggard eyes to shut out the sight of the hateful creature who had robbed her. . . .

And yet, although she did not realize it, to the rigid woman who had yearned for a maid-child and been denied one, this creamy, rose-tinted, hazel-eyed orphan of a ruined farmer and his fag-

ged-out young wife, was dear. Nelly had come into grim Sarah's life too late to bring about a softening change in it, and garland it with flowers. Indeed, she shrank with loathing from the widow's bony touch, and shivered with secret hatred at the sound of the railing voice that had driven her Josh from home before she knew him. . . . But such affection as Mrs. Horrotian had to spare from the son whom in her own characteristic and uncomfortable manner she idolized, was bestowed upon the girl who was now his wife.

Unimaginative as the woman was, her bitter love for both of them had brought its cruel gift of clairvoyance. The premonition of a growing tenderness between the two had sat by her sleepless pillow many a night past. The secret conviction that it was not to see his mother, but this bright-eyed, silken-haired interloper, had made, for months past, a whispering-gallery of her poor tormented heart. She had been driven by the nagging dread, against her better nature, to favor Jason's piggy wooing by tacit assent rather than by words. . . .

And now—the thing she feared had come upon her. She was never, never to be loved by her son as her great love deserved! and the girl she had taken in and protected had proved herself a traitress. For her she had no curse; but was not Scripture fruitful in denunciation of children who disavowed a parent's right? And yet *"a man shall quit his father and mother and cleave to his wife."* When she, the maid, Sarah Doddridge, daughter of a well-to-do yeoman-farmer of the county, had eloped with her penniless young lover, the couple had salved their smarting consciences with this text. Now, behold punishment meted out. . . . As she had served her mother, this son of her womb had served his.

Inexorable, awful justice of that grim idol her own imagination had made, set up on high, worshipped, and misnamed God! She weakened at the blow her memory dealt her. A harsh sound that was barely human came from her dry throat. She took hold of it as savagely

as though it had been an enemy's, and rocked upon her flat, slipped feet as she wrestled with herself. Her son and her son's wife eyed her anxiously. They saw her moved in that strange inarticulate way, and a faint little hope awoke in both their hearts, and babbled that she might even melt and bless them—as parents, at first relentless, usually ended by doing in story-books and theatre-plays.

But it was not to be. The bilious eye of the piggy man was upon the widow. And Jason, with extra garnishing of words, repeated that he was ready to go at Michaelmas. Such was his spirit, he added, that he'd be dalled if he served under a soger-master, on The Upper Clays or any other farm!

"Swear not!" trumpeted Sarah, turning her long chalk-white face and resentfully-flaming black eyes upon the factotum. She plucked herself from a brief descriptive verbal chart of the particular place in the Lake of Fire specially reserved for profane persons, to add:

"And as long as I am mistress at The Clays there can be no other voice in authority. While I choose, I rule!"

"Your soger son there says different," proclaimed the piggy one. "A's to be master heer, what time you buys 'n out o' th' Army, and then there's noan on earth her'll hang her pretty yead for. . . ." He jerked a grimy stump of a thumb contemptuously towards Nelly. "Least of all mother-i'-laa, Widder Horrotian!"

"Mother!" broke out the soldier, controlling by a violent effort the urgent impulse to punch the speaker's matted head, "will you let this mangy dog make bad blood between us? Something of what he was repeating I did say to my wife. But I'll take my solemn oath, without a word disrespectful to you! You promised to buy me out of the Army, and let me manage the farm for you, and in the course of Nature—and may it be long a-coming!—a day 'ull dawn when I am master of The Clays. Then, as I hope my mother never has had or will have reason to be ashamed of me, so never may my wife! The words were harmless, twist 'em as

the eavesdropper will. Upon my soul they were!"

Sarah swallowed something that might have been an iron choke-pear of the Middle Ages. She looked in her son's hot blue eyes, and said with stern composure:

"Pledge not your soul to its undoing, though I dread it be lost a'ready. My father left this farm to me, to use at my discretion. 'Tis for me to decide when my son be fit to rule. Jason Digweed here were one of th' witnesses to your grandfather's Will. He made it his own self, without borrowing words from any man, an' 'twas read out here, in th' best parlor, by Lawyer Haycock, after the Funeral. Digweed remembers the wording, I'll warrant. Speak out, Digweed. Prove to this undutiful and rebellious son that his mother does not lie!"

Thus adjured, Jason cleared his throat with a sound like the scraping of roads, and recited with relish:

"'And I Leaves this 'eer Varm wi' all of the 'Foresaid Messuages and Lands hadjoining and Distant To Sarah Ann Horrotian my Deer-Beloved Daughter Trusting to her Usings and Employings and Disposings of the Same For the Bennyfit of Her Lawful Son Joshua Who shall succeed to the Use and Enjoyment of the Property when in the Judgment of my aforesaid Daughter Sarah Ann Horrotian He shall Hev' Attaindered to Years of Discretion."

"You hear?" said Sarah.

"Ay, I hear," her son returned with bitterness. His chest heaved; his bright blue eyes burned reproachfully upon the haggard indomitable little woman in meagre wincey brown.

"And I see, too," he added, with a bleak smile that showed the sour woman's portion in him, "as my mother is like to go back on her promise of buying me out of the Army, and setting me to manage the farm."

"If so be as the Almighty can recall His word because rebellious creatures to whom His promise was given have backslidden and become perverted," proclaimed Sarah, "His servant may do the same!"

"You pious folks have always the Bible to back ye," said Josh bitterly, "when you'd wrong your neighbors—or betray your sons!"

"I betray no creature born. After such a down-bringing, paltry, miserable marriage as you ha' made, doe ye suppose I can answer to my departed father for your discretion? Back wi' ye along to Barracks, and bide there! Discipline be the only rod for a stubborn nature such as yours. *'Behold, in My love will I chasten you and will not refrain from scourging.'*" She added, upon the heels of the text: "Nor shall a penny o' my money go to buy you out o' th' Army. Selah!"

"You . . . won't . . . buy me . . . out?"

Sarah answered, in one short bark: "No!"

He clenched his great fist and shouted:

"Who is the blackguard has egged ye on to this? Not—Jowell?"

Her stern conscience forbade her to deny the counsels of the Contractor. Yet, as a pious body of her type will, she evaded the answer direct:

"Mr. Jowell no more than yourself, that be gritting your teeth and clinching your fist at the mother that bore and suckled you."

Involuntarily Josh's eye went to the white-spouted brown earthenware teapot, that, as far back as he could remember, had sat in the middle of the second shelf of the oak-dresser when not in active use. The ghost of a twinkle flickered in his blue eye, the hovering shadow of a grin was on his solid countenance. He remembered the First Exodus and its cause. His mother may have read his thought. She said in clanging tones, as intolerable to her son's hearing as though an iron tray were being beaten with a poker close to his ear:

"Was it my doing that you casted in your lot with the shedders of blood? No, but your own upping pride, and wicked stubbornness. Back wi' ye to Barracks, and bide there! I ha' got no more to say!"

The fleshy, red-whiskered face that aged and bleached under her indomitable regard sent strange shudders

through her, in its likeness to the pinched, grey waxen mask she had kissed upon the stiff-frilled pillow of her husband's death-bed. From the mouth that had straightened into a pale line under the flaming moustache came words, uttered in the very tones of the dying:

"And my wife?"

The broad hand shook that spread itself protectingly over the little brown head that shed its wealth of dark silken ringlets upon Josh's stalwart chest. A voice came from their ambush; no frightened whimper, but a clear and resolute utterance:

"Her goes wi' her own dear husband, as a wife ought!"

He groaned, forgetful of the triumphing Digweed, and the hard black eyes of his listening mother. . .

"My girl, my girl! you don't know what you be talking about, or what kind o' women you would have to live alongside."

Nelly lifted her cheek from the blue coat it nestled to, and met his look. Perhaps, if you had seen the quivering of the short upper-lip with the golden dust of freckles on it, and the brave way in which the hazel eyes laughed through a veil of tears, and the twisting of the pink fingers shyly interlacing upon her apron-band, you would have loved her nearly as much as Josh did.

"They would be soldiers' wives, like I be myself, dear heart."

"But what soldiers' wives, my girl! Trollops and jades many o' them, married in a moment of drunkenness. Honest women the rest; decent enough, but rough as hemp. And using language, the best o' them, such as 'ud scald these little ears to hear! . . ."

A sob broke from him with the bitter cry:

"Mother, you'll never deny my wife a shelter in the house where my dear father lived with you in love?"

Said Sarah, upright as a ramrod and grim as a steam-hammer:

"I ha' not gone to say as far."

With his manhood melting in him to the point of tears as he gave back the faithful look of the dark eyes that wooed his, he stammered:

"God bless you for that!"

"But," said Sarah, grimer than ever, for the pink fingers had tapped his lips, and he had pecked a passing kiss on them, "as she has earned her dole of food and her penny of wages with service here, so she shall continue to do. I keep no idlers, nor shall!"

"Nor were asked to, I reckon!"

From the safe rampart of the blue cloth hug Nelly launched with the words a bright eye-dart of defiance. Sarah thundered in reply:

"Young woman, check your tongue!" She added, with an afterthought of precaution: "And show me your marriage-lines."

"My lines? . . ."

The trooper said, in answer to the puzzled knitting of the girl's soft eyebrows:

"The paper the parson as married us 'scribed out and gave ye, Pretty. . . . The certificate of our marriage 'twas. The wife always keeps that!" He added, dipping his tongue in salt pickle saved over from a brief experience of the lower troop-deck: "'Tis our cable and sheet-anchor both in the stiff gale we're weathering. Out with it, my girl!"

He looked to see her take it from the darling fastness of her bosom. A hand fluttered there, then dropped. The irises of the hazel eyes usurped the golden-brown-gray until they seemed all black. . . . A frightened voice said:

"Why . . . I mind you taking o' that paper to keep for me. . . ."

"Nonsense!" he broke out, so roughly that Nelly winced, and faltered:

"But indeed and 'deed 'tis true! . . . Pray do, do remember! Think how I had no pocket to my gown, having made 'n on the sly in such a hurry as never, up to th' garret where I sleep, working by the light of saved-up dip-ends hours after your mother had took th' flat candle-stick away. . . ."

Sarah's gloomy front contracted ominously. Were not those dip-ends filched? Nelly went on, appealing to her moody, frowning lord:

"I were for putting the paper in my l-som. . . 'Twas you said 'Nay' to that-

So you took un and put 'n in th' pocket o' your pants."

"That I never! . . . Stop, though! . . ."

His mouth primmed itself into a whistle of dismay, so ludicrous that Nelly tittered through her tears. He felt in the single pocket permitted by Government, patted himself all over the blue covering of his big chest and solid ribs in the hope of drawing forth a paper crackle, finally bellowed with the full strength of his vast lungs:

"Right, by the Lord Harry! So I did; there's no denying!"

His eyes grew circular and bulging, his healthy, florid, intelligent countenance was stricken into the very idiocy of consternation, his bushy flaming whiskers seemed to droop, grow limp, and fade in color as he stuttered:

"And never thought about it after or since! . . . And the chap belonging to the Rifle Corps—that lent me the plain-cloth suit—if you can tack on 'plain' to a chess-board check in half-a-dozen colors—it being many sizes too big for him! offered me the togs as a bargain, him being ordered out to Bermuda on Foreign Service. . . . And I hadn't the money—and he sold the chess-boards to a Jew. . . . Whew—My eye and Betty Martin! . . . Who's got those pants on now?"

"Then," said his mother, in tones that cut like broken ice-edges, "you that are a married couple have no lines to show me?" She paused and delivered sentence, woman-like wreaking vengeance first upon the daughter of Eve. . . .

"You poor, to-yielding wench, this ma has deceived and ruined 'e! A woman without her marriage-lines be no wife at all!"

XXVI.

Do you who read cry "Bosh!" at the preposterous notion? . . . Not so these unlettered, homespun Early Victorians, who never dreamed of its being possible, by the payment of a few silver pieces, to obtain a copy of the original entry in the Marriage Register pertaining to the sacred edifice where the matrimonial knot had been tied. Go, search through

the literature of the period. You will find shelves of musty novels, piles of foxy old dramas reeking with this very situation. The cry:

"Where are my lines? Lost—lost!" meets invariably with the pertinent, potent answer, making Edwin beat his brow in despair, sending Angelina into syncope or convulsions: "Then also lost, unhappy one, art thou!"

So did Nelly cry out in anguish, falling, not into syncope or fits, but into the stalwart arms of her man—who received her in them, and as she sobbed upon his broad breast, tried, with a heavy heart under his white-faced blue-cloth jacket, to cheer and comfort her.

"Fiddlesticks! We're legally married, my girl!" he said. "Why, hang it! the knot was tied by Special Licence, and egad! I still owe half of the two-pun'-ten I paid for it to the chap that loaned me the cash! If the paper's lost, the yellow iron church is standing still, I suppose, at the bottom o' the Stone Road near Dullingstoke Junction. Nobody's blown it up with a mine, I take it? and sent the mealy-faced young parson up aloft before his time! Bless my button-stick, what a silly little soul it is!"

All this he said, and more. But stout as his words were, the heart of the trooper was as water within his body, and he knew, as he had never known it, even when marched in before his Colonel to receive an orderly-room wiggling, the sensation of being gone at the knees. His mother's impenetrable self-command, her pale face of judgment between the scanty loops of her black hair, flaring torches of terror to evil-doers, began to daunt and quell him as though he had suddenly shrunk to a mere truant boy. She spoke, not to him, but to Nelly:

"This is an honest house. I don't say but its doors will be open to you, and its roof will give you shelter, if so be as you come and ask your husband's mother for it, with your marriage-lines in your hand. But till you can show them, get you gone out of my sight! Go with the man you say's your hus-

band, forth out of these my doors!"

"So be it, then," said the trooper sullenly. "I'll take her back to Spurham wi' me to-morrow!"

"You'll take her to-night."

"Mother, you'll not turn us out like that!"

She had wrung the entreaty from him at last—humbled the hardened man who had braved and defied his mother! A spasm of savage triumph shook her inwardly, but to all appearances she might have been a wooden image of a woman, the pleading seemed to leave her so unmoved. She said, still speaking to Nelly:

"Get you up to chamber-over, and make a bundle of such odds as you'll need. Pack your box,—'twill be sent by the Railway to the Cavalry Barracks at Spurham, come to-morrow. You, Digweed, tie the clout on the gate as a call to th' carrier when he passes by." She added, addressing her son, as the piggy man departed with much alacrity to execute the congenial errand, and Nelly, obeying the order in her husband's eye, quitted the kitchen and shortly afterwards was heard tripping about with short, quick steps on the joist-supported whitewashed boards that served as ceiling to the kitchen and flooring to the room above:

"If you be ahungered or athirst, there's cold bacon and bread on th' dresser there; and she you call your wife can draw you a mug of ale."

He said, drawing himself up to his splendid height, and using a tone of cold civility that somehow cut his mother to the quick as his fierce up-braidings had failed to do:

"No, ma'am, I thank you!"

She found herself urging, as Nelly opened and shut drawers and cupboards overhead, and was heard to drag a box across the floor:

"You have had a day's journey, and started with but a dew-bit. You'd better take something to stay you. 'Twill be wise!"

Her bowels yearned over him, knowing him unfed. He said, as a stranger answers a stranger:

"I thank you kindly, but I could not, ma'am."

She began to tremble at the thing that she had done. She said, almost entreatingly, and with the metallic resonance quite gone out of her voice:

"'Twould be a want of common kindness to let you go fasting!"

A red-hot spark of resentment burned in his blue eye. He said, measuring his words to the tap-tap of Nelly's little thick-soled shoes, descending the short carpetless stair:

"I have had my bellyful of Christian kindness under this Christian roof." He added, as Nelly appeared, wearing her Sunday cloak and bonneted, and carrying a rather clumsy bundle of soft consistency tied up in a workaday shawl:

"And I leave it with my wife, to return to it no more! Come, my girl! We'll quarter in Market Drowsing to-night, and take the route for Barracks to-morrow. Where did I put my haversack?"

His eyes passed over his mother and lighted on the regulation canvas bag lying on a shelf of the dresser near the home-made loaf and the rejected cold bacon, towards which he experienced a yearning that filled his mouth with water and plucked at his resisting pride. He picked up and slung on the pack with a vigorous movement, caught his cap from a wall-hook, took his wife by the hand, and, not without a certain manly, soldierly gallantry, led her out of his mother's house, leaving Sarah standing in the middle of the kitchen-floor with her great hands folded over her triangular apron-bib.

"Good-bye, Old Broody and the rest," said the bride, so rosy a little while since, pale now and fighting with tears repressed, as some hens, accustomed to receive from her hand the supper-scrap about this hour, hurried to her with squawking, scaly-legged haste. "Who'll feed 'e now, poor things? and milk the new-calved cow to-night? Her never could bide the sight o' Jason, that there red Devon wi' the crumpey horn!"

"Sensible beast!" said the exiled son

of the house, picking up a little frilled nightcap with a Prayer-Book inside it, that had escaped from a yawning fissure in the bundle. That little nightcap in Josh's great hand transformed Nelly from a white rose into a red one, and was responsible for a sudden rise in the mercury of the trooper's spirits.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, to be sure now! And uncommon becoming, I'll swear, though my money's on the curls without a cover! Give me the bundle, Pretty!" He stopped in the act of shouldering it to exclaim: "Hallo! We're forgetting another bit o' property we're bound to take with us! Can't you guess? My horse Blueberry. . . My own good beast! . . Come back-along and fetch him."

Together they retraced their steps, crossed the farmyard, and Nelly kept guard over the canvas bag and the shawl-bundle, to which the little frilled nightcap that had wrought such a bright and hopeful change in Josh's downcast face had, with the Prayer-Book, been returned; while the trooper disappeared into the warm hay-scented darkness within the stable. From which, after some "Come up's" and "Woa, there's!" accompanied by the creaking of a girth and the clanking of a bridle, he emerged, leading a handsome horse of strong and powerful build with one white patch in the middle of his broad hairy frontlet, gentleness and courage in his great misty blue-black eyes, and so rare a purplish sheen on his gray coat, of equine health and vigour, as justified the name bestowed on him by his master.

And Nelly kissed Blueberry's velvet nose, and told him how he and she and his master were all going away to be happy far from The Clays; and Blueberry whinnied his pleasure at the news; and then the canvas bag and the shawl-bundle were strapped behind the saddle, and, with a kiss from the lips that never more need seek her own in secret, Josh—in defiance, Sarah thought—but really in oblivion of the gaunt eyes that stared at them over the starched muslin blind, and the hedge of winter-housed geraniums and fuchsia-cut-

tings that blocked the kitchen-window,—lifted his young wife to the young horse's back. She faltered, as her hands left his broad shoulders, and clung for a brief instant about his strong neck:

"Turn round your head a minute, dear Josh, and look at the old home, and all you've given up for the sake of your poor Nelly!"

He said, with a brief glance at the old gray-stone building of the farmhouse, from whose mossy tiled roof and small diamond-paned casements the reflected glow of the sky was fading fast:

"Good-bye, old place! And if so-be as I must stick to soldiering all my life; I carry from you the two things a soldier needs the most,—supposing him a cavalryman! . . . a good horse and a sweet wife!"

Nelly's tears broke forth at that, but the bright drops were more of joy than sorrow. She urged as he took the bridle and told her to sit fast:

"You're quite, quite sure you'll never repent it?"

"As sure," he said, walking with measured pace beside the now moving horse, and with a stern ignoring of the pale oval patch that showed against the darkness of the kitchen, above the muslin blind, "as that *she* will, come her dying day. . . Why, I am damned if I'll put up wi' this!"

A nervous little shriek from Nelly, caused as much by the sudden appearance of the piggy man, starting up like a frowsy gnome or kobold under Blueberry's very nose, as by the resulting swerve which had nearly unseated her, provoked the objurgation.

The kobold danced a dance of triumph, accompanying his saltatory exercises upon the voice; and the burden of his song was that the soger and his lass, who had said they were wedded and could produce no bit of scrawly paper to prove their tale true, had got the dirty kick-out, and he, Jason, was main glad of it, that he were!

Dealing separately with the feminine offender, duly visited by express judgment from the skies, for trifling with the affections of a piggy man, he reverted, as the incensed soldier strove to

control the restive horse, and Nelly clung in terror to the saddle and Blueberry's name alternately, to a kind of recitative. . . .

"She—be—an—Arr!"

Thus sang Jason, solemnly gambolling in the muck and litter, close to the edge of the oleaginous and strongly-smelling brown duck-pond previously described, which, reinforced by the ooings from many pigsties, and diluted by the melting of recent snows, filled the hollow it occupied to the very brim.

Changing the case, but not the meaning, the pigman chanted as he now advanced, and now retreated, doing wonderful things with his bandy legs, and achieving marvels with a set of features which, naturally grotesque, lent themselves with indiarubber-like adaptability to the exigencies of grimace:

"Her—be—an—Arr!"

And with a final, fatal inspiration followed up with

:"Soger's—Arr! . . ."

The epithet hit like a lump from the dungheap. The clumsy pirouette that accompanied it brought the pigman within the reach of retribution.

The gaunt eyes of Sarah saw the stalwart arm of her son shoot forth suddenly. The iron hand belonging to the arm seized the pigman by the rearward combination of matted hair, unwashed skin, and slack smock that served him as a scruff. As a rat in the mouth of a bulldog was Jason Digweed shaken, then hurled away with a rotary motion, a human teetotum spinning against its will. . . .

Splash! the brown pond received the gyrating one in its oozy yielding bosom. A horrible wallowing succeeded, accompanied by a smell of such terrific potency, that Adam and Eve, as they retreated from their forfeited Paradise, were forced, after homespun rustic fashion to hold their noses.

Suppose you have heard the white-washed gate with the carrier's wisp of rag tied on it, clash to behind the horse, the man, and the woman. . . Even so, you have not done with them yet; — not quite yet. . . .

Nor with Sarah, praying in the emp-

ty farm-kitchen, clamorously justifying herself before the Face of her Maker, as the white-faced clock ticked sorrowfully by the wall. Old Time has seen so many of us drive away the being we most loved and longed for. When has he ever seen that banished joy return in answer to our desperate prayer?

XXVII

Dunoisse never had sought, never would seek, news or speech or sight of the faithless friend; but now at last, without seeking, within a few days of his return to Paris, came the vision of de Moulny. . . .

It rose before him in a flare of artificial light that made a yellow patch upon the foggy gloaming of that fate-ful day when the White Flag of Orleans that dropped—or dripped in rainy weather—above the stately central Pavilion of the Palace of the Tuileries began to show unmistakable signs of coming down.

Such signs as the unceasing, resistless rolling of huge, dense, continually-augmenting crowds of the people along the boulevards; through the wider of the ordinary Paris thoroughfares, murmuring as they went, with a sound like the great sea. With other crowds streaming in upon these from the suburbs. With thirty-seven battalions of Infantry, one of Chasseurs d'Orléans, three companies of Engineers, twenty squadrons of Cavalry, five thousand veterans of the Municipal Guard, and five batteries of Artillery, garrisoning the capital. With students of the Schools of Technical Military Instruction, students of Law and Medicine, students of Art, students of Music, starting the *Marseillaise* in the Place de la Madeleine. With the chant taken up by the Titanic voice of the people. With the breaking of a tidal wave of humanity over the palisades of the Chamber of Deputies; a rolling-back of this before the trampling horses of an advancing squadron of Dragoons; a similar advance upon the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, repelled by Municipal Guards; a shutting of shops, a mushroom-like

springing up of Barricades, radiating from the Cloisters of Ste. Marie in the very heart of ancient Paris, extending from the mouths of tortuous streets to the gullets of narrow, crooked alleys, so as to form a citadel where Revolutionists concentrated, waiting instructions from headquarters of secret societies,—pending results of sittings of Committees of Insurrection, held by day and by night in the offices of the Republican Journals,—ready to act without these if they were not forthcoming. While by rail and by road, in answer to the urgent summons of muddy despatch-bearers on wearied horses, or at the imperative tap-tapping of the electric needle; amidst the roaring and grinding of iron wheels and the trampling of iron-shod hoofs, a never-ending flood of armed men rolled down on Paris.

Now, upon a deputation from the Fourth Legion of the National Guard, calling upon a certain Crémieux, Deputy of the Opposition, with a petition to the Chamber, demanding dismissal of Ministers and Electoral Reform, came by the dawning of the twenty-fourth of February the rumour that this demanded change was actually To Be—a rumour meaning little to some, welcomed by others as the first indication of the sceptre of St. Louis falling from a weak, relaxing Royal hand. Huge bonfires, made by students, of the heaped-up wooden benches belonging to the Champs-Élysées, had showed officers of the Staff galloping hither and thither with orders and counter-orders all through the raw, bleak night, had illuminated the crowds assembled to stare at the spectacle of Royal troops bivouacking on boulevards and public squares, and had been reflected in the shining bronze and polished steel of cannon, posted on the Places du Carrousel and de la Concorde.

But as yet, though Paris had seen the pulling-down, by detachments of the military, of the barricades choking those narrow labyrinthine streets that were the veins of the heart of her, and had winked at the building-up of these by the Revolutionists as fast as they were demolished; but, though a volley

or two had made matchwood of the tables and chairs, the market-carts and omnibuses of the Barricades; though some minor conflicts between the People and the Police had ended with the tearing of tricolours and the capture of a red flannel petticoat mounted on a barber's pole, and the despatch of a few laden stretchers to the Hospitals; though a bayonet-point or so had been reddened; though the edge of a sabre may have been used here and there, instead of the flat; though a guerilla-warfare between scattered groups of Socialists with revolvers and bludgeons and small parties of Dragoons and Cuirassiers made public streets and squares perilous for peaceable citizens; though Republicans had disarmed the National Guards of the Batignolles and burned the station at the barrier, and though the *rappel* had been beaten and Legion by Legion these tax-paying citizen-soldiers were answering to the call to arms,—as yet the anticipated insurrection had not begun.

The sails of the Red Windmills that grind out Civil War hung slack, though the *piquets* of Dragoons and Chasseurs, posted at the openings of the streets and thoroughfares, had been on duty for thirty-six hours; were swaying with weariness and hunger in the saddles of their exhausted, tottering horses, their haggard faces half-hidden as they dozed behind the high collars of their long gray cloaks. . . .

How did the spark reach the powder? Processions had been formed in token of popular delight at the announced change in the Government. Bloused workmen armed with pikes and sabres and pistols that had done duty in 1793, half-fledged boys with bludgeons or cheap revolvers, women of the Faubourgs with babies or choppers or broomsticks, the swarming life of the poorest quarters formed into column under the Tricolour or the Red Flag. Such a column came muddily rolling towards the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, filled the Rue de Choiseul with no sound beyond the trampling of feet, many of them in wooden shoes, many more naked, while the head of the col-

umn advanced upon the front of the Hotel, that, like its assailable sides and rear, was protected by a steel hedge, the bayonets of a half-battalion of the Line, hastily summoned from their barracks in the Rue de l'Assyrie, some twenty-four hours previously.

The Colonel and one or two officers who were personally acquainted with the Minister in popular disfavour had been summoned to a conference—involving dinner—in his private apartments looking on the garden—from which he was a little later to escape, disguised in a footman's livery. An assistant-Adjutant commanded the companies of infantry that stemmed the onward rolling of those muddy waves of humanity that threatened to swamp the front courtyard—a slender, black-eyed, soldierly young Staff-officer of perhaps twenty-seven, with a reddish skin tanned to swarthinness by desert sunshine and dust-winds.

It was Hector Dunoisse. He sat upon an iron-gray half-breed Arab mare at the upper, outer end of the bristling double line of bayonets and red *képis* that were flanked at either end by a squadron of Municipal Guards. The shako of a subaltern officer showed at the rear of the files, behind the Lieutenant rose the white-painted, gilt-headed railings topping the wall that enclosed the courtyard of the Hotel, carriages and cabriolets waiting there in charge of their owners' servants, the broad steps under the high sculptured portico dotted with curious groups of uniformed officials or liveried lackeys, or neutral-tinted strangers who had taken refuge there before the advancing column with its flaring naphtha torches and its Red Flag, and its raucous roar of voices. . . .

There were even ladies amongst the groups in the courtyard. One, who wore a costly mantle of ermines, revealing between its parting folds a brilliant evening-toilette, upon whose bare white bosom diamonds and rubies glowed and sparkled; who had a coronet of the same jewels crowing the rich luxuriance of her curled and braided hair, stood apart, isolated from the rest, under the

tall wrought-iron standard of a gas-lamp not yet lighted, talking to a tall, heavily-built young man wearing the chocolate, gold-buttoned, semi-military frock-coat that, in conjunction with trousers striped with narrow gold braid, formed the uniform of secretaries and attachés of the Foreign Office. And that the young man was very much more absorbed by the conversation of his companion than the lady was in her listener was evident. For while his light brown head with its carefully massed locks and accurate side-parting was bent down towards her so that you saw his profile, the accurate tuft of reddish whisker above the black satin stock, the large handsome ear, the heavy, clumsy nose, the jutting underlip and long, obstinate chin, *her* full face was constantly turned towards the packed and seething thoroughfare before the tall iron gates, and the living barrier of human flesh and horsemeat and steel that guarded them. And that face was very fair to see. Even in the uncertain gloaming, the loveliness of it went to the heart like a sword. . . .

Now as the foggy dusk of the gray February day closed coldly in, and the muddy sea of humanity surged up against the wall of steel and discipline that Authority had built before the lofty-gilt-topped railings of the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, the oil-cressets on the gate-pillars and above the central arch that spanned the entrance were lighted by the porters, the great gas-lamp in the courtyard and under the portico roared and hooted into an illumination that dimmed the smoky, flaring torches of the men who marched with the Red Flag. As the Adjutant on the iron-gray charger rode along the gleaming gray line of levelled bayonets, bidding the men close up;—as he called over the heads of the rank-and-file, giving some order to the Lieutenant, the young attaché who was conversing with the lady in the ermine mantle started and looked round. There was something in the clear, frosty ring of the voice that recalled . . . a voice he had once known. His hard blue eyes met the eyes of the black-haired swar-

thy officer on the half-breed Arab the next instant. And—with a cold, thrilling shock of recognition, dying out in a crisping shudder of the nerves, Redskin and de Moulney knew each other again.

The fiery, sensitive Arab felt her rider's violent start, a sudden contraction of the muscles of the sinewy thighs that gripped her satiny sides drove both spurs home to the quick, behind the girths. As the Red Flag showed through the thick rank smoke of naphtha-torches held high in grimy hands, Djelma bounded forwards, snorting fiercely at the unexpected sting; reared at the checking bit, backed, still rearing, upon the goading steel points behind; lashed madly out, wounding herself, yet more, and knocking down two linesmen; then plunged forwards, kicking, screaming, and biting, into the thick of the crowd.

Those who marched with the Red Flag took the rebellion of Djelma as obedience, and resented being trampled, after the manner of mankind. Dunoisse was struck on the bridle-arm by a bludgeon wielded by a red-capped, bloused, bearded artisan. A frowsy, bare-bosomed woman aimed a savage blow at him with that deadly weapon of the lower classes, a baby. The man who carried the drum went down at a blow from the Arab's fore-foot. The empty-

sounding crack of the splintered instrument, the oaths and yells and curses of the crowd were mingled in the ears of Dunoisse with the snorting of Djelma, the cries and exclamations from the thronged courtyard behind the wall of soldiers. A single shot cracked out behind him: the finger that pressed the trigger upset the Cabinet, changed the Government, toppled the rocking House of Orleans over with one touch. For instantly following the detonation of the shot a sharp, loud, bold, imperious voice cried:

"Fire!"

And, the next instant, jagged tongues of flame ran along the front line of levelled bayonets, the deafening clatter of a volley of musketry reverberated from the many-windowed facade of the Hotel, mingled with the splintering and shattering of glass; ran rattling up and down adjacent streets and neighbouring thoroughfares, mingled with the echoes of shrieks and curses and groans. . . . Tumult prevailed, the Municipal Guard charged, striking with the flat of the sabre . . . the Red Flag wavered and staggered, the column broke up, its units fled in disorder to the Rue Lafitte. Pandemonium reigned there, a hundred voices telling a hundred stories of massacre deliberately planned. . . .

**"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the
June issue of MacLean's Magazine**





My "Back to the Land" Move

The almost hackneyed expression of back-to-the-land has emanated from the city. Upon examination it will be seen to arise from selfish sources. The city man wants cheaper bread and butter. The slogan was not begotten from his intense desire to better agriculture and aid in developing a higher community spirit among the dwellers on the farms. The writer of this exceedingly interesting article is well-known in Canada as the removal of his non-de-plume mask would verify. He has touched some of the sore spots in rural life not from the critic's distance, but through the avenue of a personal experience following a commercial life in a metropolis.

By Simon MacBeth

AFTER all, farming is not a bit like golf. Of course the two are played in the open air, but that is about all they have in common.

I make this explanation because it was while playing golf that I did most of my talking about going "back to the land." Most of the fellows in the club were interested in farming, and it is no wonder. There was a hen run at the fifth hole and a market garden beside the water hazard and from the club verandah we had a splendid view of a dairy farm. Every Saturday and Sunday, after tussling with Col. Bogey, we used to sit around smoking twenty-cent

cigars and discussing the kind of farming we would go in for when we finally retired. Not one of us had the slightest doubt that he had in him the makings of a successful and up-to-date farmer. Why, we even used to discuss cow-records and the best methods of feeding so as to produce a maximum of butter-fat and were quite outspoken in our criticisms of the kind of farming we had a chance to observe while making a round of the links. I am willing to bet a bushel of seed potatoes that if I dropped in on them to-day I would find them still hard at it and over a couple of highballs could get more expert ad-



"To begin with, they turned me loose in a ten-acre field with a hoe."

vice on the best methods of farming than I have been able to get from the Department of Agriculture in the past year. And yet nothing short of an earthquake will ever send any of these men "Back to the land." I know because it took a financial crisis that wrecked several trust companies and started a Congressional investigation to dislodge me. When I finally did go I went with all the grace of a tom-cat that is being dragged, spitting and meowing, from under the spare bed.

Do you happen to know anyone who has gone back to the land? Of course not. "The land" seems to be the original

"Undiscover'd country from whose bourn

No traveller returns."

Some people go, of course. If they didn't, how could the magazines get the articles they publish telling how to make \$1,256.02 in a year by raising chickens and garden truck on a deserted farm with no help but that of a lame horse that is blind in one eye? Now

that I am back on the land I read these articles with the same interest and wonder they used to inspire when I commuted to Upper Golfville, New Jersey. I have never been able to find any of this particular brand of "back to the land" people either in the city or the country and I have never seen a trace of the kind of farming they describe. Do you wonder that I sometimes suspect that I am the only man who ever really went back to the land?

Yes, I am back on the land. What is more, I am here to stay. I like it. As far as I am concerned New York and London, England, are "One with Nineveh and Tyre." I do not care if I never see them again. Coriolanus scornfully told the people of Rome that "There is a world elsewhere." I have discovered that world and it is very good. Let me tell you something about it.

Two years ago I landed on the farm where this is being written, a physical wreck, with a nervous system that was frayed at the seams and ravelled at the edges. I came on the advice of my doctor and also of my lawyer. The doctor couldn't do anything for me and wanted to get me out of his sight. My lawyer wanted to get me out of the sight of my creditors. Between them they convinced me that the only thing for me was the seclusion and quiet of farm life. Since that time I have been living on a farm and doing farm work. During the first year I did everything that farmers do, except making a living. That I did not make a living was not the fault of the farm. A man cannot close his office in the New York Life building one day and start doing business on the next as a successful farmer. There is a transition period, more or less painful, through which he must pass. During that period I gained the experience that enables me to look forward to the future with confidence.

During the first year I farmed for exercise and life was one round of surprises. None of the skill I had gained or the muscles I had developed while playing golf was of any use to me. To begin with they turned me loose in a

ten-acre corn field with a hoe. This primitive instrument at once struck me as being very much like a golf club and before I had made a dozen strokes with it I had made up my mind to write to all my golfing friends advising them to carry hoes in their bag. It would be just the thing to get the ball out of a water-hazard or long grass. It would beat any niblick that ever was made.

But I was not playing golf. I was hoeing corn and was out for a record. Remembering something I had read in the papers about "efficiency engineers," I began to figure out the exact number of strokes needed to properly hoe a hill of corn. I would show those farmers, I would. But in trying to cut down the number of strokes I cut a number of thrifty hills. That made me stop to think out the true method of doing the work. As I stopped I straightened my back. That was my first surprise. My back felt as if every muscle and cord was being shredded. I had gone at the hoeing with a "crouch" for which I had no training. By exerting myself in that unusual position I had brought into play a set of muscles that had not been disturbed for years and they all resented it. By persistence, however, I brought those muscles to time. After I had done this and could lean upon my hoe in Markham's best manner, without looking as if I were bowed by the weight of centuries, they asked me to help at the haying. If hoeing had made me feel as if I had been lashed with a knout, pitching hay made me sympathize with those who had been stretched on the rack. It was the same all through the year. Every new kind of work was a new kind of torture but I lived through it all and developed an appetite that enables me to eat anything in the shape of food that is indiscreetly placed within my reach.

In getting established on the land the real difficulty does not lie with farming. Farm work does not necessarily mean unendurable labor. Farming has been reduced to a science and the man who goes at it in the same spirit as he goes at a business need have little trouble. The Department of Agriculture and the

agricultural colleges have done all the experimenting that is needed and you can have access to the results without any more trouble than that of making enquiries. You can readily find out just what crops or industries are suited to your locality and soil, and can get detailed instructions covering every phase of the work, from preparing the ground for the crop to marketing the product. That part of the problem is easy and rational. This year I am doing real farming, "On my own hook," and though I am still too much of a poker player to stop and count my chips I am sure that I am doing well. On the table we have bacon and beef of our own curing—we "killed half a cow"—fresh milk and butter, our own potatoes and vegetables and fruit of our own raising and canning. All are of a quality that you cannot get in the city and we scarcely know the butcher and grocer when we meet them on the street. We would hardly recognize one of their bills if we saw it.

The real trouble in getting back to the land is caused by the unexpected things, by the things that the authorities on agriculture do not consider worth mentioning. Take the question of the family wash. In town you have washwomen come in to attend to it, have it done by the hired girl or send it to the laundry. In the complex life of the city the wash is never heard of



"Every Monday I have a back-breaking session with that washing machine."



"It's the cows that keep my nose to the grindstone."

unless you undertake to audit the household expenses. In the country it is different—oh, so different. There are no washwomen, there are no hired girls, there are no laundries.

One day a few weeks after we had moved to the country I found my wife struggling with the "washing machine" that went with the farm. I didn't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to discover there was trouble. Going to her with my tenderest "There-little-girl-don't-cry" air I took hold of the business part of that machine and went to work. As I look back it seems to me that I have had hold of it ever since. Every Monday I have a back-breaking session with that washing machine, and the language I use is heavily charged with picric acid. I now measure my weeks by Mondays instead of Sundays. I do not go into details of this job because we are told that we should not wash our dirty linen in public. With four growing boys and one girl you can make a guess at how much of it there is to wash. If I didn't help her my wife would have to do it alone and I see no reason why she should when she has more work than she can do without the washing. Do not ask me why we haven't a hired girl. When girls work out they want to work in the cities and they are scarce enough even there. But enough of this. Let us draw the curtain, after it has been washed, over the painful business.

Then there are the "chores." Most

people who talk of going back to the land speak of the chores—if they mention them at all—as light work that is almost negligible. They are light compared with the regular farm work. It is the "damnable iteration" of them that galls. They must be attended to both morning and evening with a hard day's work sandwiched in between. About five o'clock or six at the latest every morning

"A muezzin from the tower of darkness cries"

Get up and milk. It's time to do the chores.

If you farm you must keep a cow or two. Yes, indeed. Who ever heard of a farmer being without milk and clotted cream and fresh butter? But did it ever get through your head that the cows must be milked twice a day, every day in the week, Sundays and holidays, summer and winter? Having been brought up on the farm I can milk. Moreover I am the only one of this particular back-to-the-land aggregation who can milk. Also I milk. Cows may come and cows may go but the milking goes on forever. Of course a cow goes dry after a while, but you must have another ready to take her place. You must milk every day—every sunny, happy day. I have learned to regard the cows on the place as a prisoner regards his cell and fetters. It is the cows that keep my nose on the grindstone and make it impossible for me to take any holidays. When the wanderlust touches me and I plan a pleasant excursion to the city or the old Golf Club a sweet voice asks gently:

"But who will milk when you are away?"

Then the skyscrapers fade from the eye of fancy and with a few more picric acid remarks I return to the milking.

And yet despite these little drawbacks that will be overcome when the boys grow big enough to help—and they are growing like weeds—I am satisfied with the country.

But besides the physical and social adjustments there are mental adjustments that must be made before you can settle down comfortably to life on

a farm. You must learn to content yourself with using your executive ability in making a hen run and a garden progress harmoniously and in getting results from a few slim-tailed cows and a weedy pasture-field. But if you are as tired of the strain of city life as I was you will not find that hard. You will find yourself taking pride in the fact that your hens are laying strictly fresh eggs and that your cabbages and beets have been brought to maturity without being scratched at. You will find yourself absorbed in cow-records and developing thrills of mild excitement when you get a cow that yields a percentage of butter-fat above the average. If you have enough vitality left in your system to be interested in your work you will soon find that country work is just as enthralling as any other kind and when you learn to estimate the profits correctly they are just as great as if you were the boss of a trust. But you must learn to estimate your profits in terms of home-building rather

than in dollars and cents. You will find that you are able to provide with your own labor the essentials of life, food, shelter and clothing, and that somehow they are better and more enjoyable because they are the direct result of your own labor.

To get the best results from country life you must fling away ambition, just as the poets and philosophers advise. You must give up any idea you ever had of being wealthy or being a figure in the world. You must get it into your head that the seed-time and harvest come every year and that if you are industrious in the proper seasons you can produce enough to keep yourself and family in comfort until the next season of growth and fruitfulness. You will be living up to your income, of course, but as ninety-nine people out of every hundred do that in the cities the man who goes back to the land should not find it disquieting. Besides, if he takes the trouble to think it out he will find that what is pure reckless-



"I have learned to see Turner effects in the sunset."

ness in the city is perfectly justifiable in the country. In the city few men have any assurance that their incomes will be permanent but the man who deals with Nature instead of with an employer soon learns that his income depends on his own industry instead of on the plans or whims of a fellow-man. But the man who undertakes to get his living from Nature must not expect to get rich. Men do amass small fortunes on farms but only by driving such virtues as industry and thrift to the point of being vices. By working to the limit of their strength and scrimping themselves of every enjoyment they may be able to save some money, but while doing this they usually destroy any capacity they may ever have had of enjoying it. Remember that although the country marches up to the gates of the cities with the message, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest," all it promises is rest. Having discovered this I am now enjoying life as I never did before. I refuse to be hurried about anything. I have declined to have a telephone in the house though they are in almost every house in the neighborhood. For twenty years I lived too close to a telephone and let it worry the life out of me with its eternal call to make haste about something. If I cared to take the trouble I could have a daily paper with the news of the world on my breakfast table every morning, but it serves me just as well to have the children bring it home with them when they are returning from school. There were many happy homes in the world before telephones or newspapers were invented and I have not yet found it an inconvenience to be a few hours behind my neighbors in knowing about the latest political deal or railroad accident. I

have time to think for myself instead of having my thinking done for me hurriedly by some distracted editor who is trying to grind out a column editorial on some subject on which he is imperfectly informed, before the paper goes to press.

Some may be inclined to call my attention to the fact that country people as a rule get little out of life but hard work and sordid surroundings. I admit all this without hesitation. The people who have been trained in the country and have lived in it all their lives lack the breadth of outlook that a man gets from life in the city. As a matter of fact the city man who goes to the country in the proper spirit can get delights from it that are undreamed of by the people of the country. I find myself as deeply interested in the wild flowers and birds as are the children and we study them together. I have learned that all money can do for me is to buy delights that I can get direct from Nature and from my surroundings without money. I have learned to see Turner effects in the sunsets and can find Corot and Constable landscapes every time I walk the fields. The people of the country know nothing of the richness of their surroundings. But I see no reason why I should adopt their narrow and sordid point of view simply because I have come to live in the country. Enjoyment is about the last thing the average countryman thinks of, but that is no reason why those who return to the land should make the same mistake. If they have trained themselves to enjoy life in a sane and healthy way the country is the place to enjoy it. And there is no place like it for the children. They are as healthy and carefree as the young cattle.





It was still early when we left our house to walk through the fields of the Allis estate.

Garlands and Love Knots

The proverbial fancy, fun and flowers of returning spring time have tickled us with their romance and arias. The age has not yet been reached in mankind, when a good love story in such a setting as this, does not charm a dull moment. This is a charming story by Zona Gale, author of the "Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre.

By Zona Gale

BETTY shook her head, once each way, for emphasis.

"Not if I live for ever," she said. "And ev-er," she added, to make the matter clear.

Pelleas and I looked at each other in distress. We are seventy years old. We fell in love fifty years ago, and since then we have done our best to bring about as many love-stories as possible in a willing world. But the case in hand was beyond our simple art.

"My dear, child," Pelleas said in perplexity, "you have not even heard what the will really says."

"Please, Uncle Pelleas!" said Betty, like a warning.

"Really, the condition is not half so bad as you fancy, dear," I coaxed; and I could not possibly keep from laughter.

"Please, Aunt Ettarre," Betty begged.

Betty is not even our grandniece, but we all love this innocent pretense, as an apology for our fondness. Pelleas turned to me with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah, very well, Ettarre," he said to me. "Betty may be right, after all. I dare say that she is."

I think that the very flowers in the garden must have understood what Pelleas and I meant as we smiled in each other's eyes.

Betty kissed me wandringly on the hair and blew a kiss to Pelleas.

"I could never marry to please anybody else—even you," she said. "Never, never!" she added, and went away down the walk into the deep heart of the garden.

Betty had just come ashore that

morning, back from her four years at school in Switzerland. Her return had been hastened by the death of her uncle, Philip Allis; but when Pelleas, who was executor of the will, had just essayed to make its terms known to her, she had flown into a very pretty passion and refused to hear another word.

"To my beloved niece, Bettina Allis," Pelleas had read, "I bequeath one hundred thousand dollars, on the occasion of her marriage to—"

Upon which Betty had swiftly risen, and I think I remember that she stamped her foot, though Pelleas has gallantly forgotten.

"Uncle Pelleas—please!" she had cried, "I don't want to know! Please—I will not know! Oh, how unspeakable of Uncle Phil!"

Thereupon Pelleas had glanced across at me with a smile and a warning to keep silence.

"Dear," Betty had gone on steadily, "I know whom Uncle Phil means. I know without your telling me. He sent him to me with a letter, in Zurich. I couldn't marry anyway; but if I knew certainly that Uncle Phil had done this, I—I especially couldn't marry him anyway. And besides, I should hate him—don't you see?"

At this, Pelleas and I had fallen into delighted laughter.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Betty, dear," we had told her sweepingly.

When she left us alone, Pelleas and I smiled in each other's eyes, and in his was the adorable look that I have seen in his face whenever something very charming and daring had come into his mind. As for me, I was all sympathetic expectation. For we have both found, in our seventy years, that the world is a place whose seams are embroidered with garlands and whose ragged edges are set with love-knots. Here, we told ourselves delightedly, was about to be a love-knot of our own tying; and all the flowers in the garden turned toward us little faces which would do excellently for the garlands.

"Suppose," Pelleas said, "that we were not to tell her?"

"But, Pelleas," I objected, "she ought

—she really ought, you know—to understand about the codicil."

"I don't see it, dear," said Pelleas. "It will make no difference to her if she is in love. Do you happen to know whether she is?"

"I have only talked with her for fifteen minutes," I apologized somewhat guiltily, "and I'm not sure. But when I asked her whether there were many Americans in Zurich, she looked up at me almost searchingly. I rather fancied—"

"Ah, well now, of course, that isn't really evidence," Pelleas suggested.

To which I reluctantly agreed; though I am persuaded that evidence is by no means the only thing in the world which is convincing.

We sat in the garden, smiling a little at our temerity, smiling at all the heavenly possibilities which the days hide and yield. As for me, who am a most sentimental old woman, I never so much as look at a clock without thinking what happiness its hours will harbor, or at a bottle of ink without fancying the most delightful secrets issuing forth from it, or at a rose without trying to read it, as if it were a letter. A great many more things are letters than people dream. At all events, it is not wonderful that a few minutes later, when we saw Betty flying back toward us from the garden's deep heart, both Pelleas and I were instantly alert to read the meaning of her eyes and her frown and her flushed cheeks.

"Who lives in the lodge, dear — do you know?" she demanded of me, as if I were somewhat the one who should have protected her from the situation.

It was Pelleas who answered.

"Herbert," he said; "young David Herbert, who is—"

The crimson flamed high in Betty's cheeks, so that Pelleas stopped in amazement.

"David Herbert!" she repeated, and looked from one to the other of us until I think that Pelleas and I all but turned to each other with some sense of unguessed guilt. "So," Betty said, "he is the man! And you knew! And you've brought me here on purpose! Aunt



"I am David Herbert, don't you remember me at all?"

Ettarre — Uncle Pelleas — was that fair?"

I looked at Pelleas with mirth in my eyes, but he was answering her with perfect gravity.

"My dear Betty," he said, "if you will not allow me to tell you who the man is, you must not expect me to tell you who he is *not*."

Betty is irresistible with a hint of sob in her voice.

"Uncle Phil adored him," she said. "He talked about him all day long that spring we spent on the Riviera; and afterward he sent him to me with a letter, at the school. He was in Zurich twice, this M-Mr. David Herbert. Once

he brought a m-man with him — a M-Mr. Allen Justus. And I thought—"

"He brought a man with him—a Mr. Allen Justus?" Pelleas repeated with attention, without so much as meeting my eyes.

"Yes, somebody Mr. Herbert wanted Uncle Phil to know. He wanted everybody to know Uncle Phil. Oh, I thought of him first thing when you told me about the will. And I don't think I like anybody in the world!"

"My dear Betty!" we cried, hastening after her up the path.

We must have looked most absurd, Pelleas and I, with our white heads

bent over her bright hair. We tried to soothe her, knowing all the time that we were in the wrong, and that we should instantly have told her the truth about that young David Herbert.

But no sooner were we alone again on the terrace in the warm noon sun than Pelleas turned to me with all his adorable air of daring.

"Ettarre," he said hesitatingly, "I thought of it not ten minutes ago. Suppose—suppose—do you think we could prevail upon David Herbert to have down a guest or two at the lodge?"

"I should think that now would be the very time when David Herbert would want a guest," I agreed, seeing dimly what he meant.

"Since Betty mentioned that he and somebody named Allen Justus are friends how would it be if he asked down this Allen Justus?" Pelleas pursued.

"Of all people in the world," I assented as gravely as I could, "I should say that Allen Justus is the one to ask; and that now is the time of times."

I remember how the white terrace, and the summer garden, and the very sun on the green, looked brighter as we surveyed the possibilities.

"Oh, Pelleas," I said, "I don't know whether that will be wise or not. But somehow, when I look down in the garden, I feel as if something very charming were about to happen."

Betty, utterly forgetful that she liked nobody in the world, was singing within doors—some quick little lilt without a word to bless itself with, but very sweet and tender.

"Something charming is about to happen. I can hear the very prelude for it," Pelleas said positively.

II.

I THINK it began at noon, three days later—at noon, when I was stupidly indoors, so that Pelleas was obliged to tell me what occurred.

Betty was in the garden, on the side farthest from the lodge. On a seat in a corner of wild grape-vine Pelleas sat, with his morning paper; but the paper hardly counted in that company, for Pelleas dozed and nodded at every para-

graph. When one is seventy, the most alluring head-line will wait till one wakes from a dream or two.

A maple vista skirted the terrace on this side, and from its depths a man walked out and stood looking at Betty, who was gathering sweet peas. Betty glanced up, saw him, and stooped to reach a difficult blossom, without a word of greeting. Pelleas saw this, for a man cannot be expected to sleep all the time over his morning paper. The man—tall, loosely jointed, quizzical—bent surprised eyes upon her, crossed, and thrust a lean brown hand over the fence.

"How do you do, Miss Allis?" he said.

"I beg your pardon," said Betty.

"I am David Herbert," he told her. "Don't you remember me at all?"

Betty gave him two fingers.

"Certainly—in Zurich," she said.

Herbert hesitated, in doubt. He had admired her immensely when he had called with her uncle's letter. Later, in passing through Zurich, he had taken Justus to see her, and Justus had thought—

"By the way," he said, "Allen Justus is spending two weeks with me. He comes to-morrow. We are in the lodge."

He hesitated interrogatively. The faintest possible color crept into Betty's face.

"Mr. Justus?" she remembered evenly. "Ah, yes! I will tell my aunt."

Herbert stood still, with something else on his lips, in which Betty's manner betrayed no interest. Whatever he had meant to say, he thought better of it, and, as Pelleas saw, bowed and went away.

"Now, what the deuce—" Pelleas said he looked as if he were wondering, in the seclusion of the maple vista.

And here Pelleas appeared to waken. He shook his paper, and was seized with a longing for a sweet pea in a button-hole.

"Betty," he said casually, as she drew the pink bloom in place, "he is a fine fellow, that young man—a very fine fellow."

Betty caught up her basket of sweet peas.



He took away her garden shears quite as if that was why he had come from Switzerland.

"But the idea is odious—odious!" she cried. Here, again, I think she stamped her foot, but I have never been able to have Pelleas say so. "I would never marry David Herbert—never, never!" she concluded solemnly.

When Pelleas told me this, we could say very little about it, for our laughter; though I admit that I grieved not to have been present in the garden that morning.

The very next morning I took care to sit with my sewing in the arbor. My nasturtium-beds extend to the wall of the lodge garden; and that year the nasturtiums were blooming as if the goblins were pulling at the buds. Every morning the beds were blissfully orange and yellow and old pink. Now, every one knows that if nasturtiums are to bloom,

they must be picked daily; and who was there to pick mine but Betty? I had made it a personal favor that Betty should gather them that day. While she did this, I had the joy of watching her bright hair above the bright bloom; and after a time I observed that I was not enjoying this pleasant pastime alone.

I had never seen Allen Justus, but as I looked beyond the nasturtium-beds, I was certain that it was he. He was strolling leisurely in the lodge garden, coming toward the low wall. If he saw the flaming beds of old-fashioned flowers about him, they cannot be said to have impressed him, for he was looking only at Betty.

As for Betty, she had on a wide white hat, and she saw nothing but the flowers above which, butterfly-wise, she hov-

ered. At least, I do not think that she did, for she gave no sign in the world.

Allen Justus came close to the low wall.

"Good morning, Fraulein Allis," he said. "I have dropped over from Zurich to look at your nasturtiums, please."

Betty stood up in the orange and yellow and old pink, so that their faint flame glowed a little in her face.

"Good morning, Mr. Justus," she said, and it crossed my mind that Betty is as charmingly non-committal as a nasturtium. You can tell that she is beautiful, but you cannot in the least tell what she means.

"Have you no nasturtiums in Zurich, then?" she asked; but she smiled.

"They have nothing whatever there since you left," he told her gravely.

Then he vaulted over the low wall, picked his way among the flowers, and held out his hand. Usually, I would as lief that some one should paint my nasturtiums as step among them; but that morning I was superbly indifferent.

Betty gave him her hand in that little field of color; and he took away her garden shears, quite as if that was why he had come from Switzerland.

"You carry the basket," he said, "and I'll snip 'em. When did you land?"

"But you'll cut off the buds," Betty objected. "A man always shuts his eyes and cuts flowers in the air."

Allen Justus snipped away at her feet.

"These buds," he observed impassively, "are as safe as if I were only imagining myself with you, as I have so many times. When did you land?"

"I landed on Tuesday," Betty answered obediently.

I have no idea what I was seeing that morning, but I protest that as I sat there in the arbor I embroidered the seams with garlands and set the edges with love-knots. For here was likely to be a love-knot of a heavenly sort of tying, and the very flowers in the garden were making it come true.

Presently I slipped from the other door of the arbor and went to find Pelleas—asleep over his paper, opposite the distant sweet peas,

"Oh, Pelleas," I said, sitting beside him, "something charming is about to happen!"

"That," Pelleas replied, wide-awake on the instant, "is never very difficult to believe."

"Isn't it strange, Pelleas," I said — for I am never tired of thinking so — "that everybody in the world has something special to remember?"

"Like ourselves," said Pelleas contentedly.

"Oh, no; indeed, no!" I cried. "Not in the least like our love-story, Pelleas. Very few have a story so charming as ours."

"Ah, well, now," Pelleas said, "I suppose everybody thinks that. I suppose," he theorized, "that there isn't a woman in the world who does not believe, in her secret heart, that her love-story would make a wholly absorbing novel."

"And as for most men," said I, "I dare say they fancy themselves the possible heroes of whole libraries!"

"Well, everybody is right about it!" cried Pelleas stoutly. "Everybody *is* a love-story. Doesn't that make a very wonderful place of the world?"

But it seemed to me that the matter lay a little nearer to the every-day.

"Not everybody's love-story would make a *story*," I objected; "but look into some of the happiest and most loving hearts, and I fancy you would find what is commoner than a story—just some charming little happening of the days when they were in love. A garland or a love-knot, Pelleas," I explained.

"Yes, garlands and love-knots," said Pelleas airily, "are what shape the world. They keep it the shape of a heart, instead of a dollar!"

I know no more charming theory.

III.

NEXT day—I am not sure, looking back, that the sun itself was not the shape of a heart that morning, in its rising—Pelleas and I were on the terrace, after lunch, when we caught sight of a carriage driving down the maple vista toward the lodge. On the top of the carriage were two trunks; and with-

in the carriage we saw—or so we fancied—the flutter of a lace veil, and of a handkerchief signaling us in greeting.

At this we looked at each other, like conspirators.

"Pelleas," I said hurriedly, "don't you think this would be a fine day to go over to the Allis house and look through the library, before the sale?"

Pelleas agreed with suspicious alacrity—which made it appear almost as if, for some reason, we were eager to be away from home; though, to be sure, we had long been intending to look through Betty's uncle's fine library, which his will directed to be sold at auction. Betty, of course, was to go with us, and it was still early when we left our house to walk through the fields to the Allis estate, adjoining our own.

I shall not soon forget those hours among the beautiful old volumes with which Philip Allis had spent his life. Betty, touched to tears by the recollections of her childhood in the great house, lingered in the hushed library, until Pelleas and I were forced at length to walk outside for a breath of the sweet, summoning afternoon air.

We walked twice and again the length of the terrace, and were returning, when we saw three figures—a woman and two men—cross from the drive and enter the door. There was no mistaking them. The situation which Pelleas and I had wantonly courted, in our love of a jest, was full upon us. We had been conspirators of silence.

We hurried forward—feeling very miserable, I will confess, yet with a little voice of laughter in our hearts, for all that—and we reached the door of the library just at the high moment.

Betty had risen from the window-seat, where we had left her, and the books were scattered about her, and the sun smote through the window in a glory—a kind of glory of laughter, I do protest. Before her stood Allen Justus and David Herbert; and that fine young David Herbert, whom she had so much dreaded, was presenting to her his wife—an adorable creature, the bride of a year, just returned to the lodge that very day from a first fleeting visit to her home.

Betty is quite perfect. I have never known her betray herself by even a glance, and at that moment her delicate, telltale color did not mount. I have always insisted that her lowered eyelids are more alluring than many a woman's eyes.

"We came over," Herbert explained to us, "to see about having Justus's books sent over to him."

"Mr. Justus's books?" Betty repeated a little stiffly.

Allen was bending to speak to Betty, with an expression which Pelleas and I could not regard as unfashionable. Pelleas and I are seventy, as I have said, and our sight is not what it was; but flowers, angels, and that *look* in the eyes of youth we are still able to discern with perfect clearness.

"Will you come into your uncle's study?" he said to us all, but looking at Betty. "I want—I do so want to show you my mother's picture."

"Your mother's picture?" Betty repeated again.

"I thought you knew," he said simply. "I think, if you had not been away, you must have known. Of late Mr. Allis never made it a secret from us that he had loved my mother when she was a girl. He has her picture—it is to be mine. She was very beautiful."

Betty looked up at Allen Justus breathlessly.

"Uncle Phil!" she said. "I thought you said in Zurich that you didn't know my Uncle Phil!"

"I never did," Allen said, "until this last year. He never would let me come to see him, because—because he remembered my mother, and it gave him pain; but at last David persuaded him, and then I saw him often."

Betty turned, and she sent to Pelleas and me the little edge of a glance that left us defenseless. We stood there miserably while she moved toward the study to see the portrait. Then Pelleas said, with a beautiful and commendable dignity, that we two found the house very close, and we would walk on before the others, if no one minded. We went away across the terrace, confident that we had ruined the whole matter from first to last, and that the very flow-

ers of the garden were turned toward us accusingly—flowers that should have been garlands for love.

Dinner was at eight o'clock, but at eight o'clock that night Betty had not come to the drawing-room, and a maid came back to tell us that she was not in her room. She had not dressed for dinner. She was not in the house. Pelleas and I, in the middle of the great drawing-room, looked at each other tremblingly.

At last we went through the glass doors to the garden, with the troubled notion that the garden might be able to help us. Indeed, I have seldom known the garden to fail us in any distress, and it did not fail us now. We went a little way into its dusk, and almost at once we saw, moving between us and the veiled brightness of my nasturtiums, a little white figure which must be Betty.

But before we could speak, or go to her, a shadow stirred on the low garden wall, and some one crossed swiftly from one end of my nasturtium-bed to the other. I hardly remembered the presence of my flowers, and only welcomed the shadow that moved over them.

"Betty! Betty!" the shadow said in Allen Justus's voice.

Betty stood still. We could see her white frock in the starlight. When Allen came to her, and I think—if I am as wise in these matters as I pretend—would have taken her in his arms, she moved sharply away from him.

"Betty!" he cried—and oh, I assure every one that Pelleas and I had as much right there as the nasturtiums themselves, for our hearts were quite as sympathetic—"I love you! I love you, dear! This afternoon you wouldn't listen. You shall listen now! I have loved you ever since I saw you in that Zurich *pension*. There isn't a peak of the Alps that I haven't looked at by the hour in the hope that you had looked at it, too!" cried the young lover. "Betty, I can't tell you, dear. But if you could only know—"

It was a boy's wooing—the April of the heart. For very gladness, Pelleas and I clasped each other's hands as we heard, and trembled a little for all the

heavenly possibilities that the days hide and yield.

To our amazement, little Betty's voice was clear and cold as she answered this April message.

"Mr. Justus," she said, "do you mind telling me whether you were mentioned in my uncle's will?"

What must have been thought? Pelleas and I, who had lingered in the vague hope that we might somehow be able to set matters right, were minded at this to make the world stand still while we explained. But I loved Allen Justus for answering quite simply, and and as if, for the happy tumult of his heart, he had hardly time to wonder at her words.

"Mr. Allis left me some books that had been my mother's," he said, "and—a little present. Not—not much, you know."

"Oh!" Betty said sharply, dimly realizing what she had seemed to be asking. "But I mean, did he mention you—did he mention me—oh," she cried distressfully. "I am so afraid that he has left me a fortune if I will marry you!"

Ah, and then there was a new note in Allen's voice. It was easy to guess that he had read something in Betty's words that I think she did not know that she had said.

"Betty!" he cried. "I don't know anything at all about that. If it is so, I do not know it. But, dear, do you love me? Do you love me well enough to marry me, *even if your uncle wished you to?*"

And at that, Pelleas and I turned and fled. There was no more possibility that we should be needed to set things right. Oh, these lovers of to-day! Was not that modernity on the lips of a youthful wooer? And Allen's words must have held divine logic, for I was certain, as we turned away, that Betty was in his arms, in a world of nasturtiums of dusk.

"Something charming is happening!" said Pelleas, as we hurried between the flowers.

Dinner was disgracefully late. I think we only managed to have it at all when Pelleas had gone calling through



Pelleas had brought them both in with a light in their eyes which the gloom of the garden seemed to have taught.

the garden and had brought them both in, with a light in their eyes which the gloom of the garden seemed to have taught.

"Betty," Pelleas said over our coffee, "there is, you may remember, a certain clause of your uncle's will which you have never heard. There is also a codicil. Could—could you be persuaded to listen—*now*?"

"Perhaps so, *now*," said Betty. What a word that "*now*" may become!

So, with Allen looking at Betty, and Betty listening a little fearfully, Pelleas repeated that clause of Philip Allis's will which had caused us both such happy laughter.

"To my niece, Bettina Allis," he quoted—for he could say it off, by now—"I bequeath one hundred thousand dollars on the occasion of her marriage to the man whom she loves."

I wish that every one could have seen our dear little Betty's face.

"Really, Uncle Pelleas? Really, Aunt Ettarre?" she said; and I think she may have wanted to stamp her foot—at

herself—under the table; but Pelleas says that she was too happy to think of that.

"And then the codicil, Pelleas," I urged with happy tears.

"Oh, the codicil," Pelleas said carelessly, "provides fifty thousand more to you both in case that man happens to be Allen Justus, son of a loved friend of your uncle's, Betty, dear."

We made an excuse to go to the verandah to see about the awnings, so that we might leave them alone over their coffee for a moment or two.

"Everybody is a love-story, Ettarre," Pelleas repeated with conviction, while we stood there, looking down on our garden.

"Not a love-story like ours, Pelleas," I protested; "but, at all events, a heart with a garland or a love-knot about it."

"Ah, well," Pelleas said, "I think that that's the same thing."

Perhaps he is right—in a world of possibilities which the days hide and yield.

The Young Man Finds Himself

By Dr. O. S. Marden

In every field of activity we find young men in the most responsible positions—presidents of great institutions, heads of enormous trusts, managers of large department stores, presidents of great railroads, etc. We find young men who have just been graduated from college, occupying professor's chairs; while others scarcely thirty years of age are presidents of colleges and universities. In fact, this is the young man's age; and America, preeminently a continent for young men. We believe in young men; we believe in thrusting great responsibilities upon them.

It is astonishing how this confidence in their ability develops youth. We often see young men reared in luxury, thrust suddenly into responsible positions on account of the death of their parents, or because of some unexpected emergency; young men who had never shown any special adaptability for business, and yet, all at once, when these great responsibilities were put upon them, they developed marvelous executive ability which no one ever dreamed they possessed.

A fire, or a disaster at sea, often develops heroism out of the most unpromising material. People who were never known to do anything worthy before in their lives suddenly develop marvelous heroism. They rush into burning buildings, without the slightest fear, to save those who are perfect strangers to them, risking their own lives and often losing them. So young men and young women who have never exhibited any special ability, when made dependent by some great emergency or thrown into responsible positions by death, suddenly develop marvelous ability.

Probably the majority of people in the failure army to-day are there because they have never discovered themselves. This was either for the reason that they were in an environment which did not happen to come in contact with sufficient friction to arouse the sparks in their nature.

A man in trouble once wrote to a friend, "I am in a hole, and if you don't help me out, I am stuck." His friend replied, "Sorry I can't help you, old fellow, but if you are in a hole you can't get out of I am coming to see the hole. It must be a wonder."

The man got out.

The most important thing, at the very outset of his career, is for a man to get aroused, to find himself—to get into an atmosphere which will awaken his dormant energies and call out his reserves.

It is said that some of the world's greatest generals were never thoroughly aroused and their personal reserves of power never were called out until they were fighting desperately for their country in the midst of a great, decisive battle.

Human ability seems to be in layers. The school teacher may

discover one layer and give us a little glimpse of ourselves; a friend who trusts us when others misunderstand may lift another layer, and give us a little further glimpse of our hidden resources. The death of loved ones, or some great sorrow or affliction may open up other depths in our nature which no experience before had touched. Some great catastrophe, loss of property, a homeless family and hungry children tugging away at our sleeves for bread and protection, may call out our unsuspected strength. Some bitter personal disappointment, love unreturned, or the betrayal or treachery of friends, may strike still deeper into the *great within* of us and unlock yet other forces which we never dreamed we possessed.

The successful candidate ought to know at the very outset of his career just what fund he can draw upon. If a man is starting out in business for himself he should take an inventory of all his possible assets and all his resources.

The great majority of young people start on their careers with very little knowledge of their mental capacities and they are usually discovered, after all, by piece-meal.

Some kinds of explosives ignite at a low temperature and with very little friction; others require more friction. Then, there are others like the Maximite shell, for example, which may be thrown about or baked in a hot oven, without exploding. The giant powder in it can only be exploded by firing it through a foot of prepared steel in the side of a warship, when it explodes with terrific force, tearing into shreds everything in its path. Man's ability, his resources, can well be compared to the various explosives. Some of them are on the principle of the hair-trigger and will explode at the slightest touch; others require a little more friction.

Only a small per cent. of those in the great army of the employed ever discover more than a small per cent. of their ability, hence the multitude of perpetual clerks, who might have been proprietors if they could only have found all of their ability assets. Tens of thousands plod along in mediocrity who have resources, if they could only detect them, to lift them into superior positions.

But somehow they never come in touch with just the right kind of ambition-arousing material; they do not come into the right sort of ambition-arousing environment, or do not come in contact with just the necessary material to ignite the giant powder of the *great within* of themselves.

The most fortunate moment in any human life is that moment when one catches a glimpse of his real ability, discovers himself in his latent powers. The most fortunate experience in any life is that which has aroused him. The most valuable thing which ever comes into a life is that experience, that book, that sermon, that person, that incident, that emergency, that accident, that catastrophe—that *something* which touches the springs of his inner nature and flings open the powers of his *great within*, revealing its hidden resources.

The Confessions of a Publicity Agent

William Jennings Jones Earns his Living in the Grocery
Business and Uncle Henry Sprouts an Idea

The first of this series appeared in the April number of MacLean's when the career of the hero of the story began as a publicity agent for the town of Milham. The flat failure of his methods and his dropping into an obscure position at the close of the article will have drawn the curiosity of the reader into this the second of the series where his apprenticeship in a grocery store is paving his way to success. The illustrations are by Dudley Ward.

By James Grantham

MY uncle the night I was fired called me up on the telephone.

"That you, William?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Got another job?"

"No."

"How much money you got?"

"What's that?"

"Got any money?"

"Oh, I guess I won't starve. How much have you got Uncle Henry?"

"Don't be brash, son," he returned, his voice a little more placatory. "I've been in your place before now and I've been broke. No shame in being broke. Called y' up only to see if you needed anything and whether you still want to keep on tryin' to make little towns grow into big cities, or whether you'd maybe be just as glad of a nice quiet job in the store down here."

"A job in your store! Down at your place? I guess not, thanks, Uncle Henry. I guess I can make good in the newspaper game. Thank you, though. I maybe might've been some use to you, but I'm afraid storekeeping is not in my line."

"A' right," he drawled. "Do as you please, but if you want the job, drop in. 'I'll keep it open, in case you need it."

"What are you going to do?" asked my wife as I left the telephone. "Are

you sure you were right in refusing Uncle Henry?"

"No, of course I wasn't," I told her, petulantly. "As a matter of fact I ought to have taken the job and glad of it. I don't know, dear, just what I ought to do."

"Dear," she said, "you were foolish. Take Uncle Henry's offer. We — we need it."

Two days after, when I saw that I wouldn't even have enough money to move out of Milham, much less waste time trying to get a fancy job, I took Uncle Henry's offer. "I apologize, Uncle," I mumbled. "I was upset. I'd like the job you spoke of if there's no objection."

"Mean it?" he growled.

"I do."

"Then it's yours. I want y' t' print signs for the goods we put in the windows, keep an eye on the books, because my eyes are getting poor, and help with the customers on rush days. Fact is, you got to do everything and anything, from shifting orange crates to counting the money over to the bank. Willing?"

"I'm game," I said, clenching my teeth and thinking of the customers who would see how I had fallen from glory.

"Then I'll give you twenty dollars a week and groceries found."

Somehow, after the ups-and-downs of the newspaper business, I came to like the grocery trade. It seemed to me to be more *substantial* than just writing squibs for newspapers. I felt that I was really being of some service to the community, and I knew that in the grocery business, hard times, if they should come, would not knock the bottom out of things quite as badly as if I was only a supernumerary on a newspaper. I liked thinking up attractive notices to put on the goods in the window. I wrote them with green ink on bits of white cardboard—the bottoms of old candy boxes. After a time I began to study the art of window-dressing, and one whole night I worked building a castle out of soap in the big roomy left-hand window. I took more pride in that pile of soap than in anything I had ever created before, and next day people came flocking into the store to buy the soap. Something about that window display made them remember that they *wanted* soap. They bought out the whole stock in no time. Uncle Henry was pleased.

"Look here, son," he said one night. "You're making good. I'll raise you to twenty-two a week. I like them window fixin's."

That summer I learned a good deal about the psychology of the shop. I saw there are lots of things people will buy if you only present them right. Away in the back of the shop I found some old stock Uncle Henry had given up trying to sell—one of the things was a gross of patent mops. I asked him what was the matter with the mops, and he said they hadn't sold because people didn't know how they worked.

"Well, how do they work?" I demanded.

"I dunno," he said, "Traveller showed me but I couldn't get onto it. Neither could anybody else, I guess. I marked them down, but there was nothing doing. Folks in this town like the old-fashioned kind of a mop. There's no use tryin' anything else on 'em."

"I think you're wrong," I said. "Look here, this is how these things work. See! It saves work and its neater and cleaner."

I had secretly been experimenting with one of the mops and had found how it worked. It was a good mop.

"Well," said Uncle Henry. "Mebbe you're right. But they won't sell. Or if they do, I miss my bet. You can have the profits on 'em if you sell the lot."

"It's a go," I said.

And it was. I sold those mops in a week—a gross of them, just by asking every woman who entered the store if she'd tried the new kind, and then showing her how it worked. Most of the customers confessed that the mops they had been using were old as the hills, and were always scratching the floor and the sur-base. So they bought! And I made a profit.

Well, I was getting to like the grocery business. I used to love the smell of the oranges and the teas and spices. The clean hardwood floor and the tiers upon tiers of neat-looking cans and bottles and packages were a picture to me. I loved them, and I longed to get a chance at the buying. But Uncle Henry kept me away from that. "Buying," he said, "is an art, son. I get stung myself sometimes. You talk about your old newspaper business and the writin' profession needing *judgment*—Huh! It isn't one, two, three, with the judgment y' need to buy raspberries, or golden prunes, even!"

I admitted it, not reluctantly either.

But I was not destined for the grocery business. One June morning Uncle Henry drew me aside behind a big stack of brooms.

"Listen, son," he said, "you got to quit groceries."

"You mean——" I was taken off guard.

"No, I don't mean that you aren't a good man, or that I want to fire you. But there's something bigger for you than shop-keeping."

"What?" I demanded.

"Town booming."

"Town publicity."

"Yes."

"That's not square, Uncle Henry," I protested. "What do you want to string me on that old subject for?"

"I'm not stringing you. I mean it."

"But I was fired because I failed when I had a job here in this very town."

"I know. You'd be fired again if you took the job now, but that isn't what I want y' t' do. I want y'to learn the trade. It's the biggest trade out. It's a bran' new field and there's money in it."

That night Uncle Henry—who was a bachelor—came down to our house and talked business with me while the wife washed the dishes and put the boy to bed,—we had a baby by this time.

"Y'know," he said, "towns is just like folks. They have characters and characteristics just like you and me and everybody in the town. Towns, if they are any good at all, have destinies, just like people have destinies. The average man isn't fitted for his business at all. He pegs away all his life trying to become a successful grocer, or an architect or an alderman, when all along he isn't any more fitted for that line of work than I am for preaching. D'ye get it?"

"Sure," I answered. "But what's the application?"

"Application!" with a snort, "why to towns of course. Didn't I just tell you towns were like people. Look at the scores of little towns springing up all over Canada. Look at the old towns like Milham trying vaguely to boom themselves. Look at the money they waste in bad methods of advertising, and how they waste their lives trying half-heartedly to be something they can't ever be—just the same as if I went trying to learn preachin'."

"Well," I said, "what do you think we could do?" What should these towns do?"

"Do? That's what you and I have got to show em, beginning first of all with this one—Milham."

III.

MILHAM WAKES.

If you think about it long enough and keep your eyes wide open, you will see that my grocer uncle's philosophy was right. Not every town can hope to

become a seaport, or a manufacturing centre, or a jobbing depot. Not every man with ten fingers can hope to become a great pianist. Not every man with a tongue can hope to become a temperance lecturer or a politician. Now, in the third chapter of our experience Uncle Henry and I had decided to find out just what Milham *was* good for.

There were two railways running through the town, each with two branches. Then there was a good big river on which, as I told you in the first article, were some old water-mills that had fallen into disuse. The cost of living was modest enough. The two factories we had did just about enough business to keep alive, and that was all. Their owners were old residents whose personal connection kept people buying their small output. One was a flour miller and the other operated a small hosiery factory. They employed all the spare hands in town—about two hundred. The rest of the town was made up of railway employees and retired farmers.

"We can't get heavy industries," summed up Uncle Henry. "Because they want water carriage. Steel mills and that sort of thing will squat right down on the water-front—remember that, and let a little town go to pot. Foundries and heavy machine shops won't come here because the labor market isn't good here—yet. They get men like that in Toronto and Hamilton."

In this wise did Uncle Henry educate me. He had taken up the study of town growth because he had seen me fail as publicity commissioner for Milham, and had been possessed of a longing to search out the real reason for my failure and the real science of town-promotion. What he had learned he taught me. Then we went on studying together.

There are in Ontario two inland towns, whose careers serve to illustrate how two communities, given the same chances, can ruin or make themselves. Neither of these towns is bankrupt. Both are good enough. But one is a



Few people realized, as the old fellow weighed them out half a pound of cheese or a bar of N.P. soap, that behind his grizzled old temples lay such an audacious scheme.

better business town than the other and will achieve a great future. The first of these towns is a railway divisional point on two railways—a splendid location as far as shipping facilities are concerned. The second town has only one railway service. But by sheer pluck and enterprise it has so won the respect of the railroad company, that every train stops there, and the freight and express service by that one line are unexcelled. The first of these towns is filled to overflowing with wealthy retired farmers, men who have money and who know by grim experience how hard money is to come by. The second contains rich, retired farmers, but they are German or of German extraction, and this fact accounts for a very great deal. The farmers in the first town are conservative in their interests. They have enough to live on and a pleasant town in which to live. If it is not quite as busy as other towns, they do not see that hurts them.

All they ask is the right to live comfortably and educate their children comfortably, before death intervenes.

There is a great deal to be said for this point of view. When you stop to think about it, you may very well be found saying to yourself—"Well, why *should* the town grow? Why shouldn't I prefer to live in a quiet modest town if I like? What right have town-boomers and promoters of manufacturing concerns to come here, erecting factories that keep up their noise all day and all night, and raising great chimneys that only belch dirty smoke into the sky?"

Why should your town grow? Why should you not continue living in a quiet municipality? What right have the town boomers? Just this. Every citizen and every town in Canada owes it to the country, if not to itself and himself, to grow and achieve the most it is capable of achieving. What was

true of the unprofitable servant in the Bible story, is true not only of men and women to-day, but true also of the towns they live in. It is up to you and your town to do your best and play the game, to the end that Canada may the earlier reach full nationhood.

As to the quiet neighborhood—that, true, is your own personal affair, but this much has to be remembered, that the mere fact of amassing a fortune or a comfortable bank account, does not entitle any man in Canada to creep off into a corner—unless he is very old and sick, or has troubles of his own—and say, “I’ve got all I want. I’m *done*.” If a man has made enough to retire, he should retire from active life only in order to be able to encourage and advise others younger than himself.

As to the town boomer’s right to “boom”—so long as he is honest and earnest, he should have full play, save only for this point; watch him! That is where the old head can make itself felt. Check him up when he goes off on false starts, but when he strikes the right scent—cut the leash and urge him on.

Now in the English Ontario town there is so much conservatism that scarcely anything can be done. Any new industry that comes, or talks of coming to the town, is received in silence and suspicion. But the little German town—welcomes the new-comer, watches him kindly, and when it can, lends him a hand.

This matter of lending a hand is a pretty important consideration in discussing town-promotion, and a very delicate one. There is such a thing as lending too much help. That is bad. But of this, more elsewhere.

Uncle Henry’s plan for the immediate future was to make me the editor of the Milham newspaper and educate Milham up to being a good town. He wanted to get the farmers out of their rut and get everybody talking about Milham. Few people realized, as the old fellow weighed them out half a pound of cheese, or a bar of N. P. soap, that behind his grizzled old temples lay such an audacious scheme.

“But can we buy the paper?” was the first question I asked, when he had explained his proposition. “Will they sell out?”

“Had to.”

“Had to?”

“Yes. I bought it three weeks ago—understanding—present management keeps in power till I’m ready—a month’s notice to them.”

“Phew!”

The details of how we took over the Milham paper and how we started our campaign, do not matter. First of all we determined to get the paper on a paying basis itself. This we did by getting a better advertising man. Then for circulation we interested the boys of the town—and the rest was, in our case, at all events, a matter of editorial contents. Don’t think we fed the readers nothing but town booming stuff. We made a contract with the Canadian Press for a good telegraph and cable service. This didn’t cost us any more than the old system the previous management had had—and which they had refused to change on account of a personal tiff with the press service promoters. Then we bought a syndicate picture service from a Toronto paper and bought new type for headings. All around we improved that paper one hundred per cent. And when the big dam on the Bredit burst—a month after I took over the work—and wiped out a couple of our old mills and damaged a lot of property, I went out myself, got the story, and between Uncle Henry and the foreman and myself, got the first “extra” the town had ever heard of.

Uncle Henry wrote the editorials, that is to say, he would drop over from the shop the night before and dictate the stuff to me—sitting on our office safe the while.

“Tell ‘em,” he’d say, as I sat there ready with my pencil. “Tell ‘em they’re slower’n all get out. Tell ‘m, the man that sets back in his bought house an’ snoozes out the rest of life just because he’s made a fortune, is a— a menace t’ the community. Tell ‘m it’s up t’ them t’ take an interest in things same as other folks an’ not sit back ‘n say

things is good enough, when they know durned well they ain't. Tell'm— Oh, give em——" and he fell to thinking.

I didn't put these editorials into fussy newspaper editorial language either. I created a mythical character whom I called "Old Squidge" and under his supposed name I ran a little "sermon" or "talk" every day. I disguised "Old Squidge" so that they wouldn't suspect Uncle Henry, but if they had been lively people they'd have recognized his way of speaking from the first—all but the expletives. No two editorials were alike. Sometimes we'd leave our pet subject out of the paper for weeks, and Uncle would dictate things he had seen in the store that morning, or funny little episodes from the street. Sometimes we'd get a good joke on some well-known man and Uncle Henry would tell it in his dry cackling way—but without hurting anybody's feelings. Then we'd come back to the question of Milham and how enterprising it was getting to be and how it was *nearly* as lively as certain other towns we could have mentioned but didn't. Whenever we criticized anything we blamed it on "a minority of narrow-minded fellows" in the town. Whenever we praised anything we gave the credit to the people of Milham.

And our little home-made campaign caught on. Our circulation went up from twenty-two hundred to thirty-three hundred in five months. Everybody in town got to thinking well of the town. Folks would write in and kick about sidewalks that hadn't been mended and that were "a disgrace to a town like Milham!" The townspeople began to take a real interest in things. People kept their lawns better and even took more care to wash the mud off their buggies before going out driving on Sundays. Pretty soon, instead of reporting that "Milly Briggs had a most delightful party for her cousin Nellie from Pike-town" we wrote "Miss Mildred Briggs was the hostess at a charming bridge given in honor of Miss Helen Briggs who is spending a few days in town from Piketown. The charming rooms in the old "Castle" (that is what

they called the Briggs house) were tastefully decorated with yellow daffodils," etc. The whole town began to take a pride in its existence. A couple of people bought motors and took to giving afternoon teas under their apple trees. The town was in the first stages of regeneration.

In the midst of all this, the Mayor and Aldermen revived the idea of getting a publicity expert to go after new industries for the town. Several of the Aldermen and the Mayor dropped in to see Uncle Henry about it. I happened to overhear a part of the conversation one night.

"Look here, Henry," said one of the Aldermen, the one who had engaged me, "that nevy of yours was no good as a town boomer, but that don't say town-booming's no good. What'd ye think of gettin' up a good man an' payin' him a good salary—an' booming the town right? What think?"

"Nothin'" said Uncle Henry. "Nothin'." My nephew failed because he didn't know his job. He hadn't studied it. Neither 've you. You leave the experts alone just now."

"S that what you *really* think?" asked the Mayor, timidly.

"I do," said Uncle Henry, "and if you're wise you'll think so too."

From that moment on I knew who was "Boss" of Milham. It was my old Uncle Henry Altburg, the grocer. I conceived an idea then too—quite a good idea.

Now a town that thinks well of itself in a bubbling-over and enthusiastic way, is on the road to success. Mind it may stray off the road and get into a blind lane, but a feeling of pride in your town is the first step in making the most of it.

Three months after the deputation had quizzed Uncle Henry, I sprang my idea.

"Harry Altburg will run for Mayor!"

That was all that needed to be said. If he ran, he would win. The only thing was that nobody had ever thought of his running, any more than he had himself.

He came into the office puffing.

Son,"—he panted. "Son! what in _____?"

"Well, why not?" I demanded.

"Why n-not—why—Oh what's the use?"

"Everything's the use, Uncle Henry," I retorted. "Just because a man has built up a comfortable business and is doing well, is no excuse for him shirking his duty." (He winced.) "You've got to run."

He shook his head and mopped his brow with an old red handkerchief.

"Never made a speech in my life," he muttered.

"Yes you have. You talked to them at the lodge one night till folks nearly died laughing."

"Laughing—yes."

"Yes, and they did what you told 'em to do, too."

"Humph!"

"Old Henry," as people called him, though he was not old by any means, ran, and was elected. Dressed up he was a distinguished old figure. On his feet he could hold an audience for an hour at a time. With his installation began the last stage of Milham's decadence and the first stage of her prosperity. The town had learned to take a pride in itself and an interest in its own welfare. Uncle Henry now became its unofficial publicity expert, as Mayor.

One day a quiet-looking man descended from the noon train from Toronto and went to the Bellington Hotel for lunch. The hotel had benefited by the recrudescence of civic self-respect to the extent of a complete overhauling and re-organization. It was one of the best little hotels in the country. Commercial travellers, unable to get home for the week-end, used to spend Sunday at the Bellington Hotel. It was a good hotel.

The town owed something to that hotel for what followed.

The quiet traveller who honored it with his presence, was a big business man who wanted to locate a plant for making light castings. The hotel service was good. The luncheon was good. The place was clean and cheerful. When that afternoon H. B. MacKenzie,

of the firm of MacKenzie and Smith, sent his card in to Uncle Henry, he was in a good mood.

"Mayor Altburg?" he said.

"I'm Altburg," said Uncle Henry. That was all the stenographer overheard. But that night we were able to announce the new industry come to Milham—one that would employ two hundred men.

Let me explain how Mayor Altburg became our publicity agent. In the first place Milham's reputation for being a bright, cheerful town, was due to his secret influence in our paper. That reputation spread over the whole country by means of the commercial travellers who enjoyed the Bellington Hotel. In contrast with the other hostleries they had to endure, and they recognized that Milham shop-keepers treated a travelling man, not like a dog, but as a welcome guest, with whom to exchange *ideas*, if not always orders and goods. Some of those same merchants used to be the grumbling sort that give a town a black eye for miles around, through the naturally disgruntled commercial men, but they had had a change of heart, thanks to the revived spirit of the town.

As for me, whenever I had a chance I sent in good healthy, cheerful stories about Milham to the big city papers, and when we had a slight outbreak of small-pox—two cases—I confess the telegraph men and I did our best to keep it from getting to the outside papers—until the scare was over. Little by little Milham became known all over as a bright town. One of the first moving picture shows to open in Ontario, outside of Toronto and Hamilton, located in Milham. That brought us quite a bit of local trade on account of the farmers who came in for entertainment. Then we got the favorable attention of the big banks, and away back in the heads of the managers they began to remember Milham as "a bright little dump," and when it came to filling a vacancy or increasing the local staff in Milham, our town received the bright fellows from head office, instead of the sleepers who once were railroaded into our midst. Wholesale jobbers

no longer put off their old stocks at Milham. It was known for a wide-awake town.

We still had, up to the time the new foundry came, only our pitifully small laboring population. It was to increase this Uncle Henry worked, and somehow or another he managed to join a club in Toronto, a big business men's club. Every time he got the chance, he spent a day in Toronto, and little by little he came to know the big men of the city. He was a story-teller and a capital maker of little informal after-dinner speeches. Every now and then he would drop a word about his town—Milham, not a flamboyant advertisement, but just a quiet word. Sometimes business people would ask him questions. On those occasions he told only the truth—and always took pains to understate it rather than over-state things. He found in the big city, men who felt that the overhead expenses were too high, and that the cost of living was too great in Toronto to suit them.

"Come out to Milham some day," said Uncle Henry to one of these men. "I'll take you fishing. Nicest little trout stream you ever knew of."

They came to fish—and remained to absorb small doses of knowledge of Milham. The foundry was the first fruit of Uncle Henry's "fishing" excursions. Then came a carriage works; then a knitting factory. A boom in industrials began to grow up all over Ontario, and first thing we knew Milham had *doubled* its population and was still growing. Sometimes men came who wanted bonuses or free sites, or exemption from taxation.

"Nothing doing," said Uncle Henry.

With Milham everything in the town prospered. The paper grew so big and there was so much advertising, that I bought new presses and hired a city editor from Toronto. We prospered—Mary, and the baby and I.

This is the second of the series, the first having appeared in April issue.

They conclude in the June number.

IN EXILE

I am longing for the marshes and the meadows,
I am lonely for the sand-dunes and the foam,
For the night-wind crying free on the heaving moon-swept sea,

For the orchard-lawns and clover blooms of home;
In dreams, Elysian East, again I see thee,
For the rapture of thy forest-bowers I yearn,
Take me back and let me rest on thy tender mother-breast,

Where my longing, lonely heart must ever turn.

When the sea-gull builds his home in reeded shallows,
When the vernal violet gleams with rippled rain,
When the sweet arbutus twines in the shade of sighing pines,

When the robin tells his tale of love again,
Then distant East, in dreams again I see thee,
Take me back at last to lie amid thy fern,
Take me back and let me rest on thy tender mother-breast,

Where my longing, lonely heart must ever turn.

—Cyrus Macmillan.

Don't Spend Your Money Before You Get It

The financial conditions in Canada seem to be brightening. Mr. John Appleton, associate editor of *The Financial Post*, and special contributor to *MacLean's Magazine*, sums up the situation in this article.

By John Appleton

IF the men of the money world were in the habit of talking freely they would at the present time have a good deal to say. It would be with the object of getting Canadians to move cautiously in business undertakings, unless they had the ready money to go on with. There do not appear to be at the present time any bears on Canada, but there are many bears on the monetary situation. For instance, Sir Edmund Walker says get the money before you spend it. There has been too much of the other policy that is to borrow from the bank, spend the cash and then go to lenders to dispose of securities. That policy carried beyond a certain limit always leads to trouble. Canada has been following this policy and the banks are not a little to blame for having made it possible. What financial men advise now is not to incur any liability until you know that you can get the cash wherewith to meet it.

This advice is good in all seasons, but at the present time, and for some months ahead, it would seem to be the best possible. It is given by men who are in closest touch with money supply and who are therefore in a position to know that extraordinary conditions exist. To illustrate the distinction between normal and the abnormal in Canadian money market conditions in case of Toronto might be quoted. In no part of the Dominion is money quite so free, at the moment, as in that city.

Collections in Ontario have been such as not to excite complaint and its industries have been flourishing. Nevertheless the head of one of its largest financial institutions stated to the writer that if he could get it, he could place \$1,000,000 in small loans, on mortgage security, at 6½ per cent. in two weeks. This is, for Toronto, abnormal. Normally money on good mortgage security has sought employment at six per cent.

Admitting the correctness of the foregoing the obvious inference is a very keen demand for money and a shortness in the supply that has kept the "pot boiling" during recent years. If conditions in Toronto have changed to this extent it can be taken for granted that similar or greater changes have occurred elsewhere. In fact changes have occurred. During the present month, as in March and April, the evidence will be in the diminishing rate of increase in bank clearings, in building statistics and eventually to some extent in the volumes of business. There has been during the past month a declining rate of increase in railroad earnings. Business mortality statistics for the first three months of 1913 show liabilities of bankrupt firms aggregating \$3,750,520, as compared with \$2,842,077 in 1912. But these signs of slackening tension are not wholly devoid of hopefulness. A diminution in the volume of bank clearings indicates a cessation of unproductive speculative ac-

tivity rather than a decline in actual commercial transactions, and a decline in building is but a further evidence of the same decline in so far as real estate speculation is concerned.

In the West the most marked decline in bank clearings has taken place and it is there that the most widespread activity in real estate prevailed, but is now steadily subsiding. This change is welcomed by the best Westerners themselves. Mr. J. T. Gordon, of Messrs. Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, who is also president of the Standard Trusts Company, and who exercises a controlling hand in many financial organizations in the West, says that present conditions are not by any means to be deplored. They will, he intimated, drive many bright and capable men from the unproductive vocation of real estate dealing into activities that will add something to the real wealth of the Dominion. For some years they have been "pyramiding" real estate values with the inevitable result following that exciting occupation. A halt is now in order to permit of the productive resources of the Dominion, its population and general development being brought up to the advance line of values. The latter may have to fall back, but no serious recession need be feared. Immigration, industrial growth and improved methods of agriculture will thrive better without the accompaniment of real estate booms. To industry the latter is a handicap. It adds fictitious values to land which eventually fall on production in the form of higher wages. Worse still is the result when a manufacturer finds it more profitable to sell his factory because of the enhanced value of the site, and take the profits left after sacrificing a productive industry.

If building declines in volume during the present year it will affect a few industries but not very materially. Sub-

stantial progress will continue and for it money will be forthcoming. But for buying real estate, for lending on the security of it, there will be but a smaller amount of money available and the gross results will be anything but unsatisfactory. From the absorption and excitement of real estate activity the public mind will turn its attention more to the creation of wealth than to the bolstering of up fictitious real estate values. The latter, as already stated, may rest on their present level, but no advance is likely to take place in the near future except as a result of purely local causes.

The fact should not be lost sight of that Canadian industries are not declining, that orders during the past three months have been easy to get; that collections on the whole are fair. Meanwhile the country as a whole is on the eve of another crop season for which the agricultural industry was never better prepared. In the West the seeding season has commenced favorably and in the East the wheat and clover outlook is promising. Immigrants are streaming into the country and amongst them are many with a substantial measure of capital to be employed in Canada. The door which admits trade to the South promises to be opened wider and this will have desirable effect. All these circumstances warrant the conclusion that the balance of the year in respect of business generally, will be normal. But as to new capital expenditure there will be less of it. The old plant will, however, be kept well employed. The only real cloud ahead, and at present visible, is that still hanging over the Balkans. Peace men are, however, casting their charms around this source of trouble and if they are successful there is no reason to expect that Canada will in any way show commercial decline, or diminished production of wealth.

Holding Up the Firm for a Raise

Another Little Problem in Business Ethics

The business affairs of the nation of to-day differ from those of even the last decade in many startling ways. It is but natural that in the evolution of business manners and methods there should develop new ethical questions, the right solution of which conscientious men deem the better part of existence. There are many troubles such as are detailed here which have perplexed young men in salaried positions. The writer of this has dealt with this subject in a most lucid manner. Another article on a similar subject will appear in an early issue.

By Arthur Conrad

Johnston is a job printer in a Canadian city. He has built up a large and fairly prosperous business. He is a man of unimpeachable character and a good master for whom to work. Having come to the conclusion that it would be worth his while to put his selling force on a more systematic basis, he decides to raise one of his city travellers to the position of sales manager, and in his place to employ a new man. Accordingly, he looked around for a capable young fellow to act as city traveller in an important business district.

There was at the time in the employ of another printing firm in the neighborhood a young man, of whom wonderful reports were current. He was reputed to be an exceptionally fine salesman and Johnston decided to offer him the vacant position. He sent for him and asked him if he would be willing to consider an offer from him. The young man, whose name was Sutherland, expressed his willingness to leave his present employers, if, of course, Johnston would make it worth his while. The upshot of the matter was that Johnston made Sutherland an offer well in advance of what he was then receiving; adding that he would like Sutherland to join his staff at the earliest possible moment. He con-

sidered the matter settled and went about making plans accordingly.

But Sutherland, who always believed in looking out for himself in every move, thought he saw an opportunity here to do something for himself. He went to his present employers and told them about the offer which he had received, with the implied comment, "*What do you intend to do about it?*" As the firm valued his services highly and did not wish to lose him, they promptly informed him that they would increase his salary as much again as Johnston had offered. Sutherland was not slow in agreeing to this. He accordingly wrote to Johnston and told him that he had changed his mind and was no longer willing to accept his offer.

This is an occurrence which has happened many times. It may not always have come about in the same way or been attended by identical circumstances. But in its basic elements it is pretty much the same in every case. The point at issue—the debatable ground—is this; *Was Sutherland justified in acting as he did? What are the ethics of the problem?*

It is quite apparent at the outset that opinion will be sharply divided on the question. There are those, and they are perhaps in the majority, who will

maintain that Sutherland was quite right in behaving as he did, and that it was perfectly legitimate for him to make use of the offer he had received to force his old employer to raise his salary. Others will point out, however, that it is a questionable procedure for any man to hold up a firm in this fashion and, if not absolutely dishonest, at least unfair.

There are two extremes to the problem. The first is an example that shows how unfair the proposition may be made for the firm making the offer. A United States company, having decided to open a Canadian office, cast about for a man to place in charge of it. It was necessary to secure some one acquainted with Canadian conditions and with a knowledge of their particular business. A man in the employ of another house was considered the best person available and he was duly approached and offered the position. It was a favorable offer and the man agreed to accept. He went further and signed an agreement to this effect, only stipulating that he should not leave his old firm until his employer returned from a trip to the west.

Then the man's employer came home. One of the first documents placed before him was the resignation of his employee. He received it with surprise, sent for the man and told him that he could not let him go. He offered him a very considerable raise in salary, which was too much for the man to withstand and, notwithstanding his written agreement with the American firm, he capitulated. He telegraphed to New York that he had reconsidered his decision and would not leave his present place. The head of the American firm immediately jumped on a train and came north. He remonstrated with the recalcitrant fellow and pointed out that he could force him by law to live up to his agreement. But the man was obstinate, and won out by the argument that you could bring a mule to the water but you could not force him to drink. If he were compelled to take charge of the Canadian office, he would do so but he would not

bring the necessary enthusiasm to bear on the work that would make it a success.

At the other extreme one finds a situation such as occurred recently in a Canadian city. A young man in the employ of one firm was offered a corresponding position in another firm at a raise of fifty per cent. of his salary. He was at a loss to know what to do, as he much preferred to remain with the firm for whom he was then working. He made no false expression of opinion to the firm making him the offer, but the increased salary was a strong inducement. He referred the matter to an older man, who advised him to go at once to his employer and tell him of the offer, explaining the circumstances to him. In his opinion the fair course was to give the latter an opportunity to do something to hold the youth. The employer received him very kindly, expressed his appreciation of the young man's behavior and informed him frankly that he could not meet the other firm's offer, but that he would give him an advance of thirty per cent. if he would remain in his old position, with the promise of a further raise at the end of the year. This was satisfactory to the young man and he agreed to remain.

Neither of these instances illustrate the genuine salary hold-up, where an employee deliberately makes use of an offer from another firm to secure a raise from his employers. But they show how a man may very easily slip into a position where loyalty either to the firm making the offer or to the firm employing him may be in question. If he has committed himself to the former, honesty demands that he should abide by his first decision. If he is true to the latter, no consideration should make him play a double game.

That there is a very considerable use made of offers from outside sources to secure more advantageous conditions in an office, is patent to any one having but the slightest business experience. It is an old dodge that has not yet been worked to its limit. Time and again an employer will be advised by mem-

bers of his staff that such and such a rival firm has made them an offer, with the obvious intention of getting an increase. Sometimes it is effective. Sometimes it fails—altogether dependent on the character of the employer.

But the serious side of the situation is that in numerous cases the supposed offer is purely an imaginative one. There are certain young fellows who are continually receiving wonderful offers which on investigation prove to be entirely fictitious. On hearing one of these fairy tales, one is naturally inclined to wonder why it is that they continue to draw the small salaries that they do. Yet, unfortunately, there are some cases where the ruse works, else it would no longer be practiced.

Those who support the contention that it is quite right and proper to utilize an outside offer to secure a salary increase, base their argument on the seemingly fair assumption that such an offer furnishes one of the best means of estimating a man's worth. His services are in the market for the highest bidder and, if one firm thinks he is worth more than another firm is paying him, their figure is the correct estimate of his worth. To let his employers know this is regarded as a fair procedure. If it appears like an ultimatum, it is only one of the conditions to be met with every day in business life.

Those who look upon the hold-ups as little better than a real Jesse James affair take a different view. To their mind the circumstance that an offer has been made may be regarded as a very gratifying commentary on the worth of a man but it should not be used to influence an employer. If the latter is not paying his men fair salaries and if it takes such compulsion as the fear of losing a man, to induce him to raise his pay, then he is a pretty poor man to work for and it would be just as well to leave him at once. The proper step to take according to these people is to have a heart to heart talk with the head of the house and get from him a statement of what he proposes to do in the matter of salary and advancement.

If he is honestly desirous of doing the right thing and encouraging his employees, his proposition will be a fair one, in spite of anything a rival house may be prepared to do.

Employers themselves are largely to blame for the state of affairs in this connection. If they are pestered with persistent employees who are constantly coming into the private office and talking about accepting some other firm's offer if their present employer won't toe the mark, it is largely because they have encouraged this sort of thing by failing to do the square thing by their men. The plaintive lament of the deserted employer, "If I had only known you had received that offer before you accepted it, I would have given you just as much," is a sad reflection on their lack of appreciation of merit or else it is a straight confession that they underpay their staff. If a man is worth a certain sum after he gets an offer he is certainly worth it before and it should be an employer's duty to see that he is drawing what he is worth.

Of course there is a class of employers who will stand no nonsense and the least impression they receive that an employee is trying this hold-up game to get an increase of salary is enough to decide them against making any concession. These are the men who believe they are paying fair salaries and usually they are the men who are really paying them.

However much one may be inclined to consider the hold-up a legitimate way of dealing with the situation, it must be conceded that the more honorable course is to deal direct with an employer on the merits of the case. You may hold the outside offer in mind as a basis on which to estimate your value in dollars and cents, but the final decision should rest on what you are worth to your employer both to-day and to-morrow. If it takes the compulsion of a competitor's offer to induce an employer to raise your salary, you had better be accepting the other man's proposition. He at least recognized your worth, and would doubtless be more inclined to advance you in the future.

Canada's Volcanic Menace

By Ethel M. Chapman

WHEN scientists told us that Montreal was built on a volcano ridge which some day might burst forth like St. Pierre or Vesuvius, we looked upon it as an absurd theory evolved in the study of some very learned, but very impractical professor. We were forced to admit that volcanoes did exist in the vicinity of our commercial metropolis, but they had burned themselves out hundreds of years ago. We also knew that earthquakes in recent years had shaken the district to its foundations, and when we learned that a few months ago a similar extinct volcano on our North-western border had developed into one of the most terrific eruptions in the history of the world compared with which Vesuvius and St. Pierre were pigmies, it made us treat the learned professor with more respect. When our Western cities felt the fumes and our meteorologists reported the ashes from this great explosion as far east as Nova Scotia, the subject became interesting. However, these learned men assure us that there is nothing to cause alarm, but rather the reverse. The vent created by the recent gigantic explosion on our west border would quiet things down in the bowels of the earth for many centuries to come.

If it is possible to find any good feature in the ill wind of this Alaskan disaster, it lies in the fact that the interest taken in the suffering survivors may create a warmer feeling for the inhabitants of our own Northland with its poor social conditions, its flourishing hotbeds of vice, its almost complete abandonment by civilization except for the gold that can be brought out of it.

To the National Geographic Society alone we are indebted for any definite knowledge of these phenomena. Katmai

was one of the least known of the many extinct volcanic Alaskan peaks, and had been so long dormant that there were, apparently, not even local legends of its former outbreaks. No observed warnings of its renewed activity were given other than copious steaming and minor earthquakes. These attracted little attention even among the few dwellers in that thinly settled land, for dozens of other volcanoes along the Alaskan coast steam freely from time to time. The peak is usually hidden in the clouds, and local earthquakes are so frequent as to cause little comment. Then without warning, on the sixth of June the Katmai volcano proclaimed itself by a violent eruption. The column of steam and ash rose several miles in the air, and was immediately seen as far away as Clark Lake and Cook Inlet, distances of 600 and 650 miles. This cloud of ash was carried eastward by the wind and within a few hours had shed a shower of ashes over all the east end of the Alaskan peninsula and Kodiak Island.

THE PEOPLE OF KODIAK.

The inhabitants of the Alaskan Peninsula include a few hundred people in ten or twelve small native villages, a handful of traders and prospectors, and the employees of four or five salmon canneries. A very unique picture the interior of these canneries presents. Most of the workers are women and girls, the men having charge of the boats and the unloading of the fish. They stand ranged in two long rows behind troughs of water, and steadily as the pendulum of a clock each works on at her own special task whether it be to clean the fish, cut off the head, or wash it ready for canning. Squaw, and Pol-

ish women, young and old, with bright kerchiefs wound like turbans about their heads, are scattered promiscuously along, about every third one having a baby strapped to her back. The girls are slim and supple-looking as young deer,—the women squat and (which is not to be wondered at) decidedly sour-looking.

The largest, as well as the quaintest and most attractive town on the Alaskan coast is Kodiak. Its population includes the largest proportion of Americans of any town in south-western Alas-

Packer's Association, who put it there, and they were beginning to be won as completely to the sweet, grave, soft-eyed lady in white who cared so tenderly for their sick babies, dressed their broken limbs and hunting wounds, and when they were brought to her, wasted and torn with coughing made the rest of their journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds as easy as possible. Just now the nurse was not busy. The hospital and town alike were almost deserted during the fishing season, so the doctor was not surprised when he found her



Native church at Kodiak before the eruption of Mount Katmai.

ka, and while it has almost outlived the memories of its former glories as capital, it may justly be proud of the new activities which have recently come through the establishment of salmon and halibut fisheries and of important agricultural industries. Moreover, on this particular summer it was graced with the novel addition of a tent hospital.

The natives looked with doubtful eyes and no little awe upon the strange, white structure, but they had grown to fearlessly confide in the boy doctor, brought out from Toronto by the B.C.

staring with lonely, wistful, homesick eyes toward the sea.

"Wanting to leave us again?" he inquired.

She smiled bravely. "I think," she replied, "that there is nothing left for me to do. I am really not needed here now."

He wondered for a moment how she could want a broader scope for her usefulness, and he wanted, more than he had ever wanted anything in his life before to tell her just how much she was needed here, even though there should never be a sick Indian again;

but he remembered what she had left—the protection and pleasure and culture of an Eastern home. So he merely looked toward the water and said,—

"Of course you have some of the girls so well broken in that they could manage fairly well."

A CRAZED DEMON IN THE INNER EARTH.

Then without warning the sound of the first mighty explosion carried down the coast even across the Alaska range

dust. The temperature rose rapidly, and the air became heavy, sultry and stifling. A bird floundered, crying wildly and fell against the canvas wall.

With the instinct of the true nurse, the girl's first thought was for her patient, "I have just one," she said.

"A native?"

"No—a sadder case—a mere boy,—some mother's boy. Tuberculosis."

The doctor lighted a lantern and



The same scene during the eruption of Mount Katmai, June 6, 1912, showing the great drifts of volcanic ashes.

into Canada as far as Dawson and Fairbanks. The sun was blinded, the earth quivered beneath their feet like a living animal, twilight deepened into velvet blackness save when a fitful yellow light glared from the awful crater like the eyes of a crazed demon of the inner earth. And now began the real rain of ashes; it fell in torrents; it swirled and eddied. Gravity seem to have nothing to do with its fall. It penetrated the walls of the tent and covered everything with a thick layer of

hung it against the wall. Such cases were becoming far too common. They were almost beginning to shake his own fortitude, these horrors of the Northland. He helped the girl wring sheets from cold water to make a screen about the bed for the dust was now filling the nostrils, sifting through the clothing and smiting the eyeballs like dashes of acid.

In his half delirium the boy cried hoarsely,—“Is it hell? They always said I’d end there but, somehow, I

thought He'd sort of make allowance." A pause of unconsciousness followed for a few minutes, then the pricks of pain roused him again. "Say nurse," he gasped painfully, "I don't mind this heat-an' smoke—I'll sleep quiet soon 'spite of that—but—I want my mother—she won't be there. She allus said I'd come to her, but—after she went no one seemed to care. The Gov-ner turned me out—an' I came here—an' say—you know about how much anyone cares about a fellow up here. The saloons an,—you know Doc.—You tried to save me, but I was too far down before you came."

The doctor looked in mute appeal at the nurse. There were tears in his eyes, tears that showed the man that was in him, and seeing it the girl would have given worlds to respond to his quest, but words choked her. She picked up her violin and sweet and clear through the hazy atmosphere of the tent, the strings seemed to utter like a human voice the familiar old words:—

"There were ninety and nine that
safely lay

In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold."

Right through from verse to verse the boy followed with closed eyes and relaxing features. At the end he almost smiled.

"Brings home—His' own," he repeated. "I guess—that's—me."

They spoke but he didn't hear them. The labored breathing grew fainter and fainter and ceased.

The hours passed. There were painful tasks to be done. There was no telling where the calamity might end. The continuous rain of ash was accompanied by thunder and lightning which seemed to crawl from the earth upward

like a snake. Suddenly a figure staggered through the darkness and fell against the door. It was Fire-Dance, the prettiest little half-breed in the village.

"Where's tillicum?" she demanded wildly. "He sick—Me leave boat, fish,—run home through the dark."

Her black eyes glaring like beads of fire sought theirs with cunning intuition. She knew the truth. She squatted on the floor in stolid silence. Vainly the nurse talked to her, but she never moved. It was the same old tragedy over again, but her heart was not bitter, it was just turning to stone within her. The Indian women of our Northwest have suffered for and been deserted by the white man for years without nursing their resentment, and why should Fire-Dance think her tillicum faithless? He had died; he didn't run away.

In the morning she, too, was taken, shrinking, lonely, afraid. If someone had only taught her!

The sulphurous vapors subsided and rain fell,—rain that tarnished silver and striking the eyes produced a sharp pain. The doctor turned from the form on the bed to the girl but before he could catch her she crumpled up in a heap at his feet. As she was regaining consciousness she heard a voice from somewhere repeating.

"You brave, brave girl. You've had about enough of this. I'll take you home right away."

"I don't want to go," she whispered. "I think I understand that I'm needed here now."

"Then we'll come back when things are green again and—"He said some more about building a house among the trees but he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for the tired head had fallen against his shoulder and the girl was sleeping.

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

The Coming of the Talking Pictures

Edison says that the Synchronization of Sight and Sound is an Old Idea of his

In the course of an article under the above caption a writer in *Munsey's Magazine* gives the views of Thomas A. Edison on the question. Most people, declares this writer, will agree that the ordinary motion picture has become well-nigh indispensable in education and science; in preserving the march of historic and significant event, and in advancing the whole social uplift. How much more effective will all this be when sound becomes part of the reproduction? Pictures of the great battles of the future will reverberate with the roar of guns. Views of coronations and inaugurations will resound with the huzzas of crowds and the crash of music. The stage of the Metropolitan Opera House may be peopled with stars long since dead, but whose voices and acting will still bring thrills.

Fancy the precious heritage of posterity if the kinetophone had been in use at Washington's farewell, at the charge of the French guard at Waterloo, or when Edwin Booth was playing "Hamlet!"

The visible evidences of the use of the kinetophone, together with the almost thrilling vista of its possibilities, needed the spoken authority of the man behind the machine. So I went to West Orange—a place familiar to the historian of scientific progress—to talk to the veteran inventor who by this latest expression of his genius had in reality become a wizard of sight and sound.

I waited for him in that combination library and office which is part of the setting of electrical history. It is big, spacious, and seasoned, with an atmosphere of Edison achievement about it. For here is assembled part of the world-wide tribute, in bronze, marble, and print, to that marvel-

ous brain-product on which the sun never sets.

There were the old roll-top desk littered high with papers, and the big easy chair in which he had dreamed the dreams that had been translated into a far-reaching human service. In a space between stacks of book-shelves you saw, half hidden in the shadows, the plain army cot, with its blankets still tousled, on which he had just snatched a few hours' sleep after a night dedicated to work.

The door opened, revealing the shy, modest, almost shrinking figure of Edison. So unobtrusive was his manner that he might have been a humble subordinate carrying a message to his chief. If it had been summer, he would have had on the famous white suit; but it was winter, and he wore an old, wrinkled suit of gray clothes. His collar was wide at the throat, and the well-known white string tie twisted into a shapeless knot. A grayish felt hat, its band stained with perspiration, was jammed down over his forehead.

It was the same dreamy-eyed Edison as of old, careless of personal appearance, moving, walking, talking like a man rapt in a mighty vision. In his patient, kindly countenance was the glamour of an understanding that somehow made you think of one of the prophets and seers of other days. To come into his presence is to get an unforgettable impression of simple, unaffected greatness.

He sank into the big chair, and seemed, for a moment, to literally fold himself up physically and meditatively. I asked him about the kinetophone, and he began to talk in a low, even, well-modulated voice.

"The kinetophone," he said, "or rather

the synchronization of sight and sound, is an old idea of mine that has finally been realized. In one way or another it had been in mind for more than thirty years. Back in the late seventies, when I invented the phonograph, it was stirring, and in 1887, when I was able to perfect the motion-picture camera, that idea of a combination of sight and sound persisted. Some of my earliest experiments in sound included an attempt to work it out.

"The problem of actual synchronization was the least difficult of my tasks. The hardest job was to make a phonographic recorder which would be sensitive to sound a considerable distance away, and which would not show within the range of the lens. You get some idea of the difficulty when I make this comparison—if you estimate the volume of sound at a distance of one foot from the recorder at one hundred, you find that at a distance of two feet it diminishes to twenty-five. The difficulty has now been overcome, although I expect to make my recorder much more effective than it is at present."

"What do you regard as the largest use for the kinetophone?" I asked.

"I believe," replied Mr. Edison. "that its greatest use, for the present and for a considerable time to come, will be for music. By this I mean opera, musical plays, and kindred entertainment. I have always wanted to bring the great music of the world within the range of the people. I am interested in the man I call the five-cent fellow. I want him to be able to go to his regular motion-picture house, and for five cents hear the great artists and the immortal music that for years have been denied to him. Thus we can reduce the high cost of amusement, if we cannot put down the high cost of living."

"Of course, as you have seen, the kinetophone is and will continue to be more and

more effective in the interpretation of the shorter and more intimate plays. I do not think that it will be used, for some time at least, for long, sustained dramas."

At this point there arose the very pertinent question as to the effect of the talking motion picture upon the now securely established silent "movie."

"The talking motion picture will not supplant the regular silent motion picture," said Mr. Edison. "Each has its distinct use. In the first place, there is such a tremendous investment in the pantomime pictures that it would be absurd to disturb it. I have in mind a development of the kinetophone which will enable us to put out an attachment for synchronization which may be placed on the regular machines. Thus the theatre can provide both kinds of motion pictures."

As a matter of fact, the only kind of amusement which seems to be in jeopardy as a result of the introduction of the kinetophone is the cheap vaudeville. The elimination of most of this will be a benefit, instead of a loss.

The kinetophone has been perfected to its present stage for at least three years, and it would have been easily possible for the inventor to announce and produce the talking motion pictures a year ago; but he has made it a practice not to release his inventions until he is sure of them.

"You know," he said to me before I left. "I am not really a man of science. I am simply a commercial inventor, and the things I do must be commercially right."

Whatever may be the final service of the kinetophone, the salient fact that its coming emphasizes is that at last we have a scientific synchronization of sight and sound. Its pure amusement aspect must be subordinated to its possibilities—as yet, of course, undeveloped—of practical and useful work in many other fields.

The Jewish invasion of America

There are More Jews Living in New York than were Ever Collected
Before in Any One Place

BURTON J. HENDRICK, a feature writer on the McClure staff, deals in the March issue of that magazine with "The Jewish Invasion of America."

Next to Russia, the United States is the greatest Jewish country in the world.

There are 2,000,000 Jews in the United States, of whom 1,000,000 are found in New York City. There are more Jews living in New York than were ever collected before in any one place.

From New York the Jews are rapidly

spreading throughout the country. There are 100,000 in Chicago, 100,000 in Philadelphia, 75,000 in Boston, and 50,000 in St. Louis. Practically every American city likewise has representation.

The United States furnishes the greatest opportunities to Hebrews that the race has ever had. Here they are economically and politically free—unhindered by the restrictions that interfere with their success in eastern Europe.

What use has this indomitable people made of these new opportunities? To what extent is their influence increasing in the United States? The article answers these and other similar questions.

After detailing the success of the Jews in the clothing business, Mr. Hendrick considers the real estate aspect of the subject.

Another most interesting phase of the article concerns the Jewish invasion of the theatrical world and the trust which has resulted.

Perhaps its most marked result is the fact that the Jews are rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the land. New York's greatest single landed proprietors are the old family estates—the Astors, the Goets, the Rhinelanders, and the rest—who still tenaciously hold to the soil. Nearly all the new purchasers of land, however, are Jews. This people not only clothes the masses—it also shelters them. One needs only to read the real-estate transfers published every day in the newspapers to learn the extent to which the Jews are acquiring the land. The particular morning on which these lines are written, for example (December 12, 1912), the New York Times records the transfer of thirty-six pieces of property in Manhattan and the Bronx. The names show that twenty-six of these particular purchasers are Jews; one is Italian; one probably German; while seven are unquestionably Anglo-Saxons. The list contains not a single Irish name—although the Irish make up at least a quarter of the city's population. The Real Estate Record and Guide annually publishes a bulky volume containing a complete list of all the property-holders in New York. This book amounts to an almost continuous catalogue of Jewish names. There are comparatively few Smiths, Robinsons, O'Briens, and Murphys; there is page after page of Cohns, Levys, Kahns and Rosenthals. Outside of the great New York landed families already referred to, the largest individual property-holders in New York are men bearing such names as Appel, Bachrack, Bittenweiser, Fleischmann, Frankenthaler, Hyman, Jarmulowsky, Lese, Lowenfeld,

Mandelbaum, Ottenberg, Sulzberger and Weil. Only a few years ago a considerable number of these present-day millionaire proprietors were carrying packs on their backs or driving push-carts. And they are large holders not only in the East Side tenement district, but in all parts of the city, including the high-class business and residential sections. The chances are, if you wish to lease an apartment in almost any part of New York, to-day, that you will pay your rent to a Jewish landlord. There is not the slightest doubt that in a few years the Jews will own the larger part of Manhattan Island—the richest parcel of real estate in the world.

They have accomplished this success as landholders by the exercise of precisely those traits and talents that have led to the control of the clothing industries—their ability to economize, to operate on a small capital, to live on almost nothing, and to find minute profits in hitherto unsuspected corners. Peddlers, push-cart venders, store-keepers, pawn-brokers, and contractors in the clothing trades—these occupations mark the beginnings of New York's future landlords. In many instances, they break into the ownership of real estate just as they break into the clothing business—as middlemen. Until the appearance of the Jews, there were only two parties concerned in the control and management of landed property—the landlord and the tenant. Under these conditions, the Jews could make little progress, as the fee ownership of land, even when it is so liberally mortgaged as it is in American cities, demanded more capital than the average immigrant could command.

So a third party, in the shape of the Jewish lessee, gradually squeezed himself between the landlord and the tenant. By saving and scraping in every direction, the prospective landlord gets together from fifty to a hundred dollars—enough to make a beginning. With this he leases a whole tenement-house. He then moves himself and his family into the least expensive flat, and proceeds to cut expenses in every possible direction. He dismisses the janitor and takes the job himself. He is also his own plumber, plasterer, carpenter and general repair man, while his wife or daughter usually acts as scrubwoman. Once a week he makes the rounds of the several apartments, collecting the rents. By the end of a year he usually has a safe margin of profit; in five years, the period for which such leases commonly run, he has \$3,000 or \$4,000. With this he purchases a tenement-house of his own. The building may have a market value of \$40,000, but the new pur-

chaser gives back two, three, four, five or six mortgages, falling due at successive dates. Once more he moves in, his family assumes all the details of management, and the profits of the building are used to pay the mortgages. In this way the industrious Jew in a few years works himself up into the actual ownership of the building. With the profits from this he purchases others. He is constantly speculating in vacant land, and becomes a builder of tenements and apartment-houses on his own account. Briefly, this is the mechanism under which the soil of New York City is passing from the hands of its old-time possessors into those of this immigrant people.

Another most interesting phase of the article concerns the Jewish invasion of the theatrical world and the trust which has resulted.

The activities of American Jews, however, extend far beyond the borders of New York. They control, in particular, one business that reaches into every part of the country—the business of public amusement. They absolutely dominate the “legitimate drama” on its business side, and are the largest single factors in vaudeville and moving pictures. Indeed, the business of relaxation and entertainment for more than 90,000,000 Americans is almost exclusively a Jewish industry. Here, again, the Jews have converted a hazardous speculative enterprise into an enormously profitable commercial undertaking. In doing this, they have completely made over the business, and have secured control in precisely the same way that they have secured control of the clothing business—by introducing and making all-powerful the middleman.

One needs to go back only twenty-five years to discover how completely the Jews have eliminated all other races in the amusement field. Just glance, for a moment, at the names of the great theatrical “magnates” of a generation ago. They were nearly all Irish or plain Anglo-Saxon. The legitimate theatre was dominated then by men like John B. Stetson, A. M. Palmer, J. H. Haverly, J. M. Hill, and Augustin Daly. In musical comedy the leading names were those of E. E. Rice and John A. McCaul. Scattered all over the country were successful managers of local stock companies of great competence—such as McVicker in Chicago, Mrs. Drew in Philadelphia, and Macauley in Louisville.

A similar roster now would show an overwhelming majority of Jewish names. It is not only in the matter of race, however, that these old-time “magnates” differed from the new. In many cases they repre-

sented an altogether different theatrical type. Nearly all were primarily theatrical managers, and only secondarily business men; many, indeed, had earned their apprenticeship as actors and playwrights. They understood writing as a technical art, and approached the business of entertaining the public largely from an artistic standpoint. The Jewish managers who control the industry now, however, are nothing but business men. A few exceptions, of course, must be made; certainly no one would say that such men as David Belasco and Charles and Daniel Frohman are primarily commercialists. With practically all the rest, however, the modern theatre is simply merchandise, like ready-made clothing and women's cloaks. Whereas the old managers started their careers on the stage, it is significant that nearly all of the new managers started in the box-office or in one of the occupations closely allied to the theatre.

Abraham L. Erlanger was a ticket-seller in a Cleveland theatre, and afterward became an advance agent. Marc Klaw started as a newspaper man in Louisville, Kentucky, and also achieved early success as an advance agent. Frederick Zimmerman was a bill-poster. Theodore Liebler a printer and lithographer. Al Hayman did a profitable business in the West, financing stranded theatrical companies on a percentage basis. Martin Beck, one of the two great “magnates” of modern vaudeville, was originally a waiter in a Chicago music-hall. The Graus, who dominated grand opera in this country for forty years, used to work as street peddlers in front of the old Astor House. The Shuberts, originally haberdashers in Syracuse, made their theatrical beginnings as water-boys and ushers. One of the few rich Jewish managers of to-day who could be described as having entered the theatrical business from the “artistic” side is William Harris, who was once part of a popular black-face song-and-dance team in Boston. Daniel Frohman started life as an office-boy for Horace Greeley, and Charles Frohman as advance man for Haverley's minstrels. The figure of Charles Frohman marching at the head of the minstrel parade down Broadway is still vividly recalled by old-time New Yorkers.

The charge that the Jewish theatrical men have commercialized the theatre is unquestionably justified; it is also true that a certain amount of commercialization was needed. Thirty years ago the theatre was probably the most demoralized business that made any claim to respectability. Few theatrical managers of that day had advanced

to the dignity of having a private office. Americans are a nation of play-goers, and the aggregate amount spent on the theatre in the United States is enormous. The industry was all at loose ends; it needed co-ordination: in a word, here was a splendid business chance for a middleman. In the Jewish firm of Klaw and Erlanger this middleman appeared. These men, keen, alert, and persistent, became, in the years from 1894 to 1900, the great clearing-house of the American theatrical business. They "cornered" the theatrical market by a perfectly obvious expedient. The way to control the business was not to corral the actors, the playwrights, or the managers; the thing to do was to get the theatres themselves. And, in order to monopolize the theatre in the country, it was necessary actually to control only those in the large cities. Therefore, Klaw and Erlanger made Charles Frohman a part of their syndicate, as Mr. Frohman controlled many big theatres in New York. Nixon and Zimmerman entered the combine because they controlled leading theatres in Philadelphia. Al Hayman, who owned many theatres in large Western cities, was indispensable for the same reason. Rich and Harris, who had large theatrical interests in Boston, also affiliated themselves more or less directly with the syndicate. With the exception of Frohman, these men were not theatrical men in the old sense; the trust was simply a business organization of men who controlled theatrical real estate.

Having got the biggest theatres in the largest cities in their hands, the next step was easy. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger went to local managers all over the country with the proposition that they should take the season's "booking" of "attractions" entirely out of the managers' hands. For a commission, say five or ten per cent. of the box-office receipts, they agreed to provide shows for the whole season. The local managers need take no more expensive trips to New York, or spend time in perplexing correspondence; all they needed to

do was simply to sit at home, see that their theatres were cleaned and lighted, and take such attractions as the syndicate sent them. As a matter of fact, such was the power of the syndicate that local managers were compelled to accept this proposition. "Unless you let us book for you," the syndicate said, almost in these very words, "you won't get any attractions at all; your theatre will remain 'dark' all winter."

Certain managers and actors—Mrs. Fiske, Belasco, Hackett, and Francis Wilson, among others—tried to break this monopoly, but without the slightest success. As in the cloak business, the real competition in theatricals has been between German and Russian Jews. The members of the syndicate were Germans, and it was three young Russian Jews from Syracuse, New York State, who finally destroyed their monopoly. When the Shuberts came to New York, in 1900, to open warfare on the trust, the idea seemed fairly grotesque. Sam Shubert, ablest of the three brothers, was only nineteen years old, and weighed only ninety pounds. These men had started business in New York State in the smallest possible way, getting a theatre here and there in small towns. Their relatives, their grocerymen, their bakers, and their butchers financed their operations. The three brothers finally scraped together enough money to lease the Herald Square Theatre in New York. A fortunate speculation, Augustus Thomas' play, "Arizona," put the Shuberts in funds and launched them on their career. At the present time the two surviving brothers—Sam Shubert was killed in a railroad accident a few years ago—control fifteen theatres in New York City, and also have theatres in every large city in the country. In all, there are nearly eighty theatres in their hands. They have a large number of traveling companies and booking-offices of their own. The old syndicate is still very rich and powerful; however, it no longer has the field exclusively in its hands, but now divides it with the Shuberts.

The Protestant Drift to Roman Catholicism

A Series of Lights Introduced in a New York Episcopal Church

THAT the border line between the "high" Protestant Church services and those of the Roman Catholic Church is becoming less and less distinct has for some time past been a matter of comment among those

who deprecate this tendency. A well known Canadian Presbyterian has expressed the opinion that eventually the Protestant Church would revert to Rome.

"The vast majority of the frequenters

of gambling dens are young men; so are the occupants of our jails and our courts. We are urged to confess our faults," said a leading Methodist clergyman in Toronto recently, "and I am not so sure that the Roman Catholic confession is wrong. It is a great load from the heart to have such an opportunity to ease one's mind."

It is claimed, moreover, that last year in Great Britain alone about 15,000 converts were made to Roman Catholicism.

Further evidence in support of this tendency to drift toward Rome is afforded by an account given in the *World Magazine* of a Service of Lights, the first of its kind ever given in an Episcopal Church, held in the early part of Lent, in Calvary Church, New York City.

Seventy-five candles were on the altar. High, seven-branch candlesticks stood on either side of the sanctuary. In the dome over the altar a large star blazed. At every fourth pew along the centre aisle stood a tall, lighted candle.

The choir of fifty men and boys, in their white surplices and singing "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful," entered at the door of the north transept. Acolytes and clergy followed. All took their places in chancel

and sanctuary. There were brief descriptive readings of the birth, life, death and resurrection of Christ. After the reading of the Scripture making reference to the Epiphany, the star in the dome disappeared.

The hymns increased in solemnity. In succession the electric lights were extinguished. At the benediction only the candles on the altar and those along the centre aisle remained. Chopin's Funeral March was played as a recessional. Acolytes handed a candle from off the altar to each boy and man as the choir passed from the stalls. The altar lights were extinguished.

Then, when the last glimmer of the candles carried by the choir disappeared in the distance and, save for the flickering lights along the centre aisle and the cross in the sanctuary, the great church was clothed in gloom, a small boy rose from the corner by the first choir stall and sang the words of the hymn "The Strife Is O'er." As the voice of the child echoed through the silence and, while the congregation was yet kneeling, a brilliant light flashed from the gallery revealing the singer standing in a blaze of glory at the foot of the cross.

The Scottish and Irish Clans

Ireland Fatherland of Much of Scotch Tradition and Hereditary Power

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE contributes to the *Windsor Magazine* an interesting survey of the Scottish and Irish clans in the course of which some curious points are brought out. The clan system first received comparatively modern development in Ireland and was thence transported to Scotland, where amongst isolated islands and glens it flourished greatly. The very name of Scots is Irish. Ireland was Scotia or the land of the Scots and it was only another migration of Celts from Ireland to Scotland that gave modern Scotland its name.

In dress these men of Ireland, these ancient Scoti, were fond of wearing but one long garment of wool, which dress or "length" they wrapped round their waists, so that above the knee they were girt by it to the middle, and the rest of the "length" of wool plaiding they threw around their shoulders or drew over their heads of long hair, and fixed with a pin of bronze.

They worshipped the sun, though they had fewer opportunities of seeing their god than had most folk, and they carried in their hands willow-leaf-shaped swords of bronze, and on their left arms they carried a round shield of cowhide stretched over a wooden buckler.

The bronze they used was so fine in quality that it looked like gold when burnished, and there was a good deal of actual gold found in Ireland. Often the golden bracelets, that were something of the shape of modern drawer handles, have been found. They are three-quarter circles, heaviest in the centre, and cusped into shallow cups at the ends.

There were even thin golden breastplates made for the horses of warriors great in fame, so that a chief clad in saffron mantle and with gold bangles on arms, and helmet and sword and rough armour of yellow brass, must have looked like an enormous and terrible canary bird.

Then there was, of course, his hereditary

following — his hereditary shield-bearer, hereditary chariot-driver, hereditary spear-bearer, and, when he went home, hereditary cup-bearer. In short, there were no end of hereditary followers, with the seanachy, or bard, or secretary and recorder, whose business it was to put in proper order the claims to hereditary distinction of all, from king to knave.

"I am the hereditary standard-bearer to the O'Toby More, sor, and I'd have ye know it, or ye'd be insulting me, sor, and I'll tread on your toes and scatter your ashes to heaven, that I will, be jabers — murder and turf, sor!" an enraged clansman is said to have thundered, on a mere Saxon asking why he called himself hereditary anything.

Whether that Saxon still exists to ask questions is in itself a difficult question to answer, but it may be supposed that he is under the turf, brought to an untimely end by some Celt who considers himself to be the hereditary executioner of people who make irreverent remarks on Celtic institutions.

In the Motherland of Ireland the clans were often very small, although some few were numerous enough, such as the O'Neills, but the country did not lend itself to segregation as did Scotland. Once across the Irish Sea the colonists to Alban found themselves in a country where home rule among one tribe on an island or in a glen was the natural condition of affairs, as was also the feud with the neighbouring islands or glens. The people of each island still think that to take a wife from another island is a slight upon the fair maidens of their own "gem of the sea," and the results are seen in a population which, to say the least, is often much stronger in body than in mind.

The natural idea which makes the islanders regard their own special isle as the "hub of the universe," and makes them brand as inferior mortals the inhabitants of another, had its full force in the Hebrides.

The story is well known how, in modern days, one of the clergy of the Isle of Cumbrae, in the Clyde estuary always prayed for the people of Cumbrae and afterwards for the neighbouring islands of Great Britain and of Ireland. It is pleasant to believe what one has to be the best of its kind in this world. "Society, morals, amusements can be best had at home." If one can believe all these things to be enjoyed to a lesser degree anywhere else,

such belief leads to a selfish satisfaction which is enviable.

Thus a rural parson, seeing four persons playing lawn tennis and four more looking on, exclaimed, "Dear me, what a brilliant scene!" and fully believed that his own parish was producing a vision of animation unrivalled elsewhere. So the clans who got possession of, for instance, the Isle of Mull, believed that none should enter their paradise save with their permission; and thus the MacDonald's believed in their exclusive possession of the Island of Islay, and grievous feuds arose, and the little fleets of each clan met and fought, and invasions were undertaken and bloodshed continued for long between the MacLeans and the MacDonalds. These little wars continued until comparatively very recent times.

These clans were a law unto themselves. Not only would they not pay just debts, but they constantly added to the heavy counts against them by "sorning" or "sponging" on all their neighbors, by carrying off their cattle and goods and then retreating to places most difficult to attack.

The most ancient castle in Scotland was Dunstaffnage near Oban where the stone of Destiny, the coronation of the ancient Irish Kings and then of the Scottish monarchy, was kept. Thence it was taken to the Palace of Scone. From Scone it was stolen by Edward I., "The Hammer of the Scots," as he called himself, and ever since it has been placed in the Coronation Chair, fulfilling the curious prophecy that, wherever it may be, there a king of Scottish blood shall reign.

The Highlanders were classed as lairds, tacksmen, sub-tenants and scallags. The men wore a short coat of home-made tartan and a kilt of Stirling plaid. The women wore this small plaid fastened with a brooch about the shoulders. Their other garments were made of tartan.

Their dwellings were, in some parts of Scotland, made of a rough double wall of unhewn stones with sand or moss between the walls. A hole in the middle of the roof let out the smoke from a fire lit in the centre, as in the wigwam of an American Indian. The clan system was devotion to the head of a tribe. Now we hardly recognize any but the nearest relationships. Perhaps we go too far in this, for unless a man has devotion to some ideal, private or public, he is a poor creature. Let us seek and serve a public principle if we cannot serve a patriarchal prince.

What the Slav Question Means

Has Europe any Business to Interfere in the Balkan Dispute?

WHEN we take up the Slav question we enter at once into the politics of Europe. "But" the world is asking "Why have the European powers the right to interfere in Balkan affairs?" Frederick Moore, writing in *The National Geographic Magazine* says that it is, in the first instance, the right of might, but most of the powers have also very definite reason or excuse.

England, the supporter of the Turks in former years, aided them then because the alternative of their occupation of Con-

posed them when she feared that they, being Slavs like the Russians, would eventually be annexed by Russia. But the three Slav States of South-eastern Europe have given very clear proof to the contrary, and as long as they desire their own liberty of action and independence, Great Britain will allow her Christian sympathies to support those minor States against the Turks.

The position of Austria Hungary supported by Germany in her interference on



Cholera victims from the trains which came into Constantinople daily for weeks with sick and wounded from the lines.

stantinople, seemed to be an occupation by the Russians, and England has never ceased to guard against the Russians achieving their ambition to acquire an outlet to a Southern sea.

As is well known, England's permanent policy in European affairs is to maintain a divided continent in order that she may remain supreme. She is always to be found balancing the rival European camps, thereby keeping the peace by placing her navy on the side of the weaker group. She is well satisfied that the Balkan States are victorious in the present war, though she op-

posed them when she feared that they, being Slavs like the Russians, would eventually be annexed by Russia. But the three Slav States of South-eastern Europe have given very clear proof to the contrary, and as long as they desire their own liberty of action and independence, Great Britain will allow her Christian sympathies to support those minor States against the Turks.

The position of Austria Hungary supported by Germany in her interference on behalf of the Albanians is one of serious politics as well as of thwarted ambitions. The evident intention of the victorious Balkan States was to divide Albania, an important territory though peopled only by a primitive mountain race and more or less sparsely settled. But the accomplishment of this plan would unite the Montenegrins and the Servians on the south of Austria within whose borders are many Slavs.

Austria-Hungary desires to keep any confederacy of the Southern Slavs feeble, because though these Southern Slavs intend to maintain their independence, they

are, nevertheless in sympathy with Russia, the great Slav nation, whose religion, like their own, is Orthodox—that is to say of the same form as the Greek.

The great balance of racial power in

taining an intact Albania which Austria will support and assert for political purposes, she may prepare for the future absorption by herself of this section at least of Turkey in Europe.



Slav peasants of Bosnia in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Europe being Germanic and Slav, the Germanic powers must prevent a strong Slav Confederacy south of them, as long as their northern frontier is permanently open to a Russian menace. Furthermore, by main-

It is because Roumania is not Slavic, yet lies geographically between Russia and the Southern Slavs that she naturally adheres in sympathy to the Germanic Alliance. Roumania's claim for territorial

compensation from Bulgaria, is based on the fact that many settlements of Roumanians, not emigrants from Roumania, but remnants evidently of ancient Roman invasion of the Balkan Peninsula will be annexed by Bulgaria with her share of the conquered territory of Macedonia and the Adrianople vilayet.

With the new order of things that must come soon after the several countries are able to mark out their new border lines and extend their respective governments, the various scattered settlements will naturally, to some extent, shift themselves behind the respective border lines of the races with which they are to become assimilated. There will be no difficulties save those that exist already in Balkan countries with the Spanish Jews who took refuge in Turkey in great numbers during the period of persecution in Spain.

As for the Turk, he will trek back to Asia, selling out his lands for what he can get, or allowing them to be taken from him, for there is much vindictive feeling

among the Christians. He will dispense with the question of compensation—being a fatalist—as the will of Allah. He will make his way back to Asia as he came away, centuries ago, little changed by his association with the people of Europe—whom he has kept as he found them in a medieval condition, with all the barbarity of medieval Europe, with all its picturesque, its color, squalor, and unthinking faith.

Will the Turk change now, and progress and reform? That is a question which I should answer in the negative. He is a Moslem, and the soul of the true Moslem is indifferent to progress.

But for the enlarged Balkan States it seems safe to predict rapid development along modern lines, for we have seen how all of them, under great difficulties have already fulfilled partially, at least, their aspirations to adopt the civilizing institutions of Europe and to advance in education, morals, and material welfare.

Cancer is Being Cured

The Radium Institute in London has Helped Over 70 Per cent. of the Cases

SINCE medical statistics tell us that sixty per cent. of the deaths of the present age are due either directly or indirectly to this dreaded disease, it is interesting to note what Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D., writing in *Hearst's Magazine*, says with regard to the latest scientific discoveries for its treatment.

Doubtless the greatest single problem that concerns the medical profession today is the cancer problem. It may fairly be said, as indeed it was said recently by Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute, that the cause of cancer is absolutely unknown. Dr. Rous has had great experience in cultivating cancer and in transferring the abnormal tissues from one animal to another, including mice, rats, and chickens. He appears to have produced cancer in an animal by injecting a liquid that had passed through a filter. This means that no bacteria of size visible under the most powerful microscope remained. It does not follow, however, that some ultra-microscopic virus, comparable in nature to the virus of smallpox and measles and the allied diseases, is not contained in the fil-

trate. But there are many pathologists who believe that cancer in the human subject originates from changes in the cells of the body without the influence of a transmissible virus.

A good deal of attention has been directed recently to the experiments of Dr. Leo Loeb, of St. Louis, who has long been testing colloidal copper in the treatment of cancer. Dr. Loeb's reputation as a cautious and thoroughly scientific investigator gives peculiar weight to anything that he says on the subject. Some of the results reported are encouraging. Unlike the tentative remedies of Von Wassermann and Ehrlich, the colloidal copper remedy has been tested on the human subject. Its use has led in many cases to a retrogression in the progress of the cancer, Dr. Loeb ventures the hope that when further developed his remedy may prove curative.

Meantime the first annual report of the London Radium Institute tells of the effects of the treatment of cancer by radium therapy. Baldly stated the statistics are these: Apparently cured 53, cured 28, improved 245, not improved 70, abandoned treatment

88, died 55. These results are regarded as on the whole very encouraging. It is said that cases reported as apparently cured are those in which all traces of the original disease have disappeared, and there are no indications of recurrence. The cases in which treatment was abandoned were chiefly those who had to leave London or who could not afford to travel repeatedly from the country to the Institute. The cancerous tissues that responded most favorably

to treatment were those located at the surface. Deep-seated cancers even of the same type were usually much less amenable to treatment.

Perhaps the most important conclusion drawn from the experience of this first year of the Radium Institute is that, except in the case of superficial affections, such as small ulcers, radium should never be relied upon to take the place of a possible operation.

New Profession for Girls

Posing for Illustrations in Advertisements has Now Become a Regular Business

WE LIVE in the Advertising Age, of course, but what should we do for our daintiest and prettiest posters without the Advertisement girl? Posing for advertisements is a comparatively new profession for girls and presents many attractions and advantages.

In the April "Royal," Mr. Elwin Neame who is an expert in advertisement photography, describes the art of posing for advertisement pictures and gives many hints to the would-be model.

The ideal advertisement model is not a girl of marvelous beauty, nor need she possess an elaborate wardrobe of expensive frocks; on the contrary, a blouse and tailor-made skirt are sufficient for the photographer's purposes. Her features should be good, her expression of face pleasing, and her whole appearance that of the ordinary middle-class girl — neat, but not gaudy, smart but not over-dressed.

There are thousands of girls who could fulfil these requirements, of course, but something more is required of the advertisement model. If she is to be a real success in her profession she must possess a certain amount of dramatic instinct, which will enable her to get into the character of the picture for which she happens to pose.

That the profession is one for which every girl is not adapted is evident from the fact that out of something like 700 to 1,000 applicants only about ten per cent. turn out useful models.

Nobody can foretell what the results of a successful advertisement will be. Sometimes they are rather unexpected.

One girl for instance was used to illustrate a catalogue which was sent to Paris, with the result that theatrical managers,

concert directors, and all sorts of other people poured in letters of inquiry as to who the girl was and where she might be found.

In the case of another advertisement, a man wrote from India to ask for the photograph of the girl who had posed, as she was, he said, the living image of a lady whom he loved in England. Curiously enough, another man wrote for a photograph of this same girl saying she was the duplicate of his wife in South Africa.

One advertisement used in the London Tube Railway last year was so successful that the pictures could not be kept up at all. People quietly tore them down and kept them as souvenirs. Over fifty of these pictures disappeared in this way.

An advertisement may easily be spoiled by some little error in detail as Mr. Neame found out when he photographed a girl washing her face with her hands, only to discover that a woman always uses a sponge or flannel—now regarded by sanitarians as a dangerous practice, because of the germs they absorb.

On another occasion in preparing a laundry advertisement, sheets, tablecloths and blankets were placed on top of the white shirts, a fatal mistake, of course, as in every well-conducted laundry the light articles are placed on top of the heavy ones. In a third instance, through bad posing, a girl was depicted at the telephone with her ear to the mouthpiece.

Chocolates and pretty girls go together and a look of pleased anticipation on the face of the model speaks volumes for the quality of the chocolates. It is not often that a girl who poses as an advertisement for chocolates makes an equally attractive

advertisement for cooking ingredients. But a clever model can adapt herself to different requirements—can look delightfully frivolous with a box of chocolates or charmingly serious with the rolling-pin.

The advertisement model will do well to find out what kind of an advertisement she is to be used for, before consenting to pose. Otherwise, she may find herself figuring in some dental advertisement, with her front teeth removed, or for some skin disease cure, with her face all covered

with blotches, or with grey locks, for the purpose of advertising a hair dye.

Many advertisement models combine stage work with posing, and walk on or sing in a chorus at one of the theatres at night, in addition to working at a studio in the morning.

The working hours at a studio are probably from ten to one o'clock, and this will bring the girl in an income of about \$15 a week. If she be walking on as well, her income should be about \$25 a week.

Old English and Scotch Ballads

Rich Discoveries of Melodies Being Made in the Southern States

THAT THE mountain fastnesses of Virginia and North Carolina should furnish the greatest unexplored field for old English and Scotch Ballads seems at first sight a somewhat striking idea.

This, however, is the belief of Dr. C. A. Smith, Professor of English at the University of Virginia.

Tremendous impetus was given Professor Smith's ballad-hunting a few weeks ago, says the New York Evening Post, when one of his students—W. E. Gilbert, of Russell County, Virginia—produced a variant of the famous ballad called "Barbara Allen." Mr. Gilbert heard it sung by an illiterate old woman in the mountains of Buchanan County, Virginia. Pepys speaks of this ballad in his diary, and Goldsmith, too, refers to it in several places. After making a number of visits to the old woman's cabin and after repeated failures, Mr. Gilbert at last succeeded in getting her to sing the ballad as it had been sung to her by her mother and grandmother and as she had sung it to her children and grandchildren. He set down the words and brought the completed form to Professor Smith.

Four New Verses of "Barbara Allen."

This variant has proved to be, in the opinion of Professor Smith, a notable discovery, indeed. Other variants of "Barbara Allen," one of the most famous ballads in the world, by the way, have been found in New England. All of them, however, are obviously incomplete in one particular. In the ballad as it has been handed down from generation to generation, that is, in the form in which it is generally

known to-day. Barbara Allen is made to be deeply grieved at the death of her lover, but in none of the known versions is any explanation made of the cause of her grief.

In the variant which Mr. Gilbert has found, there are four verses more than in any other variant hitherto discovered. These four verses give the clue to the grief of Barbara. This fact leads Dr. Smith to the conclusion that the present variant is, perhaps, nearer the original than any that has ever been unearthed before. The verses in point are as follows:

"Do you remember the other day,
When we were at the tavern drinking?
You drank a health to the ladies all
And you slighted Barbara Ellen."

"Yes, I remember the other day
When we were at the tavern drinking;
I drank a health to the ladies all
And three to Barbara Ellen."

"Do you remember the other night
When we were at the ballroom dancing?
You gave your hand to the ladies all
And slighted Barbara Ellen."

"Yes, I remember the other night
When we were at the ballroom dancing;
I gave my hand to the ladies all
And my heart to Barbara Ellen."

These four additional verses, Dr. Smith is convinced, tend to show that beyond question this new variant is a truer version of the original ballad than any other known one, because they make the story complete by giving a motive for the poignant grief of Barbara over the death of her lover. In all other versions the reason for Barbara's grief is in the dark. In them she accuses her lover as in this new one, but he makes no defence as he does here.

The new variant, furthermore, is called

Barbara "Ellen," not "Allen." Dr. Smith thinks this is another evidence that Mr. Gilbert's discovery is nearer the original than previously discovered variants, because Ellen throughout the ballad makes better rhyme than does Allan.

Still another undeveloped field for the future collector is to be found among the Southern negroes. A former student of the University of Virginia, George P. Waller, Jr., recently sent Professor Smith a negro version of one of the most famous pure English ballads—"Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter." It was learned from a negro "mammy" near Montgomery, Ala. Professor Smith says this is the first example, so far as he knows, of a negro variant of one of the 305 ballads recognized by Professor Child, the greatest ballad collector of the English-speaking world. It is believed that there must be many of these

variants scattered among the colored people of the South. To round them up would add not only to the world's knowledge of ballad survivals on American soil, but also, says Professor Smith, to the knowledge of primitive negro syntax and vocabulary in the attempt to reproduce European traditions.

In the effort to win these survivals from the illiterate white and black people of the South, a curious obstacle has been encountered. The old people who know the ballads are wary of singing them in the presence of strangers. It is often a very difficult task to induce the old folks to sing them at all, and rarely to repeat them so that they may be set down in writing. But, with a judicious use of "favors" and much diplomacy, this reluctance no doubt can and will be overcome.

Feeding the Public

A Chain of British Restaurants Similar to the Well Known American One

AT THE outset of his career, palettes (not palates) were of paramount interest to Sir Joseph Lyons, he tells us in the April Strand Magazine.

Sir Joseph is the founder of the large London catering firm, bearing his name, with a capital of eight and a half million dollars, and owning some two hundred and fifty restaurants, something after the style of Child's on this continent, which feed about 2,000,000 of the inhabitants of London. The company is paying a dividend of something like 42½ per cent. on the ordinary stock.

In his early days some of his water colors were exhibited at the Royal Institute and everything pointed to this being his occupation in life. But the incident of a badly served meal turned his thoughts in another direction.

"It chanced that, to satisfy the inner man, one morning in the 'eighties I strolled into a dirty—to me, repellent—little London restaurant, ordered the least uninviting dish I could hit upon, and turned things over in my mind during the unconscionably long time I had to wait for the arrival of my repast. I had often enough before this reflected how great fortunes had



Sir Joseph Lyons.

been made by the discovery of some simple universal want waiting to be supplied. In a flash it came to me that I had discovered just such a simple unsupplied universal want—clean and decent fare in bright and congenial surroundings at a reasonable price.

And there and then was laid the foundation-stone of a business which now feeds about two million of the inhabitants of London, and which on every working day in the year caters for over five hundred thousand men, women and children—a business, too, which finds work for nearly sixteen thousand employees."

Thus the artist became the successful business man and he attributes his success to the observance of two maxims: "Never bite off more than you can chew" (quite an appropriate motto), and "Advertising's a good thing if you're advertising a good thing."

The twentieth century business man, he tells us, must be a man of ideas; he must wait until he sees his chance, and then seize it with lightning rapidity. To "make good," he must possess three qualifications—Concentration, Originality and Continuity.

"To parents who are perplexed as to what to do with their sons, I would therefore say: 'Bring them up to appreciate the value of ideas; give them that tuition which will help them to become keen, clear-brained business men. If you do this your boys will prove the truth of my contention that there are as many openings in business to-day as ever there were. The openings are not the same—that goes, without saying—but they exist all the same.'

The watchword of the young man of to-day should be 'Anticipation.' In that one word lies the secret of success."

Misery in the Blood

A Country Where There is No National Spirit and Guerilla Patriotism Abounds

MEXICAN misfortunes and miseries are in the blood. Insurrections suppressed do not relieve them. Revolutions triumphant do not cure them. Nor military shifts from a Madero to a Huerta with cold-blooded murder of the best men in Mexico—perhaps on around the circle, says Munsey's Magazine.

In Mexico there is no national spirit. There is no devotion to impersonal principles, no reverence for unselfish ideals, no inspiration to patriotic sacrifice.

There are no party divisions in the usual sense—groups of men seeking to promote, through their representatives, their views of what is best for the public life. There are followers of personal leaders. There are no conservatives; there are Diazists. There are no liberals; there are Maderists. There are no radicals; there are Zapatistas or other bands—bushwhackers or bandits—following personal leaders.

The Mexican of the masses can be devoted to his family, meaning flesh and blood to him. He can be loyal, by the same token, to his leader. He cannot be devoted to a party merely of principles.

The masses of Mexico can love their little strip of land. They cannot love their Constitution. They know very well what

their little strip of land is and what it does for them. They have no comprehension of what their Constitution is, or what it is expected to do for them. They are not interested in anything so remote from self. They don't care what happens to them indirectly through their Constitution. They do care what comes to them directly through their leaders.

Government is thus left to be pursued and captured like game by the leaders of an adventurous and ambitious few whose motives, more powerful but not more disinterested than those of the masses, are personal advantage and private gain.

All those conflicting personal interests, ambitions, and passions make constantly for ferment and strife in the race, tribe against tribe, band against band, personal following against personal following. They are the political disease in the veins of the nation. The strong Diaz could mitigate it; he could not eradicate it. The weak Madero intensified it. Others for many years may be incapable of doing much better than Madero. They are very likely to do a great deal worse than Diaz. One party or another uppermost in the government, there will continue to be political darkness in Mexico's future.

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

ONE of the most interesting personages among the literary men of the day is Jeffery Farnol whose new novel, "*The Amateur Gentleman*," published in March, has jumped to the position of the selling book of the month, displacing Ralph Connor's "*Corporal Cameron*," which had securely held first place among best sellers since its publication last November.

Three years ago Farnol caused a literary sensation on both sides of the Atlantic with his "*Broad Highway*," its success being complete and overwhelming. Last year an illustrated edition de luxe was brought out and it is altogether probable that a similar edition of "*The Amateur Gentleman*" will be published in view of the extraordinary favorable reception which has been accorded this author's second big book.

It is to be observed that the expression used here is "second big book." There were others, but Farnol's fame rests on "*The Broad Highway*" and "*The Amateur Gentleman*." His first book, "*My Lady Caprice*," was not a success. Then he wrote "*The Honey Moon*" but it is a significant fact that the latter was not published until after the author's fame had been assured by the public's reception of "*The Broad Highway*," plainly having been put out on the strength of that big novel, with which it is not to be compared, nor with his latest books.



Jeffery Farnol.

"*The Amateur Gentleman*" possesses the same charming style, unusual humor and vigorous yet whimsical characterizations as those which distinguished the author's other out-standing success.

Canadian readers will be interested in learning something of the career of Jeffery Farnol. It is full of human interest. Until three years ago he had for several years been earning a precarious living as a theatre scene painter in New York and it was in the intervals between the times he was engaged in that work, in a grimy studio at 38th Street and 10th Avenue, New York, that he wrote the greater portion of "*The Broad Highway*." The nature of his employ-

ment compelled him to spend many of his nights as well as days in that dismal place. The moments snatched from his regular occupation stretched the writing of the book over a period of two years and another similar period passed by before the novel eventually appeared in print. Submitted in turn to The Century Co., Scribner's, and Dodd Mead & Co., it was returned. It was "too long" and "too English." In one New York house, though, the read-

who have been similarly circumstanced can know what a disappointment it was. But finally he sent it to his mother whom he describes as his "severest critic." Fearing that her own judgment might be prejudiced, she passed it on to an old friend of the family, Shirley B. Jevons, at that time editor of "The Sportsman," to whom the book was subsequently dedicated and it was promptly accepted by the first firm to which he submitted it—the London



The Bull Inn, Sissinghurst.

ers were so much at sixes and sevens that in a conference with the author, certain eliminations being suggested in turn, one or another of the readers would strenuously object and they being unable to reach ultimate unanimity, Farnol was obliged to carry his manuscript back with him again. Then a well-wishing actor friend volunteered to submit it to a Boston firm, but it remained in his trunk—forgotten. At the end of a year it was back in the author's hands unopened. At this stage, Farnol has said, he was minded to burn the manuscript, adding that only those

publishing house of Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

In a recent newspaper sketch, "How I Began," by Jeffery Farnol, the author began by going back to the time when as a very little lad he used to sit, round-eyed, while his father read aloud for hours at a time to the family. It was then that the idea of some day telling stories of his own, first possessed him. Through these readings Fenimore Cooper, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, Dumas—all were familiar to him from early boyhood.

His penchant for story-telling ex-

hibited itself in his school days much to the delectation of his school fellows, now "grave solicitors, stern soldiers, busy doctors, and men of business," as Farnol refers to them. The time for the spinning of these tales was stolen from the hours allotted to that haunting incubus "prep" or other legitimate school work. Marvellous were the tales told of field and flood, chiefly flood because Farnol as a boy had a healthy affection for a really blood-thirsty pirate.

This same yarn-spinning propensity proved his undoing after he had, at seventeen, been sent to a firm of Birmingham engineers and brasspounders where he worked at the forge. "Black George" doubtless was an outcrop of that time. Blows with the foreman ensued in due course and young Farnol was sent back to his father as "no good for work—always writing."

In the days following that period Farnol was an enthusiastic cyclist and the high roads of Kent, Surrey and Sussex became familiar to him, sometimes with chum or brother, sometimes alone.

That most interesting of all his characters—"The Ancient" actually in the flesh — tall hat, smock-frock, shrewd wrinkled face, knarled hands grasping his knobby staff, just as described in "The Broad Highway," appeared as Farnol was sitting one Sunday evening in the porch of the "Bull" at Sissinghurst, where he and his companion had washed the dust from their throats with good brown ale. That was the inception of "The Broad Highway," although it

was not until several years later, following his marriage and departure for New York where he eked out a not too luxurious living writing short stories for the magazines and painting scenes for the Astor Theatre, that the story came to be written.

The greater part of two years were devoted to the writing of "*The Amateur Gentleman*." In an easy, leisurely manner, rich in the atmosphere of England's Georgian days, it relates the history of Barnabas Barty, who, falling heir to a remarkable fortune willed him by his uncle, this uncle having been a young scapegrace who sailed away in an emigrant ship, sets forth for London to "become a gentleman." He assumes his mother's name of Beverley. As it develops, she had been of gentle birth, running away to escape a distasteful marriage, becoming the bride of "glorious" John Barty, one time champion pugilist of England. Barnabas' inheritance of pugilistic prowess is proved early in the tale when he knocks down his father who essays, in regulation ring style, to thrash out of his son the notion of entering the world of fashion.

Throughout the novel, there is adventure a-plenty with the introduction of naive and lovable characters; a heroine whose beauty, caprices and steadfastness richly complement the true nobility of Barnabas who having set forth to conquer the world of society, ends by conquering himself thereby, in spite apparent defeat, winning true success in love and manhood.

SIX BEST SELLING BOOKS

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

1. The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farnol). 127
2. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker) 92
3. The Happy Warrior (A. S. M. Hutchinson) 79
4. The Knave of Diamonds (Ethel M. Neil)... 53
5. Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.)..... 51
6. Corporal Cameron (Ralph Connor) 36

UNITED STATES SUMMARY.

1. The Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.).
2. The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farnol).
3. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker).
4. The Flirt (Booth Tarkington).
5. The Day of Days (Louis Joseph Vance).
6. My Little Sister (Elizabeth Robins).

The Scientific Development of To-Day

TO review the history of science during the last hundred years is to read a record which would have sounded as an idle dream a century ago. Achievement has been so steady that it has become commonplace, and the most important accomplishments are accepted as a matter of course.

In the field of transportation alone, the development of the locomotive, the electrical street car, the automobile, and last, but not least, the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane, show something of man's progress during the past century. Could any of those who saw the first crude attempt at communication by telephone or telegraph forecast the marvellous invention of wireless telegraphy, as used to-day.

These are but a few inventions showing the progress of man. Still greater than these is the wonderful progress that is being made toward the prevention of disease and the retention of health. What more wonderful, for instance, than the discovery that the life giving property of the atmosphere—oxygen—can be harnessed and delivered at will to the disease racked bodies of humanity by means of the *Oxypathor*.

It is recognized by the foremost medical men of to-day that their sphere is to aid nature's forces in the human body, to fight against microbes and germs which are the cause of sickness and disease. Only one thing has ever been found which is capable of doing this almost universally and without the least injury, and that is Oxygen.

Oxygen is life. One of the foremost scientists of to-day has said "Life is a constant struggle against oxygen deficiency." What we need to know is the way to get it. *Oxypathy* is the way—it is the treatment of disease by atmospheric oxygen.

The difficulty has been to reach the seat of complaint with a quantity of oxygen without heavy expense. This can now be accomplished through the *Oxypathor*.

Oxypathy is clean, safe, speedy and efficient. It is scientific in its operation and in harmony with natural laws.

Unlike the drug treatment, it does not demoralize, enslave or destroy, but works for health, sanity and independence.

Everyone possessing an *Oxypathor* is his own physician and thoroughly equipped with the best possible means of defending himself or his family against the most deadly infections. Whether it is in a palace or a hut, city or village, plantation, desert or jungle, the *Oxypathor* affords its owner an assurance of security against disease the value of which is beyond computation.

Thousands of testimonials have been written as to the value of *Oxypathy* in every conceivable complaint and disease, some of them perhaps from the readers own city, from neighbors and friends.

They are all genuine, honest letters—every one—just as they came from the pens of the writers—simple, frank, unaffected, and many of them eloquent and heart-stirring. Their authenticity cannot be questioned. The full and complete address of the writers will be given in nearly every case. All may be written to for verification of their statements over their own signature, only we ask that in writing them the courtesy be shown of enclosing a 2-cent stamp for reply. Please do not forget this small but important matter. Many queries answered must naturally necessitate expense, to say nothing of the labor of writing such answers.

Everybody should learn more of this wonderful natural means of preserving health and curing disease for their own self-interest or for some dear friend who is suffering. Valuable information will be gladly sent free to all interested. Write to-day to Mr. J. P. Owen, 701 Yonge Street, Toronto, and get this information which will be the means of bringing new joy to the sick and lasting health to those who now enjoys its benefits.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxvi

Toronto, June 1913

No. 2

THE GREAT LAKES.

*No cannon-bristling squadrons ride at rest
Within gun-sheltered harbors on these Lakes;
Here but the urgency of Commerce wakes
The cloven waves to song, with keels deep-pressed
Into their bosoms; hurrying east and west,
Trade's myriad-flagged Armada ne'er forsakes
These seas at Desolation's hest, but makes
A fruitful highway of their neutral breast.*

—Charles H. Winke,
in The Public.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

Contents Copyright, 1913



OUR INTERNATIONAL WATERWAYS.

In Kin Beyond the Sea. W. E. Gladstone stretched hands across for a friendly clasp. More remarkable still is the handclasp that endures when the back yards adjoin. The centenary of North American peace revives an international courtesy not generally known.

"See When the Yankee Flag Dipped to General Brock," p. 59.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVI

Toronto June 1913

No. 2

The Eight Merediths of London

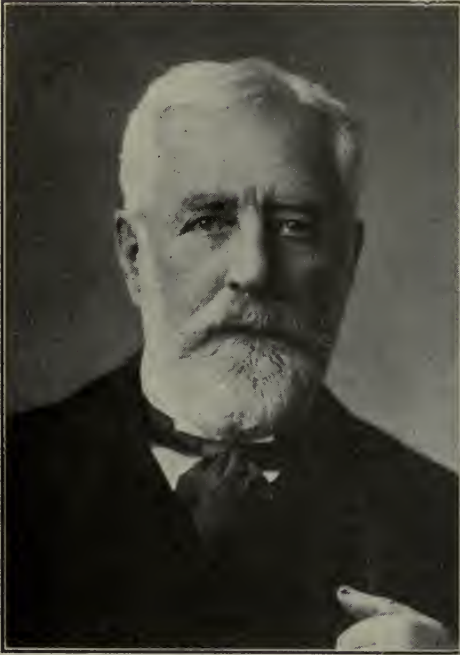
By W. Arnot Craick

Few character sketches make more romantic reading than the story of the success of the eight Meredith brothers. Mr. Craick has presented his subject in a masterly manner, and the incursions he has made into the abstract in his search for the controlling causes of their peculiar success will be as interesting to the humblest man on the street, as they are to the critical professional man. The next issue of MacLean's Magazine will continue these character sketches by an inquiry into the success of a prominent French-Canadian family.

BETWEEN the years 1840 and 1860 there were born in or near the city of London, Ontario, eight brothers, all still living, who have attained considerable distinction in the public and semi-public life of the Dominion. These eight brothers form a family group that is absolutely unique in the history of Canada; indeed, it might be difficult to find a parallel to them elsewhere in the world. Talented in varying degrees, there is not one of them who has not

climbed above the level of average attainment, while three at least have reached positions of high authority.

This unique family—the Merediths of London—are a branch of an Irish house which has given not a few distinguished sons to public service. Originally Welsh, the Merediths entered Ireland about the year 1600, and have since been prominently identified with the life of the Emerald Isle. The father of the London Merediths, John Cook



Sir William Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario.

His dominating personality permeates both the courts and legislative halls. He lives in Toronto.

Meredith was the son of a Dublin solicitor, and he, too, was destined in youth for the bar. He attended Trinity College, Dublin, and on graduation spent a couple of years at Gray's Inn in London, but the wander-spirit of youth seized him, and he suddenly decided to join three cousins who were about to seek their fortune in Canada.

The four young Irishmen crossed the Atlantic in 1834. John Cook Meredith chose a backwoods farm as the arena in which he would work out his future. William Meredith began the practice of law in Lower Canada and became in after life Chief Justice of the province and a Knight. Edmund Meredith took up academic pursuits and in 1846 was appointed first principal of McGill University; later he became Deputy Minister of the Interior at Ottawa. H. H. Meredith, the third cousin, settled in Port Hope, in Upper Canada, where he engaged with success in mercantile life.

It is also interesting to note that John Cook Meredith left behind him in Ireland a brother, whose three sons have

gained distinction in the practice of the law. The eldest, the Right Hon. Richard E. Meredith, was for many years Master of the Rolls for Ireland. Arthur M. Meredith is a prominent barrister in Dublin and a retired head of the Law Society there, and Frederick M. is a solicitor of note.

In the Township of Westminster eight miles from the little town of London and near what is to-day the village of Glanworth, the Dublin graduate began the rough life of a backwoodsman. The country was very sparsely settled; it was long before the railway era dawned and conditions were very crude. Soon after his arrival the young settler married Miss Sarah Pegler, the handsome daughter of a neighbor, and on March 31st, 1840, their first son was born, and in due course christened, William Ralph Meredith.

The father, however, was evidently not particularly enamoured of life on a stump farm, and soon after the birth of his heir, he accepted the offer of a position as deputy collector of customs at Port Stanley. The short period that the family spent on the shores of Lake Erie is commemorated in the name of the second son, John Stanley Meredith, who was born in 1844. Following his experience, John Cook Meredith acted for a year or two in the capacity of market clerk in the town of London, then a place of about 5,000 inhabitants. In 1847 he was fortunate enough to receive the appointment of clerk of the Division Court of Middlesex, a position he held uninterruptedly until he lost his life in the Thames disaster of 1881. He discharged the duties of the office with zeal and efficiency and veteran members of the legal profession recall his work in this connection with appreciation. He also acted as an insurance agent for some time, handling this as a side line.

WHAT IS A BOY WORTH?

It might be an interesting subject of investigation to estimate in dollars and cents the capitalized value to the state of the eight sons whom this respected division court clerk contributed to the population of the country. If the aver-

age life is worth \$5,000, as has been computed by an eminent professor of economics, how much more valuable must be the lives of men who serve in the high offices and places of trust to which the Merediths have attained.

William Ralph Meredith developed the family proclivity for the legal profession as a youth and was called to the bar soon after reaching his twenty-first birthday. He became the partner of the late Thomas Scatcherd, M.P., who in addition to representing West Middlesex in Parliament, was also city solicitor of London. Young Meredith was popular, he worked hard, and gained quite a name for himself as a clever practitioner. On the death of Mr. Scatcherd he succeeded to the city solicitorship, while in 1872, when Sir John Carling was compelled to resign his seat in the Legislature of Ontario because it was no longer permissible to sit concurrently at Ottawa and Toronto, he was selected as Conservative candidate in the succeeding bye-election in London. This contest he won with ease.

Whatever may be said regarding Sir William Meredith's career later on as a party leader, it must be admitted that he was well liked and greatly esteemed as a young man in London. He laid himself out to be friendly, knew all his constituents by name and to the working-man on the street he was "Bill Meredith, good fellow." His undoubted abilities as a debater and public speaker, his diligence, his wide knowledge of the law and of political questions led to his selection in 1879 as leader of the Conservative opposition in the Legislature. This position he held for fifteen years, during which he seemed unable to make much impression on the solid front of Sir Oliver Mowat's Government.

FROM POLITICS TO BENCH.

Just after the provincial election of 1894, when Mr. Meredith was again returned for London, he resigned his fifteen-year task to assume a position more suited to his peculiar talents. In that year he was made Chief Justice of Common Pleas for Ontario. He presided over this court until on the recent death

of Sir Charles Moss, he succeeded him as Chief Justice of Ontario.

Outwardly, this is the career of Sir William Meredith, the eldest of the eight brothers. Inwardly, there is much more to be written about this extraordinary man. One needs to tread carefully in describing his place in the political life of Ontario during the past twenty years. That there were elements in his character that militated against his success as a politician pure and simple, is obvious. For one thing, he lacked the ability to win the enthusiastic personal support of able followers, largely for the reason that he preferred



Mr. Richard M. Meredith, Chief Justice of Common Pleas. Sir John A. made Richard a judge.



Mr. Edmund Meredith. He stands well in the profession, being regarded as an excellent jury lawyer.

to keep his own counsel and do things by himself. He could be agreeable enough to his supporters, but it was quite impossible for a strong-minded man of his type to share with others the management of the party's affairs. This was probably the defect in his character which proved his undoing as a political leader.

But, by the irony of fate, the transference of Sir William's bodily presence from the political *forum* to the Bench, has not meant the removal of his guiding hand from his party's affairs. In various ways his influence has been felt ever since the government of his one-time lieutenant, Sir James Whitney, came into power. His dominating personality permeates both the courts and the legislative halls of the province. He not only interprets the laws, but has much to do with making them.

Contrasted strikingly with one who might well be denominated the power behind the throne in Ontario, is the career and personality of the second of the eight Merediths. John Stanley is the eldest of the three banker brothers,

as William Ralph is first of the four lawyer brothers. John started on his career as a youth in the London branch of the Commercial Bank of Canada. When the Commercial was taken over by the Merchant's Bank, he continued in the employ of the latter, and rose by gradual stages to be manager of the head office branch in Montreal. He retired ten years ago, and now leads the life of a recluse at the family homestead in London.

Edmund Meredith, the third son, who was born in 1845, followed William in the law and was called to the bar in 1868. He took up practice in London, and founded a firm in opposition to his brother. He stands well in the profession, being regarded as an excellent jury lawyer, and latterly has had charge of a good many crown cases. In 1883 and 1884, he was elected mayor of the city, and in the latter year unsuccessfully contested North Middlesex in the provincial elections.

SIR JOHN A. MAKES A JUDGE.

Richard Meredith, the fourth son, was born two years later, and he too took up the law as a profession, studying under his brother William. On being



Mr. John S. Meredith, eldest of the banker brothers.

called to the bar in 1869, he joined Edmund in the firm of Meredith, Judd and Meredith. In 1890 Sir John A. Macdonald surprised Londoners by making Richard a judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature of Ontario, and assigning him to the Chancery division. As a lawyer he had not been particularly popular or ingratiating, but his promotion worked a wonderful change, and he became one of the fairest and best-liked judges on the bench. In 1905, he was transferred to the Court of Appeal and when Sir William became Chief Justice, the younger brother stepped into his former place as Chief Justice of Common Pleas.

Henry Vincent, the fifth son, was born in 1850. His career has been a striking one. Entering the service of the Bank of Montreal in his seventeenth year, he has climbed through all the ranks, until to-day he is vice-president and general manager of Canada's premier banking institution. Without pull, without influence, his steady ascent to this important position is an inspiring example for young Canadians. He began as a junior in the Hamilton branch. Twelve years later he was an assistant inspector. Then in



Mr. T. G. Meredith. A year ago he was offered and refused the position of Corporation Counsel, of Toronto."

1889 he was appointed manager of the Montreal branch, which was a stepping stone to the general managership, a post he accepted following the retirement of Sir Edward Clouston.

The sixth son of the family, Thomas Graves Meredith, was born in 1853. He is the youngest of the lawyer quartet. Studying under his brother William, he entered his firm in 1878, and when the future Chief Justice went to reside in Toronto in 1888 as corporation counsel, he succeeded him as city solicitor of London. He is to-day one of the leaders of the bar in London, a most energetic and versatile lawyer with a large practice. In addition to his legal duties, he has for some years acted as president of the Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company and the Canada Trust Company. A year ago he was offered and refused the position of corporation counsel of Toronto, and he was among those recommended for the chairmanship of the Dominion Railway Commission.

Charles Meredith, the seventh son, started out as a banker. He entered



Mr. Llewellyn Meredith, of London, Ont.



Mr. H. V. Meredith, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal.

the Merchant's Bank, but seeing a better future in the brokerage business, left the bank and started in for himself as a stock broker in Montreal. As head of the firm of Charles Meredith & Company, he is one of the most prominent financiers in Canada, and has made a considerable fortune for himself. He was president of the Montreal Stock Exchange in 1902-5.

The youngest son of the family, Llewellyn Meredith, adopted no profession, but has always lived quietly at home. His love for horses, however, has brought him some distinction. Being an excellent judge of horse flesh, he has represented the Dominion Government on two several occasions at the Olympic Horse Show in London. Later he has been appointed a justice of the peace, and he has taken an active interest in the Victoria Hospital in London, of which he is a trustee.

WHAT MADE THESE BOYS?

Various elements have contributed to the success of the Merediths. The father, while far from being parsimoni-

ous, was a man who understood the value of money and was exceedingly careful in handling it. He lived simply, spent next to nothing on entertainment, joined no societies and kept his nose steadily to the grindstone. When he had gathered together a little capital by the exercise of frugality, it was not difficult for him to make it grow like the proverbial snowball. In the fifties, sixties and seventies, what seems to-day an excessive rate of interest was commonly charged on loans and Mr. Meredith was not slow to collect his twenty-five per cent. on the money he advanced. He also made large profits on lands sold for taxes, which he bought cheap, held and disposed of later on. When he died, it is reported, that an estate valued at nearly a quarter of a million dollars was divided among his children.

The sons inherited their *father's carefulness*. They applied themselves steadily to work, wasted nothing and so prospered. To-day two of the brothers are reputedly millionaires and the others are all well to do. The possession of capital is an advantage to any man, if only it is coupled with habits of application and with good judgment, and in the Merediths all these were united. They began with little, for all had made their start before their father's death put money in their hands. Then when wealth did come, they were trained in its proper use and made a wise disposition of it.

Another element that tended to success was a habit of *getting things done at once*. The Merediths have never been procrastinators. They have the reputation of being men whose word is to be relied on, who never put off till tomorrow what they can do to-day. The two chief justices, the general manager of the Bank of Montreal and the City solicitor at London, particularly have been hard and voracious workers and have accomplished a vast amount in their lives to date. That this has contributed not a little to their present standing cannot be gainsaid.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A *sense of family pride* has also been a contributory influence. The sons

have never forgotten the dignity of the family name and connection. They have not been snobs, but they have been born aristocrats, cherishing a pride in their antecedents which has spurred them on to maintain their superiority. It is true that on occasion brothers Ned and Tom, arguing before Chief Justice Sir William, have been subjected to treatment not exactly fraternal, and that in days gone by the four young lawyers sometimes wrangled over cases until they got past speaking terms, but that was all in the family. To outsiders the eight have always presented a solid phalanx of brotherly support.

The elder Meredith, himself a scholar and a man of wide reading, understood the value of education and gave his sons the best schooling he was able to afford. None of the boys received a University education though Sir William studied law for two years at the University of Toronto. The eldest sons attended the London Grammar School, where they all did well at their studies. The younger sons were educated at Hellmuth College.

Scholarship. was one advantage; *good looks* have been another. The eight brothers are all clean-cut, erect and well groomed gentlemen. Sir William, though now in his seventy-fourth year, is as handsome a man as is to be found in the country. The general manager of the Bank of Montreal and Charles, the financier of the family, would stand out in any company. Indeed the eight form as good-looking a group of men as are to be encountered anywhere. Their attention to appearances, carefulness in dress and sobriety in habits, have created a good impression. These have been the outward marks of a superior ability which has been recognized and encouraged by those who were able to advance them.

Not a little of the fine physical appearance of the Merediths is the result of an early attention to athletics. Though the boys do not appear to have played games to any extent, they were always reckoned dangerous adversaries in tests of speed or endurance and were particularly expert with their fists. Henry and Charles became quite noted



Mr. Charles Meredith, head of the big financial firm in Montreal.

athletes. John was a great boxer and is said to have enjoyed nothing better in his young days than to invade some stronghold of the hoodlums and there do battle with their champions. Richard alone of all the brothers seems to have played any games, his favorite sport being cricket in which he became quite skilful.

Later on, other pursuits were adopted by way of recreation. Sir William keeps up his health with gardening, John shooting, Henry and Charles enjoy salmon fishing and Charles is also very fond of duck shooting, Llewellyn, of course, derives much pleasure from riding.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

A love of flowers, inherited from the mother, is a pleasing trait in the family character. Sir William's beautiful gardens in Rosedale, Toronto, are famed beyond the borders of the city. Richard even went to the extent of buying a farm on the outskirts of London and there erecting greenhouses, where he grew flowers and early vegetables. The

residence of Vincent in Montreal is beautifully surrounded with gardens and lawns and at Ste. Anne, Quebec, Charles has a summer home that is embowered in flowers. The others all manifest a similar love for nature and the grounds at the old homestead on Talbot Street are among the most charming in London.

All the brothers have taken a more or less prominent interest in works for the public weal. Sir William's share in bringing the University of Toronto to its present commanding position has not been small. As a member of the University Commission and as Chancellor, he has done much for the institution. Paralleling him to a certain extent, Richard has assisted Western University, London, of which he is now chancellor, in a similar way. Vincent is associated with the Parks and Playgrounds Association, the Charity Organization Society and the Montreal Art Association in Montreal. Charles is also interested in the Parks and Playgrounds Association.

But it would be unusual to find a family distinguished with so much genius, unaccompanied by peculiarities. As a family the Merediths have not been without idiosyncracies. In the old days, when the father and mother were alive, habits of reserve and retirement were acquired which have continued to the present day. They have lived by themselves and largely to themselves. They have entertained seldom or never. The big homestead on Talbot Street is a *terra incognita* even to intimate friends. And yet they cannot be accused of unfriendliness. They have evidently adopted social isolation by choice and let who will criticize their action.

To many it may prove surprising that a family which has held itself so aloof and has stooped to no social artifices to gain power, should have attained such distinction. The Merediths have never pulled wires nor laid themselves out to flatter or ingratiate themselves into office, and this has been much to their credit. What they have won has been on their merits. They may have been ambitious, they doubtless were, but in the end the fruit of victory has come to them because they deserved it and not because they coveted it.

Five of the eight brothers have married and have married well. Sir William's wife was Miss Mary Holmes of London, and he has a family consisting of one son and three daughters. His son is also a lawyer and is in partnership with his father-in-law, Mr. I. F. Hellmuth, of Toronto. Edmund Meredith married Miss Theresa McCann of London, and has three sons and one daughter. Vincent's wife was Miss Isabel Allan of Montreal, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Allan of the famous shipping firm and Charles married Miss Elspeth Angus, daughter of Mr. R. B. Angus, president of the Bank of Montreal, but neither have any children. Thomas married Miss Jessie Carling, daughter of the late Sir John Carling of London, and has two sons.

In addition to the eight sons, John Cook Meredith had four daughters, making in all a family of twelve children. Of the daughters, one is dead, and the remaining three reside at the family homestead in London. Like their brothers, the sisters are handsome women, the one who died having been considered one of the most beautiful women in Canada.





The Confessions of a Publicity Agent

Citizens in every town in Canada will recognize either in their own vicinity or in the people they meet, some of the characteristics described in this, the concluding article on "The Confessions of a Publicity Agent." The first appeared in the March issue, where it was shown how a town and the agent both made mistakes. The second appeared in the May number. In the latter issue the true axioms of town growth were learned through business experience. This article touches on the practical problems that come before urban municipalities as well as detailing some of the clogs that get into the wheel of progress. Every man who has the interest of his community at heart will enjoy these concluding experiences.

By James Grantham

I have sold the paper. Uncle Henry has sold the store and retired from the Mayor's chair after six years in office—he refused to run again. We have a suite of offices in an office building on Dundas Street, Milham. We have three young men assistants and five stenographers, to say nothing of draughtsmen, and a librarian. The

library is a most important part of our business. Uncle Henry is as humorous as ever, but long association with big business men has made him less free and easy in his conversation. When he talks now he talks to a purpose. He wears his clothes with easy dignity. He walks erect. In the Ritz-Carlton at Montreal the other day I heard a man

saying he was the most distinguished man in his appearance and bearing that he had met in years—outside of Laurier. As for me—I receive the clients, do most of the active work such as travelling and seeing the heads of big companies. I drew a little more than eleven thousand from the business last year and I have a very nice car, which the wife has learned to drive. The children are at boarding school. Mary has a great many more dresses that she used to have in the old days.

Beside our office door, opposite the big express elevators, is a large brass plate which announces in simple characters:

ALTBURG-JONES, LIMITED,

MUNICIPAL ADVISERS

Inside the door is a large room, simply, but well furnished with a rug and a few comfortable leather chairs. Miss Lambert sits at a little mahogany desk, prepared to receive clients and to supply them with newspapers or magazines while they are waiting. There is a noiseless telephone on her desk over which she arranges appointments. To left and right from this central room are our offices, and the library and the draughting room.

We are not the only specialists in this particular line of work, although we were the first. After we had opened these offices and commenced our business other firms followed suit. They had every right to do so, and indeed Uncle Henry and I did not and do not claim the idea as ours exclusively, but the greater part of the business comes to us for Henry Altburg has an asset without which I fear even I should not get very far:—his reputation for clear-headed honesty. There are plenty of honest men in this world and plenty of clever men, but it is not always easy to find the two qualities well mixed in one man. This is what made Uncle Henry Mayor of Milham, and President now of our firm.

We have clients all the way from Florida to the borders of the Peace river country, and Arizona to Ville Marie in Quebec. We are municipal physicians. We treat towns as doctors treat people. Having first of all made a careful study of the principles on which towns grow, and the causes for lack of growth or for improper growth, we have gathered about us information concerning the cities, towns and villages of this continent which cannot, we believe, be had in any one other place in the world. We are in touch with every big industry and every big railway in the Dominion of Canada and in the United States. We have a knowledge of the labor market both on this continent and abroad; which for reliability and completeness cannot be improved upon. We have correspondents in every principal city in the nine provinces and in the United States. We send our specialists from one end of this continent to the other to study at first hand the needs of municipalities. Our clients include reeves of small towns and captains of industry. Our business is based upon our reputation for straight business, and our knowledge of conditions.

This is not an advertisement. Milham grew without a single line of the usual flamboyant material other towns were in the habit of using in those days, and the same principle applies in our firm. Our business card appears in scores of the big and reliable magazines the text on the brass plate outside our door.

So it is not to advertise our firm that I write this. I have disguised our name and the name of our city. I am writing this because it may do some good. I am not giving away any secrets when I tell you our theory of town growth and municipal prosperity. For our success has not depended upon *secrets*, but upon our system of gathering special and general information, and upon our business integrity. We have not, let me add, succeeded in every case we ever undertook. We have failed several times. But on the other hand, we have *won* several times.



It is worse to have an empty, idle factory in your town than none at all.

There are three classes of citizens in our business: those who have lost or who never had any faith in their own town and who have no desire to see it prosper or who have lost that desire. These are the first class. Then there are those who think their town is the greatest little old town that ever had a main street, whose ambition for it is unlimited and whose knowledge of the real possibilities of the town are absolutely nil. The third class consists of people who love their town, want to see it grow, boom it in their conversation (at opportune times) and are keenly alive to anything that will cause their town to go ahead. These are the three classes. The first class you will find in what the commercial travellers call "the dead towns." The towns are "dead" because the people are "dead." The town has died either because it

should never have been born or because the people who brought it into the world and those who are supposed to take an interest in it from generation to generation, have failed in their duty. You will find such towns in a thousand out of the way places in Canada and in the United States. They are full of grumblers and grouchers. They don't count. The second class citizen you find everywhere, even in the dead towns, but in greater abundance in the live towns where the third class of citizen, of whom more anon, is predominant. This second class is the type that thinks any sort of publicity is good publicity and that sees no reason why their town cannot have the very same industries a town like Hamilton or Toronto, or Montreal can support. These are the foolish citizens. A town filled with this kind of man is likely to waste many

valuable years and hundreds of opportunities trying to be what it can never be. But it is the third type of citizen who makes the most of a city. He is the intelligent patriot. He sizes up his town and studies out its possibilities. If he can't find them out for himself he is willing to learn. He doesn't think his town is necessarily a second Pittsburg simply because it has a railway station and a flour mill, but he thinks well of it and tries to make the most of it. The chances are that such a man, if he happens to find himself in a dead town will move out to a live town, or will try to make the dead town look alive once more. He is the man who takes an interest in the management of his local affairs. He does not sit back and sneer at his aldermen as being notorious incompetents. As a rule, they are, but that is the fault of the live citizens for not taking more interest in the municipal affairs and for encouraging "smart alecs" to make aldermanic work a joke. The third class of man is proud of his town, recognizes its limitations, admires its possibilities and tries to make the most of them.

Now let me give you a list of the different sorts of municipalities one comes in contact with. Your town is probably one of this list, for I think it covers almost every type.

1. The village which is merely a convenient spot for the people of the surrounding country to shop. It is a small distributing centre, and to some extent a collecting centre for the butter, eggs, creamery produce and other farm product of the immediate vicinity. There are, perhaps, twelve buildings in the place, including a grist mill, a blacksmith shop, and the post-office. The village is asleep most of its time. It has no ambitions and never will have. It is just as well. It is only a very small cog in the machinery of the nation. The most its people can do is to keep their lots looking nice, keep good stocks in their stores, and see that they don't fall behind, so that some other nearby village might take away their trade.

2. Consider the same village endowed with a natural advantage. It

may be near a fine clay bed and so be a brick-making village. Or there may be plenty of timber nearby, or talc mines, or exceptional advantages for small mills on the river there. Such a village may grow, by encouraging even small ventures to start up in the town, such as a good mill or two, a lumber mill, woolen mills, or other small industries. By encouragement, I do not mean bonuses or free sites. These things are inherently bad. Such a village as this, by sheer force of public spirit can build up a good name and take a part in the industrial affairs of the country. By watching the little things, even to such a seemingly small matters as moving picture shows and good hotel accommodation, much can be done.

3. In this class place the county town, the university town, the mining town, the capital city, or any municipality which has, as it were, had fame thrust upon it. It has been arbitrarily marked out from the other towns by the location of the university or government buildings there. This usually ends the usefulness of the town unless it is *bigger* than the University. For instance, the University does not hurt the city of Toronto, but between the University and the penitentiary in a certain town on the shores of Lake Ontario there is room for nothing else. The town has achieved a certain amount of distinction through the colleges, but like the rich man's son born without any problems to solve, it lacks ambition. Take for example many a county town, it is content with the honor it has been given. Its petty importance on certain days of the year such as when the circuit judge arrives or somebody is hanged by the sheriff's orders, are all it cares about. In a certain famous old county in Ontario the county town is a sleepy hollow compared to another town which up to a few years ago was a mere crossroads. At that time trade naturally gravitated to the county seat and it made no effort to hold it. The little village ten miles away first of all got its idea from a new preacher that came to the Presbyterian church there.

He was a hustler and he preached fine sermons. He stirred the town up, and without meaning it, set people talking about his sermons. People drove in from miles around to hear the new preacher. When the preacher was translated to a bigger church in Toronto, people began to look for some other stimulus to the town. Between them, five of the leading men erected a moving picture theatre and bought films for it. The county town "hadn't any use" for moving pictures! But the farmers came to the smaller town to see them and *to do their shopping!* By this time the town was alive to still other possibilities. It improved its market place and built a horse-watering trough which was the marvel of the country-side. People came to see it—and remained to shop. The fame of the place spread and men who wanted to sell goods in that county tried them *first* in the shops of this town; the county town got the new goods *second*. It soon dropped into second place, simply because the people of the other town were more lively and were not the sort to be content with being even as big as the county seat.

4. In this class place the town with natural industrial advantages. It is remarkable how few people to-day know just what factors enter into the making of a good industrial town. First take shipping facilities—rail and water, if possible; then take the question of convenient or inconvenient raw materials for the manufactories; then take the labor market and in that connection, the cost of living. The cost of living means much to a manufacturer and a good industrial town should be surrounded with a good farming—mixed farming country. There are two towns in northern Ontario lying side by side, which have a great many advantages but *one* great handicap: they have to bring their food supplies from great distances; consequently the cost of living is high, wages have to be proportionately high and scarce. A man who falls idle in one of those two towns must needs go somewhere else very quickly. It costs more to be idle there than in even Winnipeg or Toronto.

In connection with the question of shipping facilities I find in my work that a great many towns quarrel with the railway companies merely on general principle. They have read magazine articles about the railway and how they are alleged to have oppressed the people. They have read the rabid editorials of newspaper editors who sometimes are more zealous than wise. These attacks on the railways are, nine out of ten times, exaggerated. What is true against them is often pretty ugly. But the point is this, towns need railways, and railways need towns. It is folly either for the town to be too eager or too suspicious of the railway. Suppose the C.P.R. is building a new line across the country and a certain town lies fairly well within its path, a glance at the map and the character of the country ought to be all the townspeople need to tell them whether the road will come to them or not. If the town is worth anything and is not out of the way the road is bound to come and will come, but if it thinks, by a little pretending, it can scare a bonus out of the town, it will. It will take everything it can get for nothing just like a good many people in this world. But if a railway, proposing to come to a town requests certain concessions, an effort should be made to meet those requests as far as possible. When two acute business men meet to make a bargain, the one watches the other pretty closely and secures the best he can. This must be the attitude of the town. But to listen to the talk of cranks and agitators who continually heap abuse upon the roads and cast doubt upon their motives, is worse than folly. It creates bad feeling between the town and the railway which is bad for both of them. Railway men are usually shrewd, but honest. They are as willing to help a lively town as not because, the more business the town does, the better for the road, but it does not do to needlessly antagonize the railway. The President of a Canadian railway swore to make the grass grow in the streets of a certain town because, in a rash moment, the citizens "seized" one of the trains

for taxes. And the grass did grow, and the town was dead for years. It made a mistake by taking spectacular methods where others would have been more effective and would have left less ran-cour.

I want to speak of certain other fallacies I encounter in my work. First: this town bonusing business. I think most towns have begun to realize how bad it is. Free sites, exemption from taxation and so on, are false stimulants. They encourage ill-balanced men who have probably failed in other ventures to take advantage of an ambitious town to get another start. If the town is not quite suited to that particular industry these men are apt to force the industry to go there in order to get the bonus. The result, too, often is that natural obstacles overcome the little factory. It soon collapses. It is worse to have one empty idle factory in your town than none at all. It shows somebody failed there and business men don't like following in the footsteps of failures. The industry that has not in it enough inherent strength to stand on its own feet and live without the aid of bonuses and free sites, etc., is a delicate affair and should be left strictly alone. If a man comes to your town with a proposition for a factory and if you believe he is a good man and that his proposition, after thorough investigation, is good, then there is no harm in the leading men of the town getting together and buying stock in the thing, but that is all. Bonuses are notorious-ly bad.

A man came into our office one day from a Canadian city most of my readers know very well. There are two towns together—side by side. There is no reason in the world why they should not be one town. This man wanted to know how he could make his town grow faster than the other town. On the face of it, it was one of those cases Uncle Henry and I don't like to touch.

I called in the librarian and secured all our data with reference to the two towns, everything that had ever been printed, and much that had not been, about them was under my fingers. I

knew just how old they were, all their early history, how many factories in each, miles of railway siding, wharfage, depths in the harbors, tax rate, assessment rate, brief descriptions of all the leading men in the towns, and everything—right down to the latest fact that Ottawa had voted \$600,000 for harbor improvements there to be spent in the next few months.

I went into the question of taxes. For one thing, this town was assessing all property at only fifty per cent. of its market value, although the law of that province distinctly says all land must be assessed at its full market value. However, most cities and towns in Ontario make this mistake.

I told the man that was wrong—he was the mayor.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because it is misleading and against the law. Moreover, it makes a manufacturer think your tax rate is higher than it really is—also, if he is a good manufacturer, he thinks it is unbusinesslike."

I let the point stop at that. I knew that the real trouble, and the real handicaps on both these towns were: first of all, that there was intense jealousy and rivalry between them; second, that there was no farming being done in the vicinity—at least, none worth talking about; and thirdly, the towns were boosting themselves against one another without any real thought as to what their respective possibilities were.

"You should join the next town," I said.

"What?"

"Join the next town. That's what is the matter with you."

"But we couldn't. W-what good would it do?"

"What good? Listen. I have here a clipping showing that you paid a bonus of \$100,000 to a certain company to establish yards in your town. You did this because you knew if you didn't you would see the yards go to the next town where the natural facilities were much better. So you decoyed the shipyard into your town and it cost you \$100,000. Isn't that so?"



"How about making this a resort, Colonel?"

"Yes, but what ——"

"Listen. You know that that yard has not yet declared a dividend. You know they have discharged the first two general managers and are not very well satisfied with the new one. Why? Because those general managers are bucking against the natural obstacles and

disadvantages that go with site in your town. The character of the shore is different in the other town. That yard should have gone there."

"You mean——"

"It should be in the other town, two miles away. What is more, it will either move there—or another one will

be built there which will take away all the business from your yard."

"You mean it?"

"Of course I do."

"But what has that got to do with any jealousy there may be between us?"

"Just this. If you hadn't been jealous you wouldn't have seduced that company into making a bad mistake. If you hadn't been jealous you would have been one town long ago and the yard would have been in your town and in the right part of your town. Your city debt would have been \$100,000 less instead of having in five or six years, as you may have, an empty shipyard, marking a failure in your town, you would have had more industries."

That man came to our office only the once. He thought we could prepare for him some sort of magic pill or piece of paper that would drive all the industries out of the other town into his town. A great many of our clients think that at first until Uncle Henry and I "wise them up" as the saying goes. I did not tell that man everything about that town either. The longer those two towns stay apart the more money they are going to waste on double administration expenses. One mayor and one city council would do better for those two joined, if they were joined, than the two of them now do. They would save half their present expenses. They could carry more weight as one city than as two when they go to Ottawa for concessions. The make of the one big city would carry twice as far as the two names of the two half-sized cities. It was and is exactly the case of St. Paul and Minneapolis over again.

One of our first cases was that of a small city which had a number of heavy industries. The employees in the smelters and the moulding shops had families who needed employment. Instead of getting after light industries that could use the lighter labor of the sons and daughters of these laborers the city was always asking for heavy industries and coaxing them in by every means. They soon found their mistake

and brought in whitewear factories and knitting mills. That filled their needs.

In another instance, a certain town was trying to secure industries—this was a Carolina case—when it was no more suited to industrial life than to flying to the moon. At the head of this little town was a pompous old fellow who had a southern drawl and called himself Cuhnel, in the old Kentucky fashion. It had occurred to him as mayor of the community that other towns were progressing and that it should be progressing too. He had interviewed manufacturers and had sent out the usual advertising literature. All he received was snubs from the manufacturers, who were rather amused at his little mannerism, and silence in response to his circularizing.

It was an off time and I thought I would go myself, so accompanied the Colonel to his home town. And it was a delight. It was one of the simplest, kindest and sunniest little spots on all the earth. It lay snuggled in among some rolling hills. There was river and a fine old road winding through past its quaint old houses.

"How about making this a resort, Colonel?"

"A resawht!" He drawled. "What do you suggest, suh? What kind of a resawht?"

"A summer and winter resort. Pity you haven't some mineral springs or something."

"Springs, suh? Springs? Why my old niggah man has a spring on the back of his lot, some strange sort of watah—I don't just know what, but my niggah sur, he sells it to the other niggahs for a cuah."

To make a long story short, we analyzed the niggah's spring water and found it had medicinal properties which have since made that little town famous. Other wells were drilled and a hotel erected. The town is now quite famous—and rich. A good many people don't realize the value of a tourist trade. It is the biggest money-making trade there is. It makes shop-keepers and hotelmen rich and is good for the railways, but it also benefits the whole

community. The cities of Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia receive not a little support from the enormous volume of tourist traffic carried through the city by the C.P.R.

Just one more instance. A man came to us from a western Canadian town. He was the editor of the only newspaper in the place. He had bought it under a misapprehension. The man had told him, by mail, that the town had natural gas, and fine shipping facilities and so on. He had neglected to state that these things had not been developed. Arrived in the town to take over his newspaper the poor dreamer found himself in what was little better than a village. All the possibilities were there but they were worth nothing until the town woke up and developed them. The people were content to be a retail centre for ranchmen, and to gamble in real estate in the *next* town.

This man wanted to know what to do, and Uncle Henry told him. He told him the story of Milham, Ontario. He charged the man nothing and it was a good investment of his time. For six months afterward the mayor of the town came in to us, having been roused by the first man's subsequent editorials, and hired one of our men at a hundred dollars a day to take an economic survey of the town and the adjacent country and map out the things needed to be done. We followed this up at head office by putting some live manufacturing men in touch with this town, so that they eventually located a number of industries there. To-day, that town is rich. Two railways have made it their divisional point and a main centre for all their activities in that province.

The relation Uncle Henry and I have established between ourselves and communities is that of a middleman between town and industry, or a town and its future. By our long experience we are better able to size up a town than the ordinary citizen who has lived in it for years. By our connections with

the railway managements and the manufacturing interests we know industrial conditions and are able to advise accordingly. We can now tell any manufacturer the labor conditions in a given part of the country, current wages, kind of labor most easily obtained, power conditions and power rates; cost of fuel; shipping conditions for raw and finished materials, in all directions; whether the taxation is stable or fluctuating, whether the city financing is good or bad—and so on. We can, as a rule, give the price of necessities. We know the nearest competitor to each town in each line, and so on. When a man needs this sort of information, he can get no better source. We advise manufacturers and railroads and capitalists of all sorts. But our big work is in advising towns, preparing plans of campaigns for them and bringing their advantages to the ears of men who are likely to be interested.

As I said before, this is not an advertisement. We do not need it. We have more business than we can handle. I have written this because I think hundreds of municipalities are making mistakes in their efforts to progress and because I think possibly by rehearsing a few commonplaces they may be helped. Edmonton, the other day, paid thousands of dollars to a railroad to come to their city, *which was bound to come anyway!* That was a lamentable mistake. Another city I know of persists in sending me pink circulars setting forth the advantages of the town. Those pink circulars are no good. They are a waste of money. I throw mine, as I venture to say most people throw theirs, into the waste paper basket. About once a month I see the same kind of envelope in my mail, the same splurge about the same city on the seal—and I don't even open it. I know what it is and I know that town is wasting its money. It was the thought of so much money wasted in pink circulars that set me writing this article. These cities will learn some day, even as I learned—by being fired.



"We've got him alright enough."

Made in Borneo

The evils of realization are often outdone by those of anticipation. This is most cleverly exemplified by the humorous experiences recorded in this story.

By Leo Crane

BENSON is one of those chaps who lift their lives in their hands and go looking for wild animals. Most men are content and happy to allow the animal kingdom the free run of the jungles; but not so is Benson. He is a restless sort who must seek them, because there are menageries with empty cages.

Whenever you go into a circus-tent with the children and see a surly-looking beast glaring from behind inch bars, or maybe a nervous, whining specimen pacing the bottom of a den into ruts, snuffing and cursing the world in general, remember that once upon a time a chap of Benson's clan—perhaps Benson himself—faced that particular beastie when it was free and on its native heath. Behind each captive there is a story, and Benson is usually the star performer in the tale. You will never hear the chapter when the beastie wins out and the glory is all with the jungle.

Benson can usually be found when a steamer makes port with wild livestock on the manifest.

"Of course," he said to me one night, "a man can get a line on beasts after a fashion. He can study a hyena, f'r instance, until he coppers the laugh down to a note, an' mebbe he can figger out what that note means. Simms Foraker claims he can tell when a zebra's in a good humor, an' mebbe he can; but for me, I never seen one that way, an' I ain't takin' no chances. The life-insurance folks don't cover no bets on my life, anyway, an' so I'm tryin' to live just as long as I can, to make 'em sorry.

"But a wild man—now, say, there's a study for your spare time. You've got to sit up nights figgerin' the dope on a wild man's characteristics. There ain't never been two of 'em alike. First, they're scarce; an' second—when ye do

manage to snake one out by his hair he's different from the one ye had before."

Benson at this point proceeded to fill his pipe and to prop up his chin with his knees. You see, Benson was sitting on the deck—I should have told you that—with his back to the rail. It was one of those nights when the stars burn softly in a filmy sky, when the wind carries with it the damp scents of the sea. Now the rich odor of burning latakia arose from the fire-lined bowl of Benson's pipe. It was fairly alight, and he seemed diffident.

"Wild men—" I suggested.

"Ye can't be kind to a wild man," said Benson gravely. "He wouldn't understand it if you tried to be, an' besides, you'd be wasting your time. What a wild man wants is some one to take him in hand firmly, to be good to him, but determined; and at the same time it's my advice to the fellow who's contractin' for the job to watch both ends an' the middle for his white-ally, 'cause with a wild man times are mostly excitin', or just beginning to be such. You can believe me—I handled one wunst. It was this way:

"Simms Foraker and me was down on a jaunt near Borneo. That's the grand hang-out place for wild men. We had knocked around a goodish bit without getting a sight at anything. Now, don't go for to think that we was down there looking for wild men. No, we hadn't got to that stage at that time; but in case we rushed across a wild man who wasn't working overtime, and no orders ahead of him, we just allowed that we'd sign contracts for a season.

"Well, we heard of this chap a long time before we see anything of him. The natives along the coast had all sorts of battles with him. He was a toughish customer. He had nearly bludgeoned the brains out of one of their holiest head-men. Just about that time we comes along, lookin' wise, an' we hears this fellow is off on a small island—that he has a skiff, comes to the mainland, skurries around for things to his taste, gives the chap who protests the

grand salaam with a club, an' fades away.

"Says Simms Foraker to me: 'Here's a fine fat wild man, an', sonny, we're on.'

"An' with that we started building a trap for him.

"It would take too long to-night to tell ye how we got him, but we got him, all right enough. It took four men to hold him down while we slipped a rope anklet where anklets usually go—an' the calf of one man's leg in Borneo looks as if a dog had used it to cut wisdom teeth on—but we got him. Trust me an' Simms Foraker to nab anything smaller'n a behemoth, an' we'll give that a trot to the post if any one speaks up that a prime specimen's loose.

"He was a tidy sort of chap, this wild man. Darkish in the skin—in fact, he was a brunette coon—a short, squat one, not over five feet at the highest point, with a rakish bullethead, kind o' slantin' to the nor'-nor'-east, an' surmounted by furze. His eyes was weak an' blinkin.' His arms were the wonderment, though. They were long, and hung down close to his knees. I'll bet a month's pay he could sit on a chair an' pick pennies off the floor without straining a fiber. His shoulders were inlaid with bunches of knots, and' these same knots worked like eccentric winches when he took it into that cacti head to get busy.

"He talked some gibberish, mostly excited, but we paid no attention to it.



"Captain! Captain! That Borneo man is in my galley."



"The Swede jumps an' lets go another parcel in reply."

Simms Foraker said it wasn't French, nor Portugee, nor Latin, nor none of them nigger tongues, an' we were satisfied he didn't know more'n we did as to what it meant. It sounded wild-man-nish, all right. We got him on ship-board at length, an' nailed him up in a slat cage 'tween decks.

"A fine busy trip for us," says Simms Foraker to me, on the side. "That chap'll fetch his weight in pure genooine gold at the Lunnion docks. Oh, we're the two wise body-snatchers, we are!" says he to me. And I nodded an' winked back at Simms Foraker all them fool sentiments."

II.

BENSON sighed. This was not one of his epic recitals. But he seemed to feel that, having started once, it should be finished, and so he went ahead.

"The first thing that worried us was the question of feedin' him. There ain't no sense in stickin' the ship's bill o' fare in 'tween the slats of a cage an' saying 'Oui! Oui!' We tried him on raw meat, an' he nearly had a convulsion. Fruits an' grass stuffs made him feel so sick that he threw what he could at the waiter. After a while we learned that he was right partial to a mess of salt-horse and potatoes. He perked up amazin' when he got fed a little. An' every time I'd go near his habitation

he'd begin the gibberish. Most impressive it was, an' earnest, an' I'd bow and smirk and blink at him till he'd get so crazy mad that he wound up by nearly biting holes in his face with fair rage. Simms Foraker said we needn't mind, for all wild men acted like that at times.

"We've got along all right for a time on that voyage. The weather it was hot, an' we were kind o' peekish and worn down. Most of the time me an' Simms Foraker laid down on the deck, nights, with nothin' on to speak of,

growin' an' swearin' an' comparin' that part of the world with the rest of it, which was decent. I remember one hot night it got stuffy. The atmosphere chased itself down one's throat and dried there in blocks.

"I'll just step down to see how his nibs is restin'," I says to Simms Foraker, "an' then I'll come on deck with a pillow an' camp."

"Bring me one," says he, drowsy-like.

"With that I departed to the 'tween-decks. I made the return journey to the side of Simms Foraker in just three leaps, all counted, touchin' the high places.

"He's gone!" says I, breathless.

"Who's he?" asked Simms Foraker, not dreamin' that anything radical had happened.

"Nibbsey!" says I, shifting a glance on my shoulder to see if he was making up the deck.

"The wild man out!" yells Simms Foraker.

"Right you are! He's vacated his den for somewheres else. He's loose, s'welp me!"

"By hokus!" gasps Simms Foraker. You can bet he was pale. "Let's dig up the captain."

"The captain was, if anything, worse scared than either of us.

"Loose!" says he, incredulous.

"'Free as the air itself!' says I to the captain.

"'Go down there an' make sure of it, man,' orders that insane old captain to me.

"'What did you say? Go down there again?' I remarks, not knowin' whether I had understood him.

"'Sure!' he replies. 'Go down an' see if he ain't asleep on the floor, or curled up somewhere.'

"'Not while I can breathe up here,' says I. 'Whenever you want a sample of Hades coal—why, call on me an' I'll fetch it. But don't ask me to go below to trail that Borneo lunatic. I was there when he was nabbed, an' I see the whole thing.'

"'An' I was downright mad to think of it.

"'Well, where has he got to?' asks the captain gruffly.

"'That's for some one to find out,' advises Simms Foraker.

"'He's your wild man,' says the captain, weakening.

"'Not when he's loose,' says Simms Foraker patiently.

"'But I won't have a wild man runnin' loose about my ship!' screams the captain, suddenly getting his mad up.

"'Maybe if you'd tell him that, quiet-like, he'd come around an' be penned up like a nice little chap,' says Simms Foraker, getting his own sparker working.

"'This was a stumper for the captain.

"'We were all a bit on edge by that time. Each man knew the other was afraid, which wasn't none encouraging. We kept a weather-eye open, this way an' that, and a first-class 'Bool' from the rear would have sent the bunch to the masthead. It weren't no pleasant difficulty. It is the business of a wild man to be wild, an' we expected it of him. This hanging fire didn't agree with our meals. We stood around an' looked for him. Then we got nervous as wimmen. If he was going to come on, why didn't he come on? An hour passed away, while we shifted from one foot to the other, watchin' the retreat.

"'All right,' says Simms Foraker, who could get used to anything. He

wunst lived for two weeks on broiled snake, an' got to like it. 'All right!' says Simms Foraker, determined. 'Now let him come on!'

"'But, dang it all! he didn't come on.

"'Then they turned on me,' said Benson. 'They said I was a fool, and a scare-head, and a mark. They were going to call me other names worse'n that, when there was a noise like a scuffle, an' a rush on the deck, an' a man comes up yelling. It was Samuels, the cook, an' he looked as if he'd got the call. His eyes were fair hanging out.

"'Save me!' he screams to us, waving signs with his hands like a deaf-mute. 'Captain! Captain! That Borneo man is in my galley!'

"'Right there it was a relief to me to know for certain that he was loose,' said Benson, digging at his pipe.

"'In the galley!' roars the captain, not stirring an inch.

"'He pitched me out quick as a flash, an' ducked inside, an' he's barricaded himself.'

"'Then the captain straightened up wonderful. 'If he's in that galley he



"We tried him on raw meat, an' he nearly had a convulsion."

can't get away, so here you, Jenkins and Brown! Take a turn of a piece of rope through the galley-door handle an' make fast somewheres. That'll fetch him all tight an' tidy.'

"Jenkins and Brown, when they realized the job weren't none pleased. They went up the deck like heroes, though. I guess their hearts were beatin' over-time a few, but they did it, s'welp me! Once the door was made fast, the only way for that wild man to get out was through a small port, and the captain set a man to watch that, with orders to beat the brains outer anything that tried to climb through. Brown took first watch with a capstan-bar held ready. Then Simms Foraker and me took regular breaths, an' stood at ease.

"That's all settled,' says the captain now. 'We've got him like a crab in a net.' An' the captain acted as if he had accomplished something.

"The captain was right. We had him, all right. When Brown got tired watchin' Wilkens spelled him, an' then Jones.

"He ain't got no firearms in there, boys,' says the captain, to hearten 'em up. 'Only carvin'-knives, an' cleavers, an' such! Don't be afraid.' Which was comforting."

III.

BENSON seemed inclined at this moment to take a rest. He proceeded to change his attitude with regard to the deck, which was hard, and he suggested that the subject was a dry one.

Away off on the quay was a place with lights. I sent the ship's boy hustling to that place with a pail, and when he brought the pail back there was foam on the top of it. Benson appreciated this. When he had wiped his lips with the back of his hand and had heaved a hard sigh, he said:

"Say!" doubtfully, "ain't you got nothin' better to do than listen to yarns?"

"This will be a hummer, old man," I told him.

"Well, don't sign my name to it, 'cause the captain would blame me for a blabber. Call the ship the Mary Jane,

or some such common name as that, 'cause we ain't none too proud o' this wild-man yarn, none of us, an' as for Simms Foraker, he'd be that mortified he couldn't ever enter a side-show again. You don't want to deprive an honest man of business, d'ye?"

"Go on," I coaxed. "It's the shank of the evening, and wild men are scarce."

"You bet," agreed Benson solemnly, relighting his pocket-furnace. "Borneo's 'bout given out of first-class wild men. There's a poor sort o' second grade on the market, but they're uncultured, an' the price ain't much to speak of no more. A genooine, double-edged wild man, guaranteed to snarl an' yell, not to say chew a keeper every little while, would make the shows mortgage a three-hump camel. That's right."

Benson spat over the side reflectively. "Oh, yes," he remarked, with a little sigh, "wild men ain't frequent."

"What happened to this fellow in the ship's galley?" I asked.

"Hum-m-m! You see, every night has it's dawn, an' with dawn comes arousin', wash-up, an' breakfast. Nobody thought o' breakfast on that ship. We were too excited over the possible manoeuvres of the wild man, so we stood around, an' forgets breakfast clean. But dinner ain't a goin' to let a chap snub it without mentioning the subject. Painful subject, too, is dinner when there ain't none.

"Samuels, the cook, he stands idle like a carpenter on strike. There was strictly nothin' doin'. The captain, he was the last to cave in. Says he: 'See here, Mr. Foraker, I'd like somethin' to eat. Can't you call off that freak of yours?'

"Sorry, sir,' says Simms Foraker, feeling real blue himself, 'but I don't know the signs.'

"The captain snorted, an' went on pacin' up an' down the deck. Another half-hour went by slowly, and then there came floatin' out o' that galley the most delicious smells that you ever smelt. We stood around an' wondered what in the name of all the good cooks he was doin' in there by himself alone. An' these smells increased.

Fine, wholesome, wide smells they were, almost enough to make a beggar a meal, and calculated to drive hungry men mad.

"That's a Brunswick stew," said one of the men, sniffing.

"With gravy," adled another.

"Brunswick nothin'! That's duff à la Borneo."

"Smells a little wild to me," one of the critics said.

"As for me," says Samuels, the cook, 'I'm partial to some biscuit,' and he dived below into the extra stores to get it. We all nibbled a bit when he returned, an' we thought o' the free-lunch counters we had passed a while back.

"At last the captain got real desperate.

"We'll have to have him out of that," he says, gritting his big teeth. 'Wilkins, Brown, Jones, cast off that rope-lashing an' stand by.'

"They didn't like the order, but they was good men and true. The wild man heard them fumbling, an' he begins to mix up a few pots and pans inside there, which sounds horrible, like the last night of an iron foundry. Wilkins' Brown an' Jones

weren't anxious to sleep near to that galley door when it was unfastened.

"The captain then divides the crew into two watches to stand ready, spelling each other, and to ketch him whenever he showed abroad. The captain hoped he would come out. No one dared go in after him. There was nothing to do but wait — an' wait on an empty stomach at that. The day spun along its usual stretch, an' we waited. Toward night the wild man began to howl, like a dog what's lonely, an' this wasn't pleasant to hear.

"Still we waited. Then night comes, an' it gets as dark as the inside of your hat, an' still we was waiting. Along

'bout nine o'clock, when the men were downright tired out, some one made the terrible discovery that the galley door was open.

"Open it was, sure enough — wide open. They made a skirmish, and the wild man wasn't there. Samuels installs himself inside, and piles things against the door.

"I'll stand me ground," he calls out to us. 'You do the fightin' an' I'll get dinner.'

"Where did he go? That's what we wanted to have explained, 'cause we was outside the galley, with no door an' nothin' to pile against it, an' we wasn't wasting time 'bout dinner no longer.

What we wanted was a barricade at

least twelve feet high. That wild fellow was loose in the midst of us, an' the cold chills paraded up and down a chap's back in fours. The quieter he kept the worse we felt. If he had only yowled out, and threatened to fight! But he was a mysterious wild man.

"Along about an hour later, the captain says he thinks he'll turn in. The first mate is in charge o' the deck. The captain goes to his cabin, but in two minutes calling for all hands.

"What's wrong, sir?" asks the mate, rushin' up.

"He's in my bunk—the double-blanked son of a Borneo stable-hand! He's in my bunk!"

"Are ye sure, captain?" asks Simms Foraker, cautious.

"Sure!" The captain foamed at the mouth. 'Didn't I see his eyes? Didn't I feel his dirty hide? Here you, Martin, Williams, Smith! We'll just go down there an' rout him out.'

"But Martin, Williams, and Smith had different ideas. They protested. They said they had not shipped to fight wild men of Borneo, an' they each an'



"He's in my bunk."

every one backed water with the white fear showing in their eyes.

"The captain was up against it for fair. There was no sense in hittin' Smith or Martin, or, for that matter, even Williams, 'cause the same feeling was in the whole dod-gasted crew, which was human, an' the captain knew it. He felt the same way himself.

"What's to be done, Mr. Foraker?" asks the captain. 'Ain't I heard you say you'd handled wild men before?"

"Never this kind," says Simms Foraker, quite candid. "This one can't be strictly called a wild man as yet, 'cause why—he ain't wild."

"The captain gasped, an' he choked. 'He ain't wild!' he screams out. 'He's wild enough for me!'

"We might bar him in," says Simms Foraker, 'like we did in the galley.'

"But where'll I sleep, moaned the captain.

"Nice on deck these fine nights.'

"Then the captain gave way to the most elaborate, an' at the same time the most vicious, language that ever I hear. I've been aroused some, too, an' I've heard language so low that I couldn't understand what it meant, but this crop o' the captain's, it was superb. The words was short, middle-sized, and then a lengthy one that would just fair crash out an' land solid. My! My! the captain talked a spell. It came right up from his heart, too; you could see that. He wanted to let us know how he felt, an', by gum! he just did. I felt sorry for him, but I stood wide.

"Hold on!" says Simms Foraker, when the captain was most violent. 'You've got no right to kill a passenger, an' that wild man's a passenger.'

"Passenger be double-crossed!" yells the captain. 'He's an animal! He's freight! Loose freight at that! He's a menace to the ship!'

"And with that the captain took his nerve in his hand an' went into the cabin single. I admired the captain. But I didn't go along—no! The captain was the bravest man among us—s'welph me, but he was! He went in there single, an' no man stopped him. Five minutes later the captain reap-

peared, his face sorter blank, an' he says, says he:

"That chaps a spook, I believe. He's gone!"

"Gone again!" whispers back Simms Foraker.

"Can't find a hair of him. Now, don't let this get out among the men. We'll make out he's still down there.'

"Wonder where he is?" whispered Simms Foraker to me.

"Bunked down in our cabin, for a dime," says I.

"We're used to sleepin' on deck," says he.

"I don't care to sleep anywhere else," I says.

"One of us had better stand guard half the night," was his suggestion, an' I agreed with him. We tossed a coin. Simms took the first watch. Then the night wore itself gray in the face, an' dawn found us looking as if we had attended a wake.

"Now," says the captain, 'we'll have a thorough search for that mystery o' the Borneo slums.'

"They summoned all hands, issued orders an' commenced. Williams was the first to start him. Williams went below to get some new rope. He was supported by Harrison and Martin. They came tiptoeing back, their eyes bulgin' out, an' they whispers:

"He's in his cage, asleep."

"And, by hokus! so he was, sleepin' like a baby."

IV.

BENSON wiped his forehead, and laughed to himself.

"See here, Benson," I asked him, "have you been joking me?"

"Not a bit of it. That's the true state of affairs as they was recorded. You can see for yourself, if the captain'll let ye look at the log.

"Honest, that wild man was in his cage. It makes me laugh at times, an' at other times it makes me creep. That wild man was a wonderful sort. You can just bet that we made a swift rush down there an' double-slatted that cage in a hurry. Our Borneo friend woke up as we were hammering. He said some-



"He's in his cage asleep."

thing, an' rolled over an' went off to sleep again. You could hear him snore like a grampus."

"And didn't you have any more trouble with him?"

"Trouble! That was only the beginning. He didn't try to get out again until we made Aden. He was quiet as a new-born lamb up to that time. We had to coal some, an' the chap in charge o' the job was a Swede. He heard we had a fine specimen of a wild man aboard, an' he steps down to look him

over. Simms Foraker an' me went along. The wild man was standin' close to the bars, watching out.

"As we come up he lets out a lot of gibberish. The Swede jumps, an' lets go another parcel in reply.

"'What's wrong with you?' says Simms Foraker to the man.

"'He says he wants to get out an' see the Swede consul.'

"Simms Foraker turned blue in the face at this.

"Yes, the wild man got out, all right. We couldn't get them bars down any too quick. He was a Swede cook that some ship had lost out in that Borneo quarter. He was a nigger, all right, but he spoke a Swede language, an' that was a dead language to me 'n' Simms Foraker. He had bilked us for a ride to Aden, all right—no work, an' a stateroom to himself."

Benson leaned his head sadly on his hand and stared off to where the little lights gleamed on the quay.

"Do about it?" he snorted, a moment later, when I asked a pertinent question. "We were mighty glad he didn't have us pinched. We paid him twenty pounds in gold to call it square. That's what we did. Don't talk to me about wild men. It's the tame kind that queers me!"



THE VALUE OF VISIONS

I stood on the sheer crest of Joy, nor scanned,
—In Youth's sufficiency—the country-side;
But now, hemmed in by heights on either hand,
The Vale of Visions, shining, stretches wide.
—Mary Linda Bradley.

WAR on the RAILROAD WORM



The abstractive industries, particularly those of the college and pulpit, often have to face the charge of being non-productive. But the time is being out-lived by the average Canadian, when such statements carry very much weight. The achievements of research in laboratory and library have so revolutionized industry and commerce, by their inventions and explorations that in any rational division of labor the rewards of such employments are not sufficiently measured by the standards of physical employment. The Ontario Agricultural College, in its department of field husbandry makes the boast of an addition of two millions of dollars to the farmers of Canada by the introduction of a new variety of grain. Similar results are owing to the fruit growers by reason of their knowledge of how to deal with the fruit pests. This story gives us a glimpse at the work that is going on looking to the solution of a problem that is baffling the orchardist, that of the Railroad Worm's depredations.

By Arthur Conrad

A KEEN-EYED young man sits at a table on which are spread out a number of apples. Through the powerful lens of a magnifying glass he scans their surfaces one by one, with the same intent scrutiny that a general bestows on a wide sweep of country lying stretched out before him. Day by day and almost hour by hour, the watcher maintains his vigil, until one morning an exclamation of satisfaction escapes him; something of import has happened. He jots down an item or two in his notebook and transfers his attention to some other phase of his investigation.

This curious performance with a basket of apples and a microscope is just one incident in a strange warfare that is being waged between man and a maggot little bigger than the head of a pin. Actual bloody hostilities have not yet commenced but some interesting skirmishing is being indulged in. The worm tenaciously maintains his position and defies his gigantic antagonist to do his worst. Man on his side has been studying his opponent with extreme carefulness, watching his every movement,

familiarizing himself with his habits and looking for that weak spot in his defences which will prove his undoing.

The worm, magnified to huge proportions in the glaring light of an electric lantern, appears a horrible creature, fit companion for those weird prehistoric monsters that once roamed the earth. It is a loathsome headless reptile, round and scaly, with a pair of black hook-like tentacles protruding at one end and two long feelers at the other. Black nostrils show just above the tenacles, but of other living organs it has outwardly not a trace. Captured and dissected, a head structure is observable within, though this is so little developed as to be almost uncanny in its suggestiveness.

This is the dragon that the modern heroes of the laboratory are bent on slaying. They are eager to exterminate him and all his tribe, numbering doubtless many millions, and it only needs a little more reconnoitering and a few more preliminary skirmishes before the contest begins in earnest. So

complex and many-sided is human life and so numerous are the foes that attack mankind, preying on his health, his food and his drink, that knowledge of this approaching warfare is not widely disseminated. Only the little band of men to whom has been entrusted the guarding of this outpost, and perhaps some of those people who are more directly concerned with the attack of this particular enemy, are aware of what is in progress.

The foe, which has aroused all this antagonism, is commonly known as the *railroad worm*. At first it is a little difficult to understand just why it should be distinguished by such a cognomen.

For the authorities must act cannily. The fruit-grower is a little sensitive. Frighten him too much and he will cut down his orchard forthwith and renounce apple culture forever. Don't scare him enough and he will pooh-poo the whole story and let the pest roam around at its own sweet will. The middle course is the only safe one and it needs wisdom to hit upon it.

The railroad worm is not a new arrival in Canada. Knowledge is the newcomer and because the latter was not first on the ground the former was able to make good his footing without opposition. To-day, there are immigration authorities controlling the ar-



On the left is the adult female of the white barred cherry fruit fly enlarged about five times. On the right, the adult female of the black bodied cherry fruit fly. Note the markings on the wings and the absence of the white bars on the abdomen. The picture of the fly shown in the heading of this article is that of the adult female of the Railroad Worm, which shows black markings on the wings, white bars across the abdomen, and a sting-like ovipositor.

It has actually nothing to do with railroads. It does not travel on trains or walk the ties. It does not eat rails or live in sleeping coaches. As a matter of fact, the only connection between the maggot and the railroad is found in a certain, somewhat far-fetched similarity between the progress of the one through a nice big juicy apple and of the other across a pleasant countryside. The maggot makes a winding trail that bears some resemblance to the curving of a railroad track,—that is all.

It is the apple crop of Canada that is endangered by this worm. Not seriously,—the inroads of the railroad worm are not of such proportions as to cause a panic yet,—but sufficiently to cause a mild alarm and to make imperative some steps to protect the fruit supply.

rival of insects and bugs just as much as human but, because these sentinels of science were not on duty when the railroad worm crossed the border there was no stopping him. He came in and took possession and, like the children of Israel in the promised land, increased and multiplied. Which makes it all the harder to get rid of him, now that his presence and his depredations are forcing themselves on public attention.

The circumstances which helped most to bring the railroad worm into the limelight is the marked expansion of fruit-growing of recent years. There has been a pronounced boom in the production of apples, peaches, cherries and smaller fruits, caused by an increasing demand, which has carried prices to



The commercial orchardist fights most of his insect enemies by the lime-sulphur or Bordeaux sprays before the trees are blooming, and immediately after.

a profitable level. Neglected orchards have been rejuvenated, many new orchards have been set out and apple-growing has become a very popular branch of agriculture. But the enthusiastic farmer, chuckling to himself at the pleasant prospect, has received an unexpected jolt.

Falling fruit, rotting apples from which emerged tiny white worms, warned him that a new kind of plague was attacking him. He began to bombard the agricultural authorities of the country with questions and complaints. What was this pest? Where did it come from? How did it get there? How could it be got rid of? If it was going to be worse, would he have to give up fruit-growing?

The authorities lost no time in starting investigations. A specialist was detailed to prosecute careful inquiries as to the extent of the worm's depredations, to be followed up by a study of

its methods of operation, with a view to discovering some economical and practical way of putting a termination to its career. The investigator started work a year or so ago and presently came to the conclusion that the race of railroad worms had made an even more extensive conquest of the fruit-growing countries than had been anticipated. In Quebec they had spread far and wide. In Ontario they were strongly entrenched in Lennox and Addington, Prince Edward, Northumberland, Durham, Ontario, Norfolk, Lincoln, Welland and Brant Counties and probably had outposts in other counties. The situation was sufficiently serious to call for prompt action.

But there was one consolatory feature. The laboratory worker found, as he scrutinized the enemy's position, that in well-cared-for orchards the damage done by the worm was much less than in neglected orchards and further that



External appearance of apples badly attacked by the Railroad Worm. The small depressions or spots show where eggs have been laid beneath the skin, while the depressions shown on the apple to the left point to where the maggots have worked underneath the skin.

orchards in the neighborhood of towns were more often attacked than those lying out in the country.

Ottawa sent a collaborator to work with the Ontario investigator and they camped out in orchards last summer while they prosecuted an exhaustive study of the pest. The results of their campaign are as yet only partially complete and will have to be supplemented by another summer's work in the field but they have learned enough to be able to write the biography of a worm with a fair degree of accuracy.

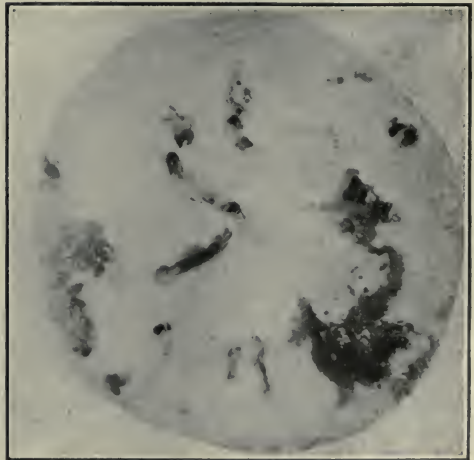
The fly-mother of the railroad worm was found to be about the same size as the common house fly, but different from the latter about as much as a hot-tentot differs from a white man. Its chief distinguishing characteristic was a series of white bands across the abdomen, while the wings, which in a house fly are clear, were marked with a curving black design, which in the fly family may be supposed to designate some particular rank or caste.

At the proper season, this mother-fly lights on an apple hanging among the leaves and proceeds to lay eggs. Humping up its back, it shows its ovipositor through the skin and deposits an egg. Moving over the surface of the apple it repeats the performance time and again until as many as forty or fifty eggs may be left in a single apple. As this egg-laying is done during July, it is principally the early var-

ieties of fruit which are affected,—harvest apples, Talman Sweets and Wealthies,—but sometimes even winter apples are used by the parent fly. The fact of its visit is evidenced by the presence of little black circular marks on the skin of the fruit.

The eggs incubate inside the apple and the railroad worm is born. It soon becomes active. With its two black hooks, it tears down the fibres of the apple and sucks in the juice, moving slowly forward until it has tunnelled right through the fruit. In the meantime the infested object has probably fallen to the ground and in due course, the worm crawls out, for its home has decayed. It goes into the ground, where in a few hours it pupates and remains hidden, for all the world like a tiny grain of wheat, until in the following July a new fly is born. And so the round is complete and each year sees new broods of worms hatched out.

The scientists have set down a series of questions, for which they seek answers. How far do the flies move from the place of birth? How deep do the pupae go and what would be the effect on them of exposure? Is the worm parasitized? How many eggs does a fly lay and how long does it take them to hatch? What kinds of fruit are affected? All this with the object of finding a vulnerable spot.



A cross section of a ripe apple, showing the tunnels cut across and also large injured areas. The maggots are mature at this stage.

Possibly its vices will prove the fly's undoing. For one thing it has been shown to be a sluggard. It can almost be picked from the leaves of a tree by the fingers. For another it has an excessively sweet tooth and prefers sweet apples. From this the scientists argue that if some suitable sweet poison can be found and sprayed on the leaves of trees in an infested orchard, the flies will be killed off before they are old enough to lay.

Another possible method of attack will be to enlist the services of pigs. If these animals are turned loose in an orchard just at the stage the fruit is falling and before the worms make their escape, the whole colony of worms may be gobbled up in a few days. By this means, as well as by carefully collecting and destroying all fallen fruit, one orchard which had been badly attacked, was freed to such an extent from the pest that last season only a dozen infected apples were found.

The accidental discovery that chickens relish the pupae of railroad worms offers still another means of relief. A collection of pupae was being made in an orchard for experimental purposes, and about 10,000 of them were placed in a box, when a few chickens on an exploratory expedition discovered them and made short work of a huge quantity of them. This leads to the natural conclusion that, if chickens are allowed to wander in an orchard in the spring, they will be quite likely to destroy many of the pupae.

Another suggestion is that plowing may expose the pupae to the influence of the weather, whereby frosts will destroy what other agencies may be unable to reach. In short, the dictum that there is no pest so bad but that it can be controlled, appears quite likely to prove true in the case of the railroad worm, as in other instances. By one means or another it will have to succumb to the superior skill of the scientist.

Meanwhile another army of worms,

closely allied to the apple maggots, both in appearance and way of living, has invaded the Niagara Peninsula and started depredations on the cherry trees. These are the cherry maggots, which are scarcely distinguishable from their cousins of the apple trees. Last season they made a decided set on the Montmorency cherries, one of the choicest varieties in Canada, and did much damage. The worst of their campaign is that it is almost impossible to tell an infected cherry until it is opened.

The entomologists only discovered that the cherry maggot was in Canada a few years ago, though growers had doubtless encountered it before. That there were two varieties of them came to light last summer, when Mr. L. Caesar, the Ontario provincial entomologist, happened upon a fly which had no white bands around the abdomen. The known variety had a black abdomen marked with four white bands, so that there was a considerable difference between the two.

The circumstance that there is such a resemblance between the apple and cherry maggots has led to the combining of the attack against all three varieties. A man has been specially delegated to watch the cherry worms and he is to work in conjunction with the two specialists who have been investigating the railroad worms. By the end of the coming season it is anticipated that enough practical information will be at hand to enable the provincial authorities to devise means of lessening if not obliterating both pests.

This story of the opening of hostilities against the armies of the maggots throws a side-light on some of the work which the province of Ontario is doing to control those insects and diseases which are threatening to injure its fruit production. The public in general, outside the farming communities, knows little of this campaign and yet it has a most important bearing on the cost of living and those other problems that are worrying the political economists.

Mr. Winkler's Signs

There are few homes, howsoever well conducted, but have some weakness in the matter of superstitions. The farmer waits the sowing of the field of grain for a favorable sign of the moon. The captain fixes every other day but Friday for the beginning of his voyage. The suburbanite has a presage of death in the family when a miserable cur happens to howl at night under his window. Everyone can detail you some instance about the other fellow in this regard. This story shows how an enterprising horse dealer gained a point by his knowledge of another's weakness for signs.

By Hatty C. Vaughan

"NOW children," said their father, as they gathered around the breakfast-table, "be careful to take up your knife first. Tommy!" All eyes turned, with varying expressions, to the little ten-year-old on whom the accusing gaze of the father rested. "There you go ag'in, right while I'm talking. Have I got to tell you every mornin' 'bout that 'ere sign, 'Fork first, day wasted?"

"I didn't mean to," faltered the little fellow, shrinking under the reproof of the stern gray eye.

"It's because he's left-handed," ventured Sadie.

"Well, that don't mend matters none. See how the day was wasted yisterday. Everything he done didn't 'mount to nothin': let the hawks git two of the chickens he was watchin', only got one sack of potatoes dug, and forgot to feed the pigs till he'd gone to bed, and I had to rout him out to do it. Now he'll have another day like yisterday."

The children knew that Tommy's yesterday had contained many kinds of work other than those enumerated, but they were wise enough to keep their thoughts to themselves. Their father—"Bob" Winkler—was well informed on but two subjects: signs and money-getting. Superstition was his predominating trait, and he regulated his conduct by a code of signs from the time when, before putting his feet out of bed in the morning, he counted twelve to in-

sure good luck that day, till the evening, when he allowed no one to sweep the floor, for fear "the devil might come in." If he saw the new moon for the first time over his left shoulder, he believed that misfortune would attend him that month, and could be averted only by his turning around three times immediately after the unfortunate sight. Spilling salt was another unlucky omen, and signified a quarrel with some friend. Old Betsy, the woman who for a meagre sum ministered to this peculiar household, was never surprised to be called upon to "throw some salt on the fire" as a preventative. Indeed, after living so long a time with the family, she was nearly as well versed in signs as her master himself, and if she ignored any of them, it was without his knowledge.

Eight years before, Betsy had come to help through the fatal illness of Mrs. Winkler—that is, she was informed by the husband that it was fatal, and, indeed, so it proved, though old Betsy believed it would have ended otherwise with more attention to remedies and less to superstitious observances. That occasion was the first and only time she ever openly combated the decision of her employer, and he then harshly informed her that he had heard a dog howl the first night of his wife's sickness, and that was a sure sign of death, so it was no use getting a doctor.

In person, Bob Winkler was tall and angular, with retreating forehead, long, pointed nose, and small, quick, searching eyes; in spirit, he had the obstinacy and assurance that usually accompany ignorance and superstition.

Breakfast over and the children dispatched to their several duties, Winkler prepared to take up the task he liked best—planning how to add to his already large store of worldly possessions. Standing in the front yard, he had just struck his heel to the ground three times—counting as he did so—when his neighbor from down the valley came walking up the path. A stranger would probably have shown evidence of amazement at Bob's strange conduct, which would in no wise have been diminished by an explanation. Not so Mr. Quigley; with a comprehensive glance, he genially advanced.

"Hello, Bob!" he smiled. "Been hearing a turtle-dove coo, have you? Well, you *are* a great one! You always know how to ward off the evil any way."

"Oh, no; not nigh always," declared Mr. Winkler. Then impressively, "Some signs can't be nothin' done with."

"I suppose that's true," acquiesced Mr. Quigley, and diplomatically added, "I'm beginning to believe some in signs myself. Now, yesterday at dinner I dropped my fork, and, as sure as anything, I had a gentleman visitor that same evening."

"Sure, sure," beamed Mr. Winkler, delighted at the apparent conversion of his neighbor. "It always comes true unless something happens."

"By the way, Winkler," returned Quigley, without a smile, "my visitor of whom I told you was Bainbridge—you know—the owner of 'The Pines.' He ran up your bid on my horse by considerable—offered me fifty dollars more. Says she may not be worth two hundred to any one else, but he likes that peculiar dun color, and insists on having her."

"But"—explosively—"you sold her to me!"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed Quig-

ley; "that's what I told him; but I said you might change your mind and not come at the time set, and, if so, he could have her. Nothing wrong about that, is there?"

"No, that'll do, but," declared Winkler positively, "I'll be there with the money at nine o'clock, just as I said I would. 'Course, I could get the cash and take her now, but I 'lowed to make what I get for my colts to-day pay for the horse, and the feller that bought 'em don't come till night."

"Oh, that's all right, Winkler," Blandly declared his neighbor, apparently not in the least displeased at the arrangement. "I just wanted to make sure that if you didn't come by nine I could let him have her."

"Well, if I'm not there, he *can* have her; but, as I said afore, I'll be there all right."

Mr. Quigley bowed a smiling assent and briskly walked away.

That evening old Betsy—small, alert, quick-stepping—passed down the street on her accustomed trip to the little village. Half way there she met Mr. Quigley. His habitual smile widened into still broader lines as he solicitously asked after her health, and deftly continued the conversation. Betsy was not loath to be entertained by so affable a gentleman.

Their conversation finally became confidential, with the result that she promised to perform a service for him, thereby adding a small sum to her meagre income. They seemed to get considerable amusement out of the plan, whatever it was, and went their ways in smiling anticipation.

In the meantime Mr. Winkler sold his colts, received the money, and went to bed, in satisfied contemplation of the morrow's purchase, first being careful to place his shoes with the toes to the south, that no burglar might enter his room that night. Mr. Quigley, in his home, and old Betsy, in her small corner of the Winkler domicile, each also sought repose. Sleep—the "sleep of innocence," as it is called—does it come with its beneficence to none but the honorable, the fair-dealing? If so, future

punishment is not necessary; the penalty would be exacted daily. When the X-ray is perfected to the extent of revealing thought, what a scrambling for fig-leaves there will be!

The next morning the Winkler household was astir early, although this was not unusual. All were busy with their morning duties—all but the father; he could afford to loiter, with all the others working. Old Betsy seemed especially active, hurrying here and there, yet apparently alert for any unusual sound.

She must have had a "premonition," for soon her expectancy was rewarded. Something unusual *was* going on upstairs: doors slammed, and heavy, quick steps passed back and forth through the corridors, finally coming down the stairs and back to the kitchen. Suddenly Mr. Winkler came rushing in, in a manner quite foreign to his usual methodical stride. The boys, who were out washing at the sink preparatory to eating breakfast, came hurrying in to see what was wrong; Sadie looked wonderingly out of the pantry, where she had been cutting bread; and old Betsy glanced quickly up, but continued to stir the mush—it was no affair of hers, any way.

"Now, this is a pretty mix-up!" exploded the master of the house, tramping round the room excitedly, white-faced and wild-eyed, his thin, wiry hair standing out in disorder. "This is the mornin' to go for that 'ere horse, and there on the carpet in front of my bedroom door was a pair of scissors!" Here Winkler looked up at Betsy, as if she were the more comprehending. "You know that sign:

A sharp-pointed instrument before
your door,
Don't venture out till after four,
Or in the strife
You'll lose your life.

"Now, what am I goin' to do about that 'ere horse, I'd like to know! I don't dast to go ag'in that sign—I've seen that tried too many times. Afore old man Hubbard got killed on the corn-sheller, they said he found a nail one

mornin', and, in place of staying in the house all day, he just picked up the nail and went on to his work, and, sure enough, he got killed."

"But, Papa," timidly questioned Sadie, "he didn't die for a month after that, did he?"

"What does that matter?" demanded her father. "Who wants to die in a month, I'd like to know? I suppose that's what you learn to school. Then"—impressively—"I can tell you about your own mother. Afore she got sick, one day, we found a knife 'most to the pantry door. It must 'a' been meant for her, for she worked in there more than any one else. She wouldn't take warnin', and you see how it was."

"Papa, maybe some one dropped the scissors there by your door," ventured John.

"What's the difference how they got there? They got there for a warnin', didn't they? The thing to do now is to see what's to be done about that 'ere horse. I don't want to lose that, for it's a bargain at two hundred, let alone one-fifty, as I'm to pay, and Bainbridge 'll not miss a chance like that. I told Quigley he could let it go at nine o'clock if I wasn't there with the money."

"Breakfast's ready," announced Betsy bluntly, and it was a silent group that gathered around the table. Mr. Winkler had subsided into pondering silence, heedless, for once, of his children's conduct.

Suddenly, pushing back his chair, he ordered:

"John, saddle Dick quick as you can. I want you to go over to Quigley's and take him the money for that 'ere horse. Now, move!"

"Yes, sir," assented John, mightily pleased to be sent on such an important errand and perhaps escape school.

Soon he returned, leaving Dick tied at the gate.

The money carefully counted and wrapped, his father himself put it into the lad's pocket, tempering his son's ardor by insisting on Betsy's sewing it in.

"Now," dictated he, "you say to Mr. Quigley that I don't dast to come out of the house to-day, but I've sent the money by you, and you are to lead the horse back with you. Now, hurry!"

After John was gone, his father walked the floor in a fever of impatience, looking first out of one window and then another. He even opened the door and peered out, and if all the dangers lurked there that his imagination conjured up, his long, pointed nose would have invited attack, for certainly it protruded into the tabooed territory.

As the minutes passed, Mr. Winkler grew more and more anxious. Why did not John come? What was keeping him so long? He looked at the clock again—only three minutes since he had looked before? It must surely have stopped. Then he hurried to the window again. Yes, there was a cloud of dust—that must be John; but was that another horse with him? He could not really tell.

Winkler only realized now how very much he wanted that horse. The thought of Mr. Bainbridge as possible owner was torture, and it was a genuine groan he uttered as he grasped the fact that John had failed. But possibly—the inspiring thought came—the horse was to be kept for him till to-morrow.

He met his son at the door, and anxiously demanded:

"Well, what did he say? Where is the horse?"

"He says," answered John, "that he's very sorry, but he had promised Mr. Bainbridge that if you didn't come by nine o'clock, the horse was his, and he asked if you were sick, and said that nothing but sickness was a reasonable excuse; and say, Pa, while I was out in the hall—he thought I'd gone home, but I was buttoning my coat up tight over the money—I saw him through the crack in the door—he winked at Mr. Bainbridge, and I heard him say, 'I was sure the scissors would do the work.'"

The flush of anger that overspread Mr. Winkler's face during the first part of his son's speech gave way to a look of astonishment, then incredulity, and finally one of comprehension. Without a word, he turned and went to his room.

After four hours, in which not a sound was heard, he came out and went about his work as usual, but it was supposed that during that time of quiet thought he bade good-bye to his lifelong delusions, for often he would say, with that pompous, assertive air habitual to him, "There's nothin' in signs; they can all be explained away somehow."

REAL GREATNESS

Real greatness consists in the possession and development of three faculties—observation, by which you acquire knowledge; conservation, by which you store it away, and analyzation, by which you utilize it.

Any individual who possesses, well developed, these three great faculties, is a genius.

—Governor Sulzer, of New York.



Prinyer Cove, Bay of Quinte, a snug hiding place just above the gap, where wounded warships at times took shelter. The "Molra" was to dodge in here when she met with the adventure here related.

When the Yankee Flag Dipped to General Brock

The celebration of a hundred years of peace along the 49th parallel of latitude in America, recalls some incidents of the War of 1812. There were some stirring times in the fresh water fights of those three years, and the author of this sketch has detailed an incident not generally known, where the Stars and Stripes did General Brock the courtesy of allowing his household effects to pass by them unmolested. Another incident will be related in a succeeding issue. Both of these are from Mr. Snider's Fresh Water Fights that is appearing shortly from the London, England, press.

By C. H. J. Snider

"Well," observed Malachi Malone slowly, "everybody's got a good streak in him som'eres. Even Isaac Chauncey had his.

"Him as was the Yankee commodore on Lake Ontario in the war of 1812?" queried Panfaced Harry hopefully.

Malachi, one-eyed, crop-eared, scarred with war and weather, unarched his huge back as though shaking off the weight of his century.

"Young feller," he answered portentously, his remaining optic kindling to its well-known storm-signal glare, "there never was mor'n one Isaac Chauncey. "That was him."

It was that good time abroad every lake schooner—the second dog watch in fine weather, the last half-hour of summer sunlight, after supper and before "Eight bells" ushers in the first night watch. It is a time to "loaf and

invite one's soul." The crew in the Albacore knew how to do that; in fact the skipper who paid them a dollar-a-day-and-no-lay-offs, said they were past-masters. Just now, in the sweet final flame of the level sun, they grouped like neophytes around Malachi Malone, their high priest of the tale that is told. Malachi on the city street looked a disreputable old wreck; but here he was in his proper setting, and looked what he said he was—the last man alive who had choked on battle-smoke on the Great Lakes in the war of 1812.

It was not necessary to urge Malachi to yarn; he'd do it if he so willed, were he alone at the wheel in a gale of wind; and if he wouldn't, he wouldn't, and coaxing availed not. But his mess mates had seen the old signal-light aglow under the white thatch of his eyebrow, and settled themselves comfortably on paul-post and windlass bitt.

"Isaac Chauncey was no friend of mine," Malachi went on. "Thanks to him an' his long-guns I left as much of myself behind as 'ud fit out a now-a-days sailorman. But this here thing's to his credit. It happened afore I shipped in the Wolfe as powder-boy, when I was a kid playin' hookey around the docks in Kingston, first year o' the

war. Some of it I saw, and some of it I heard from them as was there.

"Queenston Heights was over. The old brig Moira had come down the Lake loaded with prisoners taken in the battle, and gone up again, with the Royal George and the Prince Regent. Commodore Earle had the British fleet on the lake then, and a fine mess he made of things before Sir James Yeo sent him packing. Commodore Chauncey and his Yankee fleet raided the Bay of Quinte that fall, captured two trading schooners, bombarded the Royal George and the town o' Kingston, and got clear away without a scratch. While he was thrashing home for Sackett's Harbor, the American base, he met the little Governor Simcoe, running before the gale from York to Kingston. He chased her through the shoals and riddled her with shot so that she sank right in front of the Kingston batteries.

"When Chauncey sunk the Simcoe in Kingston Harbor and sailed off to the south'ard in the November gale, it wasn't the loss of the vessel that worried her master, old Jim Richardson. She was sheltered some by the reef she'd crossed before the Yanks plugged her, and could be raised. Matter o' fact, she was raised and sailed for years afterwards. But when the garrison boats picked up the old man and his crew from the cross-trees o' the sunken packet his first word was: "Where's the Moira?" The Earl of Moira was a fourteen gun brig that his son, young Jim Richardson, sailed in. Young Jim was a provincial lieutenant, and that gave him rank as sailin' master in the Royal Navy. He was a smart sailorman, and afterwards took to sky-pilotin! The brig had sailed from York when the Simcoe did, but she was to stretch over to Niagara, and convoy a sloop from there to the St. Lawrence.

"That sloop was only a squat little trader, boys, but she had a cargo money couldn't buy. Brave Sir Isaac Brock had been buried three weeks before in a bastion of Fort George. And that little sloop, sent across from York to Niagara, had abroad of her the dead general's plate, his books, his papers, his ward-



Stone Martello Tower, one of the ancient defences of Kingston Harbor.

robe, his arms — all the things his folks in the Channel Islands, across the salt water, would prize for remembrance. "You've heard in school, you youngsters, that Brock's last words were, 'Push on, York Volunteers!' Right enough. He said that. And then he asked them that bent over him to send his sister something. They couldn't catch just what. But THEM was his real last words. And this here sloop, that Richardson's son was helpin' convoy, had all of Brock's belongin's aboard, bound for Montreal, for shipment home to Guernsey.

"We told old Richardson the Moira hadn't been sighted, nor the commodore in the Royal George, nor the Prince Regent, neither. He said the Prince Regent and the Royal George was safe in York, at the dockyard. 'But I'd sooner the Yanks ud blow the Simcoe to staves,' the old chap added, 'than have 'em catch Jimmy, and I'd sooner have 'em catch Jimmy than touch one scrap o' the general's property. Who'll go with me to warn the Moira that Chauncey's off the harbor mouth?"

"It seemed a crazy thing to try, with a gale o' wind blowin' from the west-ward and it spittin' snow, and the Moira anywhere between Kingston Harbor and Burlington Bay. But he borrowed a fish-boat and drummed up a crew. Nobody was very keen on goin'—except



Bishop James Richardson, the "young Jim Richardson" of Malachi Malone's Narrative. Note the empty left coat sleeve. The arm was lost when storming Oswego, 1814. He was sailing master of the sloop-of-war Montreal. This picture is taken from a faded group photo a half century old of the survivors of the war of 1812.

the old man and me. That was how I got the chance. I dasn't go back to school, for I'd been playing hookey ever since the Yankee fleet showed up off the harbor; and I dasn't go home, for I'd get a whalin' there for not goin' to school. It cost a shillin' a week to get schoolin' then, and my dad was a particular man about shillin's.

"A ny how, we started up the Lake, in a half-decked lugger, six of us, pullin' her under oars against the headwind, and glad of the chance to keep warm that way. We followed the North Channel from Kingston, up among the Islands of the Bay of Quinte, and then pulled across to South Bay point at the foot of Prince Edward County, by the False Ducks. Old Richardson figured the Moira'd have to pass there

on her way down the lake, and he planned to lie in the lee of the islands till she came by, and warn her to pop into the Bay of Quinte. He was a good reckoner, was the old man. We reached the False Ducks by daylight, after forty miles of rowing and sailin'—the wind had come fair—and we landed and thawed ourselves out by a driftwood fire, and cooked gulls' eggs. There was no wind all day, and the sky began to grease up, as it does ahead of a November snow-fall. At sundown we sighted a pair of



The last relics of 1812 squadron—the ribs in one of Sir James Yeo's fleet—supposed to be the 12-gun schooner "Netley," showing to-day above the gravel bed in Navy Bay, opposite the old Royal dock yard, Kingston, Ontario.

square tops'ls, and pulled out towards 'em. It was the Moira. And she had the sloop in tow. She had been delayed comin' down the lake, laggin' for her convoy. They swung our fishboat in on the deck by the yard-tackles, and Capt. Sampson, R. N., who commanded her, said old Richardson ought to have a medal, and he felt honored at havin' the son of such a man for sailin' master. They let me swing a hammock that night in the Moira's fo'c'sle, and I wouldn't 'a changed places with King George.

"The wind came in from the east'ard. There was no light on the False Ducks in them days, and to clear the islands before stretchin' north into the Bay the Moira had to stand out into the lake. It was dangerous, but it had to be done. It was mornin' afore we'd a safe offing, and then the wind fell light, and the

snow set in, smotherin' down like a thick blanket.

"We lay rollin' hour after hour, the empty sails slappin' the masts, shakin' down snowfalls at every lurch. Sometimes we could see the sloop astern, and sometimes we couldn't. With nothin' else to do, the watch fell to guessin' where she'd show up next. Sometimes she'd range up on one quarter, sometimes on the other, sometimes almost abeam of us. She was driftin' around on her long towline, for neither vessel had much steerage way. She went out of sight in an extra thick smother, and next we heard her hail: "Moira ahoy! Have you changed the course?" and a voice answered ASTERN of her, 'What ship is that? Stand by to fend off!'

"Then the snow thinned a bit, and we saw the sloop, and right on top of her, blottin' out her shape with a towerin' bulk of canvas and hull, another vessel—a brig—eight heavy guns grinning from either side, and the Stars and Stripes swayin' at the main-peak. The Moira was trapped. Not a gun of ours was manned. And not a gun of ours could bear on her without first blowing the convoy-sloop out of the water.

"Again came the hail, in a deep-sea bass. 'What ship is that?' Captain Sampson sprang to our rail.

"His Britannic Majesty's brig-of-war Earl of Moira. Box your vessel off clear of that sloop, sir, and we'll fight it out with you—but for God's sake don't fire into that convoy!"

"'Why not?' bellowed the bass voice, 'Mind your own funeral—we're double your weight.'

"The sloop,' answered Captain Sampson steadily, 'carries General Brock's effects. Whoever you are, hold your broadside till we have both let her drop out of range!'

"This is the United States brig of war Oneida,' the bass voice came back, as though nettled at having to introduce his vessel, 'flagship of Commodore Chauncey, U.S.N. The commodore's



The harbor of the City of Kingston, 1913. In the bight in the foreground the British war fleet for Lake Ontario one hundred years ago was built and harbored. The long four-storied building on the shore is the Stone Frigate, the sailor's shore barracks. In the bay in the middle distance was fought the duel between Chauncey's fleet and the Royal George, November 8, 1812.

compliments, and if you are convoying the effects of the late general, pass on. We'll meet again.'

"'Again sir,' answered Captain Sampson, stiffly. The Stars and Stripes at the Oneida's gaff-end dipped vaguely in a friendly salute. Our ensign dipped in return, shakin' down snowflakes as it fell and rose and flut-

tered out in the revivin' breeze. The sloop sidled back astern, the towline tautened, and the tops'ls of the Yankee flagship faded into the snowmist and vanished."

"Well," admitted Pan-faced Harry, who was a cautious critic of other men's actions, "That WAS rather white of Chauncey."

SHAKESPEARE

Thou'rt Nature's child
 Thy words come straight from Mother Nature's heart.
 They sing, they breathe, they live, they thrill the soul
 And reading them one longs to slip away
 To that fair time when Shakespeare walked with men.

—Aileen Beaufort.

The White Precipitate

Popular fiction of the day seems to generally repeat the idea that romance, once it enters the confines of home life, is doomed to early tragedy unless it be blinded by the glamor of acted lies in the guise of beauty, luxury, meaningless conventionalities. We read so much of this that it is refreshing to find a story like the following by Rex T. Stout, where a current of adversity grips a turbid domestic situation and throws down from the turmoil a resulting compound of real goodness as it were—a white precipitate.

By Rex T. Stout

"Yes, sir."

"Take these papers out of the room."

Without a sign of surprise at the unusual order, the servant gathered up the four morning newspapers and started to leave. As he reached the door he was again halted by his master's voice:

"And, Evans!"

"Yes, sir."

"If Mrs. Reynolds asks for them, tell her they haven't come."

"Yes, sir."

Left alone, Bernard Reynolds crossed to a chair by the open fire and seated himself thoughtfully. Even such a catastrophe as this of which he had just read failed to move him from his accustomed calm. Of course, the news must be told to his wife; how, was the difficulty. For himself, he was almost glad; materially inconvenient though it was, it meant the removal of a barrier which he had already found an impediment in his search for happiness. Further, he knew that Paula herself would find the immediate loss an ultimate benefit; but he also knew that, coming thus suddenly, the blow would be a hard one. It was with such methodical reflection that he met a shock which to most men would have meant keen disappointment, and to some despair.

As he extended his hand to lower the flame in the coffee-lamp, Evans re-

entered the room, bearing a loaded tray. Soon after, Paula came in. Bernard crossed the room to greet her, and escorted her to her chair at the table.

In the 6 months since the Reynoldses' wedding, the ceremony of breakfast had undergone a gradual but complete change. At the first dozen or so there had been very little eaten, and a great deal of foolishness. It had assumed the character of a morning worship, and Evans, who was orthodox, had been much disturbed by the order to place both chairs at one end of the table. At the present time, it was solely a matter of mastication and digestion. And yet Bernard declared—to himself—that the first had been by far the best, which seems to be a pretty good refutation of that disagreeable saying about men's stomachs.

On this particular morning the silence was oppressive. Even Evans seemed cast down by something unusual in the air, and was moved out of his habitual solemnity and dignity to an unheard-of sprightliness. When he served the jelly fifty seconds too soon, in a valiant attempt to start something, and received no notice whatever for his effort, he gave up in despair, and received his nod of dismissal with gratitude. When he had gone Paula raised her eyes from her plate for the first

time and looked at Bernard. Her eyes were red, and her lips were set in a firm, straight line.

"I suppose," she said, "that last night settles it."

Bernard returned her gaze calmly. "What do you mean?"

"For six months we've been trying to decide whether we've made a mistake. There is no longer any doubt about it."

Bernard hesitated a moment before replying. "Paula, you've said something like this twice before. You know how I've tried—but it's useless. It's purely your imagination. You've discovered somehow that it's bad form to have your dreams come true, and all I can do is to wait till you get over it."

"And last night—was that only my imagination?"

Bernard sighed hopelessly. "Will you never understand? Haven't I told you what my future demands?" Then, in a softer tone, "You know very well it's all for you. In order to succeed in my profession, a man must have friends. I'm trying to make them—that's all."

"And, I suppose, in order to be useful, they must be agreeable and— attractive."

"I've told you before that that's nonsense. It's pure rot. If you knew how silly——" He checked himself. "But I don't wish to be rude. There is a particular reason why I can't be."

For a full minute Paula was silent. The line of her mouth trembled, then tightened, and her hands, resting before her on the table, were clenched. Then, as though with an effort, she spoke slowly and calmly:

"Aren't you just a little tired of being a hypocrite, of living a lie?"

Bernard rose to his feet, astonished.

"That's what it amounts to. You may as well sit down and talk it over calmly. Ever since we were married, you've done nothing but lie and pretend."

"Paula! For God's sake——"

"Please listen. I'm not going to descend to heroics, and I don't care to listen to any. We may as well face the truth. We made a bad bargain, but we

may as well admit it *was* a bargain. You pretended to love me, and I"—she caught her breath, and then went on calmly—"I pretended to love you. I don't know why I did it, but I know why you did. Of course, you wanted my money. As for me, I suppose it was your talent, your career."

Bernard, still sitting opposite her, controlled his voice with an effort. "You seem to have analyzed us thoroughly," he said drily. "And you—you are sure it was only pretense?"

"Have I not said so?" Paula laughed harshly. "Of course, it hurts your vanity. But you'll soon get over it. Besides, it will restore your peace of mind. You will no longer be under the necessity of attempting to deceive me. Our marriage becomes purely a business partnership, to which you furnish the brains and I the money. There will be no more nonsense about an affection that doesn't exist."

"Paula, I don't believe you." The voice was strained, appealing. "Whatever you may think of me, I can't believe you to be—as you say you are. I *won't!*"

"I have said——" Paula began coldly.

"I know." There was a sudden change in Bernard's voice. "And it would hardly be a compliment to suppose you are lying *now*. Very well; I accept your terms. It is strictly a business partnership. You admit I have the brains?"

"Of course."

"And you the money."

"That is what I said."

"And the one, I believe, balances the other?"

"What is the use of repeating it all?"

"I just want to get it straight. I want to know exactly where I stand. You are sure I am furnishing my full share?"

"What do you mean?" cried Paula, startled by his tone.

Bernard, ignoring her question, struck the bell on the table sharply, and when Evans appeared, almost immediately, turned to him.

"Bring me the *Morning News*."

Evans disappeared, and in a minute later returned with one of the newspapers which he had previously been told to remove. Bernard, his hand slightly trembling, handed it across the table to Paula, indicating with his finger a double-column head on the first page. His voice was tense with feeling as he said:

"That is what I mean."

As her eyes caught the headline Paula gave a little involuntary cry, and the paper fell from her hands. Then, as she read the first two or three paragraphs, and realized the full meaning of them, her face grew pale and her eyes sought Bernard's in a sort of dumb protest.

"It isn't true!" she cried.

Bernard was silent.

"It *can't* be true! It means—everything is gone! It *can't* be true!"

Then, while Bernard sat silently regarding her, she bent over the paper and read the article through to the end. When she spoke her voice was dry and hard. "If—but there are no ifs. It is all gone. I have nothing. I am a pauper."

"Worse than that." Bernard spoke grimly. "You are in debt. I spoke to Grimshaw an hour ago over the telephone. Dudley has disappeared—which means that his liabilities must be met by you. Grimshaw says there is absolutely no hope."

Paula stared at him as though fascinated, unable to speak.

"Well?" she said finally.

Bernard arose and, passing around the table stood by her chair. "It is well," he said. "Our partnership is dissolved."

Paula recoiled as though he had struck her. "You mean——"

"What I say. A thousand times I have read in your eyes all—and more—that you have said this morning. It has made my life unbearable. That is why I'm glad it's all over—that the weary farce is ended."

"Then—you are through?"

"With the partnership, yes. Your share of the capital has disappeared; therefore the firm belongs to me. My

first care will be to keep it intact." He stood silent for a moment, regarding her gravely.

"It isn't what you said that hurts. You have condemned me unheard. You needn't have told me that you have never loved me; if you had, you could never have believed me to be—what you have said."

Paula lifted her eyes slowly, and tried in vain to meet his. Then, suddenly, the strength of her lie failed her; she buried her face in her hands and sobbed brokenly. "I can't give you up! I *can't*!" she moaned.

Then, as though by magic, Bernard's face cleared, and was filled with light. "Good God! Of course not!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I won't let you! Didn't I say the firm belongs to me?"

When Evans answered the bell, ten minutes later, he stopped short in the doorway and viewed the scene before him with unconcealed dismay. Both chairs—occupied—were placed squarely together at the farther end of the table.

"Evans," said Bernard, "I want to ask you a question. I suppose you have read the papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, you know of our—good fortune. Thank God, we have to economize! Your—er—pickings will probably be reduced. The question is, do you want to stay?"

"No sir," said Evans promptly. "Not if I have to serve breakfast. I can stand the rest."

"Evans!"

"How can I help it, sir? Look at that!" He pointed at the chairs indignantly. "You know, sir, I've always tried to keep my self-respect, which I can't do going into rooms *backwards*. And even for the sake of your father——"

"Very well." Bernard grinned happily. "We'll have Maggie serve breakfast after to-day."

Evans turned to go.

"But," Bernard continued, "this morning you'll have to suffer. Bring back the fruit-tray and make another pot of coffee. We're going to celebrate."



The Passing of the Family Doctor

By E. J. MOORE

No professional man has had, perhaps, a harder and more self-sacrificing life than the practitioner of medicine in the rural districts. Many a man has practically given up his life for his patients by toiling regardless of the hours and weather. The family joys and troubles, their weaknesses and faults, and many interesting bits of family history have been entrusted and carefully guarded by the physician. Modern life though, is changing these conditions in the older settled parts of Canada. The springing up of big cities and towns has tended to break up the old idols and with them is passing that good one,—the family doctor. Specialists are now taking their places in a great many cases and whether we like it or not the movement is going on. The people themselves are largely to blame for this condition of affairs, and yet many will be the regrets because of the evolution. Mr. Moore's writings have already won a place for themselves with the readers of MacLean's.

"WHERE'S young Doctor Clark?" A college man on a week-end visit to his home in one of the larger towns was renewing his information as to local affairs.

"Has he moved? I don't see his shingle down on Queen Street. Didn't he make good? I thought you had a pretty good opinion of him, dad?"

"Moved? Yes, to Europe," replied the father, himself one of the town's leading physicians. "He's done what all the rest are doing and what I ought to have done twenty years ago—gone into special work. He did do well here, but he was only working to get some money to take him to the Continent."

"He's taking his trips early."

"This is no pleasure trip. He'll spend a couple of years in the hospitals in Vienna and London and then come back as a specialist in nose and throat and he'll make more money in a month than he did here all year."

The above incident, an actual one, by the way, has been repeated, if not in toto, still substantially, so far as the major facts go, in town after town and

with physician after physician in Canada during the past few years. One who knocks about the country at all sees traces of it every day. Until recent years specialists in medicine and surgery were only to be found in the cities. To-day their numbers are not only largely increased in the more populous centres, but they are also finding their way into the towns and villages. The movement has recently become such a notable one that a good deal of discussion has been aroused among the members of the profession interested as to the probable disappearance, in the not distant future, of that long-known and exceedingly useful member of society, the family doctor.

One who has not previously considered the matter will probably greet the announcement with considerable incredulity. "What," said a more-than-ordinarily-intelligent clergyman, "You say the family doctor is disappearing? I cannot believe it. He is too much of an institution. He is too valued a member of society. We couldn't get along without him." And the general pub-

lic will doubtless consider the matter in the same light.

But yet, more rapidly than those who have not studied the question can realize, a change in the medical profession, as we have known it for so many generations, is taking place and it seems safe to prophesy that at the end of the next decade the now familiar general practitioner will not be known, in urban districts, at least.

The reasons for the new order of affairs are many and various, and are not far to seek.

A well-known specialist in abdominal surgery discussed the matter very freely with the writer the other day.

"There is no doubt," he said, "but that the main reason for the tendency you mention and which, indeed, seems inevitable, is the marvellous development which has taken place within the past twenty or thirty years in the science of medicine and surgery. In my days at college," he went on, "while we saw possibilities of development in many lines, we thought we learned about all that was known. And to a large degree we were right. To-day, the medical student, if he takes things at all seriously, must be appalled at the mass of information he must master to be even fairly well-informed. The best he can do in his college work is to get the most important principles thoroughly established and perhaps touch a sort of fringe of the many departments that lie open to him. The science is entirely too big for any one man to know it all. And new discoveries, new methods of treatment, new remedies, are being announced almost daily. I find it almost impossible to keep in touch with all the new things in my own line, aside from doing any of the research work I planned several years ago to carry through. You can see how it must be with the man who attempts to follow the science in all its branches."

THE AGE OF SPECIALISTS.

A young specialist who is rapidly building up a wide reputation and at the same time a very substantial bank account, shed a little further light.

"I went to the continent six years ago," he said, "with the idea of specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat. After about six months in the hospitals over there I sat down one day to think matters over and decided that I was undertaking too much, that I couldn't begin to cover all I wanted to in regard to all of these. As a result," he went on, "as you know, I have confined myself to one thing, the eye, and I find I can't even keep up with the new stuff on it. If I could afford it I'd cut my practice out altogether for five years' more study. Then I might know a little about it."

And so it goes. This is an age of specialization—in manufacturing, in selling, in teaching, in preaching. Is it at all surprising that this modern tendency should find its way into the science which, perhaps more than any other, has kept itself modern?

The family physicians themselves, are almost without exception, ready to acknowledge the tendency and interviews with several of them brought out more reasons for the change.

"I wanted to specialize when I left McGill thirty years ago," said one of the old-time doctors who occupies a prominent place in the hearts and lives of the people in a small village, and who by the way, is an L. R. C. P., "but was advised otherwise by one of the college authorities. Look at the life I've led since. Driving from ten to fifty miles a day in all weathers, wakened and forced to go out almost every other night, going without sleep for days at a time, handling everything from toothache to appendicitis, and," with a smile, "getting my accounts paid when my patients got ready, frequently not at all."

From the standpoint of comfort and financial returns the weight on the specialist's side of the argument brings the balance down with a bump.

He has little or no driving—his patients come to him. In many cases this procedure is necessitated by reason of the special and frequently complicated apparatus he makes use of in his examinations and treatment. He has practically no night calls. The class of patients he deals with are not only rather

more well-to-do but are also more pleasant, more intelligent and generally more appreciative than that large class called general. Again, by reason of his special training and, perhaps, by reason of his reputation, he is enabled to charge a higher fee than his brother physician who ministers to the general class.

A young doctor, with a large and growing city practice, illustrated this latter phase of the question very clearly.

THE MONEY SIDE OF IT.

"Last night," he said, "that nice little Miss Parsons came in, complaining of her eye. Now, I might have examined that eye and gone into the case as well as I could and with what instruments I have and it would have taken at least an hour and a half. The public know," he ran on, glancing over his appointment book, "that the regular fee for a visit to a doctor's office is from one to two dollars. I couldn't have charged her any more. And that amount, as you see, is scarcely a fair return for the time I would have to spend. Instead of bothering with her I sent her down to L——— (an eye specialist). He will probably be able to do more for her than I could and he'll be able to charge her anywhere from five to twenty dollars for the treatment. And it'll be worth it. She'll get the best that's going."

From the standpoint of surgery, in particular, still another factor bears on the question.

THERE'S A KNACK IN SURGERY.

No matter how skillful a surgeon a general practitioner may be—and to their credit it must be said that many of them have done and are doing wonderful things—there is no question as to his having the same command over his own muscles and nerves and the same confidence as has the specialist who uses the knife in only one or a few special forms of operations. Knack seems to play a large part in modern surgery and it can readily be seen that a physician who is practicing in a gen-

eral way cannot hope to compete with the surgeon who is, for instance, doing delicate operative work on the eye every day, nor when he only has a "chance"—the word is not used designedly—at an *appendicectomy* two or three times a year, with the specialist who is doing abdominal operations almost daily.

From the public's standpoint, too, there is a good deal to be gained from the coming new order of affairs. Even years ago, in particularly critical cases, the specialist was frequently called in consultation by the family doctor, perhaps not because there may have been any doubt in his own mind, but rather to satisfy the family that every step was being taken which was possible. The public is even now recognizing the reasons for the specialist's existence and, even in the face of the naturally-to-be-expected higher fees, they will be better satisfied in knowing they have had the best attention that could be secured. One does not temporize with illness. It is too unpleasant and too serious a matter to hesitate over. The usual call is for the best that can be secured, regardless of expense.

"What about the country people?" asked the clergyman mentioned above, when brought to realize the really inevitable tendencies of the new movement. "How are they going to get along under the conditions you suggest as approaching?"

TH' GOOD OLD COUNTRY DOCTOR.

Just here lies the exception that the old proverb used to tell us proved the rule. It seems as if the rural sections will always demand and will always be supplied with the general practitioner. In the same way the lumber, railway and mining camps will require the attention of physicians capable of overseeing sanitary conditions and also of diagnosing general diseases and looking after general surgery. It would be a serious economic fallacy to have matters arranged otherwise and this fact and the conditions to be met will undoubtedly outweigh the advantages outlined for the people of the cities and towns.

It is easy to see the advantages that

may come to all classes concerned as a result of this forecast change, but not so easy to realize at once how great and far-reaching the disadvantages may be.

The family doctor, as we have known him, has been more than a giver of *Pills and powders*. He has given, in hundreds of ways his patients never realized, of himself. His opportunities have been peculiar and manifold to follow the example set forth by the Good Samaritan, and, with few exceptions he has made use of them. Who is there of us who can look back to the period of his earliest remembrance and not recall the kindly deeds the sympathy extended at needful moments and the general spirit of helpfulness as embodied in the doctors he knew? In some of the old physicians, undoubtedly, this kindly spirit was hidden under a gruff and sometimes stern exterior, but it was all the more tender and sincere for this when the time of need came. Compare with this to advantage, if you can, the necessarily-unfamiliar and seemingly professionally-cold attitude of the modern specialist.

The family doctor did more than administer remedial drugs. The fact that more of healing is accomplished by faith than is ordinarily imagined is a commonly accepted theory among the profession. The old-time doctor had his own ways of inspiring this healing faith and in many cases, doubtless, achieved cures that even the ultra-mod-

ern specialist could not hope to accomplish.

LOCKS THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

What a mighty help the family doctor has been, as well, in straightening out household tangles. His peculiar position in regard to the various members of the family brought to him secrets such as reached no outsider. In most homes he visited he had a fairly intimate acquaintance with the skeleton in the closet. And he carried these things with him, heart-breaking things often, joyful things again, honorably keeping them from the world. How often he was able to lay his finger on the trouble spot in the household, and with a word or two of wisdom and advice, cause its dissolution. How many lives has he caught, just at the danger-point, and turned in a safe direction.

The family doctor, in almost every case, achieved an honorable place in his community. Because of his better education and wider outlook than the majority of his fellow-citizens, he was able to lead the way, when he cared to, in improvements along various lines which made life better worth living. He has been, indeed, a community benefactor.

With his disappearance these characteristics, many of them at least, will disappear as well. He will be sorely and sadly missed. And yet, progress will have its way. Other good things have been eliminated to lead to a better order of affairs. May it be so in regard to the passing of the family doctor.



Landing the Order

Every commercial traveller and business undertaker whether working for himself or in the interests of an employer will enjoy this story by Mr. Moffatt. A young member of the staff thinks he could succeed in landing a big order for his firm and he gets the chance. It is this chance that interests the reader.

By R. Gordon Moffatt

"THIS is hard luck," yawned Charles Wilton, as he slid off his high stool and stretched his tired arms. "A tall, healthy young man of twenty, cramped up on a stool making out invoices for the Burrows Knitting Company, day after day. With a position like this, I should be earning enough money to live on comfortably by the time I am 'four score and ten.'"

"And you know the minute you give up your stool there are others ready to jump for it," replied David Haines, the sales manager, as he looked over his spectacles severely at Wilton.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; any excuse for getting a start with the Burrows people," said Charles, hastily. "But I've got ambition and lots of it, and it sure does pull it out of one to be pushing a pen eight hours a day with nothing more in sight. I want to go and sell socks—lots of them. Say, Mr. Haines," coaxingly, "I have been here almost three months now and have not wasted a moment. I have talked socks and dreamed socks. I am thoroughly saturated with socks—Burrows socks. Can't you speak a good word for me and get me on the road for a trial?"

"Ever sell anything?" he asked.

"No-o, I haven't," admitted Charles, "But I know—"

"Yes, they all know," interrupted Haines. "I have seen, yes, have started dozens of men out with the line, men and fellows like you, full of ambition and knowledge, firmly convinced that they could dazzle the trade and pull in the orders. But when they went up

against fifty other men, selling just as good a line as the Burrows, they slowed up—sagged—dropped—and off went their heads."

"You talk as if salesmen are born and not made," testily commented Charles.

"No, not that," the sales manager replied, "but they must be born with some marked features in them, and one of these is—grit. Just that. The hosiery business is peculiar; you can get a working knowledge of it in a short time, but unless you have undying grit, you fall, no matter how good the line is. You must stick until you get what you want. Speaking about stickers, I recommend Mr. Burrows, our president, as a pattern—the best salesman in the business."

"He certainly gets the business," asserted Charles, who had just completed billing some of the president's orders. "I've never seen Mr. Burrows. Where is he now?"

"On his vacation in Winnipeg, I guess," answered Mr. Haines. "But he is seldom about the office. He is your kind, made for the outdoors."

The conversation was dropped. "I can stick like glue if I only have the chance," was Charles' final remark.

While the Burrows Knitting Company had a score of men on the road, still many of the older buyers retained their long founded custom of dropping into the office, and visiting the factory to learn of the improvements in the manufacturing end and to renew acquaintanceship with the men of the office.

In addition to his work of supervising the sales of the men on the road, it was Mr. Haines' duty to handle these customers, and others who might come in. Many examples of grit, as expressed by the sales manager in the former conversation, came to the notice of the watchful book-keeper, in the handling of these customers. Noon hours and any moments of leisure that he could spare were spent in the factory, following the workings of the hundreds of machines which transform raw material into finished hosiery. The men about the factory came to like the affable and genial bookkeeper and much knowledge about the mechanical portion of the business which before had been vague was made clear to him.

"Oh, for a chance on the road," sighed Charles, the thought continually in his mind.

"We have got a big week ahead of us," said Haines to the bookkeeper one Monday morning, as he seated himself at his desk. "Duncan of the International string of stores is coming in for a nice fat order this week and Burrows is away, as usual. And if I don't land Duncan for a ten thousand dollar this time, I will be looking for a new job. Last year the Higgins people beat us to it, and Burrows has never forgiven us."

"Ten thousand dollars," whistled Charles. "Just for a starter that would be the kind of an order I would like to land. But no chance."

The first of the week passed, as usual, and no Mr. Duncan had put in his appearance. Thursday, Friday and Saturday morning and still no sign of the buyer for the International, the largest stores in the country selling hosiery.

"It must be that Mr. Duncan has postponed his call until next week," said the sales manager, as he rose to leave at noon. "He knows we are not open Saturday afternoons and will surely not come until next week."

Saturday was a busy day for the bookkeeper and it was after one when he closed his books and put on his coat, preparatory to departing. The outer door of the office opened and in stepped a large, robust-looking man, who nod-

ded slightly to Wilton as he started to remove his gloves.

"All hands gone?" demanded the stranger, pulling out his watch. "Where is Haines or——"

"Come right in, Mr. Duncan. We have been expecting you all week and Mr. Haines, thinking you would not be in this afternoon, left at noon."

"What?" said the visitor, looking strangely at Charles. "Oh, yes, I was unavoidably detained. And who are you?"

"I am Charles Wilton, sir," replied the bookkeeper. "But don't let the absence of Mr. Burrows or Mr. Haines interfere with your plans as I am conversant with the situation and am fully prepared to discuss the matter of your order thoroughly."

"Oh, you are," said Mr. Duncan. He spoke rather crossly and Charles reflected that perhaps he had not had luncheon, and that to discuss a ten thousand dollar order on an empty stomach was bad policy. He mentally figured the amount of cash in his pocket and his savings in a drawer in the safe; the total was \$60.

"I was just about to go to lunch," he said cordially. "Will you join me?"

"I guess I'll—" he began, but Charles handed him his hat and closed the safe, after extracting his money.

"I never take no for an answer," he said good naturedly and led the bewildered Mr. Duncan to the Worthington, the finest hotel in the city.

The most expensive dishes on the bill of fare were ordered, and during the hour spent, Charles afterward reflected that he had done most of the talking. Every subject of interest was discussed, except hosiery. Dessert came and went, and Charles called for his bill. It was \$14, and he paid it without a blink.

"I must leave you now, you must have some plan on foot for this afternoon," said the International man as they left the hotel.

"Yes, I did have," said Charles. "I was going out to a quiet place about twenty miles in the country, where they have dandy golf links. Ever play golf?"

"Sometimes," said Duncan, whom

Charles thought acted ill at ease for a man who had consumed the major portion of a \$14 meal. Several people looked at the man, were about to speak, and he had turned his head abruptly away.

"Be my guest, Mr. Duncan," said Wilton, his heart palpitating.

"Pretty hot in the city—guess the trip will do me good after my long car ride. I'll take you up."

"Good," said Charles, and the pair caught the suburban which carried them to their destination, where they arrived late in the afternoon.

During the trip Charles tried hard to fathom Duncan's solicitude concerning the precious contract, and could not draw him out.

The pair went over the course together, playing an even game to the last hole. Nervously Wilton teed off. He went over the hole, and Duncan won.

"A fine game, Mr. Wilton," said Duncan. "Now that it is almost evening I will have to leave you. Do you know whether Mrs. Burrows is in the city? I have a slight acquaintance with her."

"I believe she has been expecting Mr. Burrows from Winnipeg soon, but she is spending the week-end with friends at Willowbrook, as I heard her tell Mr. Haines," said Charles, resolved on inviting himself along should Duncan go. The words of the sales manager were ringing in his ears, and he decided to stick to his prey this time, no matter what amount of time was consumed in bringing up the order matter. At least he would not let anyone else get to him.

"Oh, well, I guess that will keep," said the International man, and to Charles' relief asked about the hotel accommodations in the neighborhood of the links.

A cozy, quiet hotel near the river was chosen, and each bathed and supped after their vigorous afternoon on the links.

Come to my rooms this evening, Mr. Wilton. I have a proposition to make to you that I think will help you to pass away the time," said Mr. Duncan at the close of the meal.

At last the opportunity was here, he could talk Burrows hosiery to his heart's content and would land that ten thousand dollar order if he had to stay up all night to convince Mr. Duncan that it was the best on the market.

But once again his hopes went glimmering, as Mr. Duncan asked him if he ever played cribbage, to which he assented and the evening was spent in play, Mr. Duncan taking many of Wilton's fast disappearing dollars from him without comment. And as he turned in for the night, Charles recalled the parting words of his guest, as he had left him. He had said, "You have afforded me one of the happiest days of my life to-day and I thank you. If I can do anything in return, I will be glad to do it."

"If he could do anything for me," sighed Charles. "Just let him open up on that order matter."

The next day being Sunday, Duncan at breakfast asked Charles about his attitude on Sunday golf. Charles' attitude displayed itself in a prompt challenge to set forth, and the game ended in a decided victory for the bookkeeper after which church was suggested. The remainder of the day was spent quietly, Charles hoping against hope for an opportunity to display his knowledge of Burrows' line.

It was decided that the pair would remain over until the next day and return about noon.

"If this will afford me the chance I want, it will pay me, if not ——" Thoughts of Haines' upbraiding on his return late the next day made his mind disturbed and the two retired early.

On the return trip to the city, Mr. Duncan recalled the object of his visit, and there followed a discussion as to the merits of the Burrows' hosiery, such as would have done justice to the sales manager himself. Each argument that Mr. Duncan brought up in favor of another line, was quickly balanced by a point in favor of the Burrows.

"Mr. Duncan, to be frank with you," said Wilton, finally, as he saw that his time was short before they would reach the office, "to be frank with you, I am not an experienced salesman. But since

starting with the Burrows people some months ago, as a bookkeeper, I have put every spare moment I could get into studying their product and in my earnest opinion there are none so good. Mr. Haines told me last week that you were coming to the office concerning a ten thousand dollar order. I think I have convinced you that the line of goods we carry are good and if you appreciate one's sticking until they get what they want, I think your experience of the past two days will warrant your giving me the contract."

As he finished, they stood on the steps leading to the office of the Burrows Knitting Company.

Mr. Duncan looked into the earnest eyes of Wilton with a smile.

"Yes, you get it," he said, simply.

With a bound, Charles reached the desk of the sales manager, who stared wide eyed at him.

"I've got it," cried Wilton.

"Got what, the jim-jams?" asked Haines, with a scowl.

"Not much, Haines. I've got the International order, you know."

"The dickens you have," said Haines. "Mr. Burrows met Mr. Dun-

can on the train coming from Winnipeg, stepped off and signed up the order Saturday morning. What are you trying to get at?"

Charles face dropped. "Mr. Burrows got the Duncan order! Why man, I have spent the past two days with Duncan myself and just now got his consent to the order."

"The president wishes to see you," said a stenographer to Charles.

"And here is where I catch it for being absent this morning," he thought as he opened the door to the president's office.

"How do you do, Mr. Charles Wilton," said the president, with a smile. Charles stopped, stared and was unable to speak. So this was really Mr. Burrows, the president, whom he had entertained the past two days. Before Wilton could recover his breath, the president was saying, "I believe you have ambitions to go on the road with the Burrows line. Stickers of your kind are what we want. Try it at \$2,000 a year for a start. And," he added, slowly, with eyes sparkling, "Thanks for the happy two days."

A CHINESE VENICE

The rivers flowing through Canton, China, have upon their waters practically a separate city, composed of about 330,000 souls, living on sampans and house-boats. These floating homes are moored together in such a way that streets and squares are formed, through which the tradesmen ply their wares. Kitchen boats move along the liquid thoroughfares, barbers and doctors paddle about ringing bells. There are fish boats, clothing boats, vegetable boats, and even floating biers to convey the dead to earthly graves. There are floating hotels, floating restaurants, floating dance halls, and even floating leper boats, from which emerge pathetic figures who hold out trays for alms.

The inhabitants of the city never marry with the shore folk and seldom even land. In some cases the men get occupation on shore, but this is rare, and they chiefly make a livelihood by dredging for coal dropped by passing steamers or by searching for articles lost overboard by tourists.

National Economy is the Need of the Day

National economy, alike to private thrift, is necessary in a healthy business life. Although not always interchangeable in their application, the maxims for private guidance in business, are largely those that pilot the national undertaking and financing. But the methods of enforcing habits of economy and thrift necessarily differ. The good that flows to the country through the present "tight money" influence—is for national economy and consequent private resourcefulness. This article is written in the language of the street for the everyday business man, and will be easily understood and appreciated.

By John Appleton

SIR, WILLIAM MACKENZIE when he returned from his recent trip to Europe, stated to the writer that it was not necessary for him to visit London in order to get the necessary money with which to carry on the work of developing the transcontinental project the Canadian Northern Railway has in hand. His visits to London were for the purpose of visiting the agents who look after the business of the company there. Already the Canadian Northern has built up for itself a connection in the money markets of Europe that ensures for it necessary funds. There are times, of course, when it is necessary to make the demands as light as possible, and in view of existing conditions it may be that the output of Canadian Northern loans during the present summer will not be as large as anticipated. But the fact stands out, despite tight money conditions, that Canadian railroad enterprises still maintain the confidence of British investors.

Only a few weeks ago it was announced, not officially but with official acquiescence, that the Canadian Pacific Railway had placed a large issue of four per cent. debentures at par. Likewise the Grand Trunk placed a large loan, on terms not quite as favorable. Other large loans have been placed by Canad-

ian public and private corporations all of which have been taken up. Some have been more popular than others with the investing public of the United Kingdom but in each case the money has been provided. In the aggregate the borrowings of Canada this year to date will exceed those of last year for the corresponding period. With this supply of money forthcoming the outlook for the Dominion cannot be regarded as otherwise than encouraging. Two months ago it was pointed out that the chances of Canada in the money markets of the world were favorable and events have fully justified the claims made at that time.

Meanwhile money has been somewhat stringent in Canada though as yet no serious effects are apparent. The domestic situation is still unsettled and will not derive any immediate relief from the heavy borrowings abroad. It will take some time to adjust business conditions in Canada to the elimination to so large an extent of speculative business especially in real estate. That elimination has, however, already produced a tendency to economize that will have very beneficial effects all over the Dominion. It is from this point of view that business men generally may profitably look into conditions at the present moment.

There are successful manufacturers in the Dominion who know very little more of finances than what is told them by the banker with whom they do business. The attention of the type of man in mind is centered upon his own affairs, and does not incline to the intricacies of world-finance and their relation to trade and commerce in an international sense. If his banker tells him to go slow he obeys and if the banker tells him money is tight he is more careful of his credits. Usually it is good policy to follow the advice of bankers, but a very large number of successful men have made money by ignoring the warnings of the men who have extended credit to them. On the other hand, many men who have not followed the advice of their bankers have come to grief. In the case of the man about whom we are to talk for awhile he was one who believed in his banker; his business was a success, or rather, is a success and will likely be so no matter what money conditions happen to be. If the writer was asked why this man's business was a success, and was likely to continue to be so the answer would be that he was thoroughly practical, the master of his craft and in the conduct of his business stopped all leakages in the form of waste and negligence and he limited his business to the proportions of his capital. To familiarize himself at first hand with the details of his business in Western Canada he personally visited his agencies and looked into conditions in the localities in which they were situated. He had reason to do so because collections were not as good as they should be. After covering much territory and seeing many people he felt that there must be something wrong. Was it true, as had been suggested to his mind so often that there was a money trust in the Dominion? What had become of all the money? Where had all the money paid to the grain growers for the half billion bushels of grain they had grown gone to? There must be something wrong somewhere, he thought. These questions were uppermost in his mind when he got back to his office and found his plant running as smoothly as when he

left it, and the orders on hand were as large as ever, but the goods he had delivered were not being paid for as well as usual.

WHERE HAS THE MONEY GONE.

As to where all the money has gone, is a problem that has been worrying many people recently. If you ask a farmer he will tell you that although his crop was a good one last year, it cost a lot of money to gather it and the price he got for it was not so high as in the previous year. He had also to contend against bad weather conditions. The result was that he did not get from his crop sufficient to cover his normal obligations. The laborer, the thresher and the binder twine man got his money. Implement men, storekeepers and others have had to wait and in many cases are still waiting. But he has his farm and other assets on which it is held he should be able to borrow money from the banks with which to pay his most pressing obligations. Yes, he has assets. Speaking of farmers as a whole, it would appear that they have pledged their assets heavily. Sir Edmund Walker, the president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Mr. Edson L. Pease, the general manager of the Royal Bank, told the Banking and Commerce Committee of the Canadian parliament of the vast sums they had loaned to the farmers. This money was not found by the West but was taken from the deposits of the banks located elsewhere and loaned in the West. In the opinion of the banks as much money has been loaned to the farmers as is deemed safe at the present time. Hence in some cases those with valuable tractors have not been able to get credit to the extent of providing gasoline to operate them. This is a serious condition. All farmers are, however, not in the position of not being able to buy a few dollars' worth of gasoline to operate a \$3,000 tractor. They are, however, as a whole, in the West, fairly hard up. They have no loose money and they do not know where to get it. Where has it gone?

At the present time if the farmers' affairs, speaking of them as a whole,

were in good shape they would not be able to borrow money except in small amounts and then only for strictly agricultural purposes. Banks have little to lend. They have the actual money but so great is the demand for it that they have to keep it in liquid form so as to be prepared to hand it back on demand and on short notice to the people who have deposited it with them. If a dollar is placed in the savings bank its manager has to be prepared to hand back that dollar on the usual notice being given and in the case of demand deposits banks have to be prepared to hand back the money whenever the demand for it is made. In times when conditions are unsettled, when there is war or political disturbances, depositors and investors become uneasy and want their money where they can get it quickly. Banks therefore have to be prepared to meet the demands of their depositors.

At the present time conditions are unsettled and the cause of there being so is to be found in the fear of war arising out of the Balkan troubles, as well as in the huge demand for money from practically every progressive country. The banks lend money that is furnished them by depositors. They have a certain amount of their own but it is only about ten per cent. of the amount of the money deposited with them. Strictly speaking the large banks of to-day are merely the agents through which the money of the people is loaned to the people. They are responsible for the care of the money entrusted to them. If they find the people unconcerned about their deposits in the banks and are not using them the money will be available for borrowers. But everybody wants money at the present time and the banks have to be on the alert lest they should have to meet a demand on them for the money they hold as trustees. They are, therefore, taking precautions to keep up their reserves of cash and to do so means lending very cautiously. *Money is, indeed, tight. But every class of borrower, other than the farmers, is finding difficulty in getting loans which in normal times would be granted to them.* In consequence every class will have to make the best

of what they have—in other words, economy is the order of the day.

CANADA'S HUGE BORROWINGS.

How is it then that Canada is short of ready cash after so many years of increasing crop and industrial production? To answer this question let us ask another. How much borrowed money has been invested in Canada? Sir George Paish, the editor of one of London's leading financial journals, says that approximately £400,000,000 has been borrowed by Canada. At the present time Canada is borrowing at a rate unprecedented. It is not the desire of the writer to create the impression that there has been unnecessary borrowing or wasteful borrowing, but he desires to draw attention to the fact that for every dollar loaned to Canada a debt has been created. In the aggregate a large debt has been created and the obligations incident thereto have to be taken care of. At the same time other countries have been incurring large debts. Brazil and other South American states have been borrowing largely for development purposes in the same way as Canada has been doing and in the countries of the south-east of Europe huge debts have been created for war purposes. This accumulation of debt has created a shortage of the wherewithal to pay the debts. When individuals get into debt they have to economize to get rid of it; so it is with nations. In countries where active development is taking place borrowed money is being invested at an unprecedented rate and in the older countries active business is absorbing much new capital and elsewhere capital is being wasted by war. This is where the money is going, and has gone to. If the farmer builds a new barn with borrowed money he has to work hard and economize to pay for it. Likewise, if the manufacturer builds a new factory he has to economize and work hard to pay for it. National extravagance facilitated by borrowing can only be met by national economy. The world to-day has incurred more debt than it can comfortably take care of hence a shortage of money.

As a result there is a tendency to economize and it one of the best indications in the business situation of the moment.

In a communication to the writer a Montreal house strikingly illustrates the tendency at the present time on the part of the public to dispense with some luxuries and hew closer to the line of economy. To quote from the communication referred to: "*Tight money appears to have affected a reduction in the number of cigars being manufactured, owing largely, we believe, to many firms having withdrawn their Western travellers, as the report that for goods previously sold renewals in full are being asked in the West and it therefore does not pay to enlarge their credit. At the same time they report that everybody seems eager to purchase there, but always on time.*"

The above simply means that instead of the cigar business increasing from ten to twenty-five per cent., it has in the last month or six weeks shown no increase taking an equal number of customers over the same period of last year. Tobacco and other luxuries have also shown a decrease.

"General lines, however, such as chocolates, extracts, etc., have still

shown an increase but in greatly lessened volume.

"*Collections are still slow, especially with wealthy firms.*"

"To sum up, general necessities seem to be pretty staple while luxuries seem to have been cut off. The position during the last ten days seems to show slight indications of recovery."

ECONOMY A GOOD SIGN.

The above was written on May 7th and represents the tenor of a large number of communications that came into the hands of the writer. It would appear that the country had set itself to work to economize. Necessity may be responsible. But a few months of economy on a national scale has marvellous effects. Though acting under compulsion it will be a salutary exercise for Canadians to deprive themselves of some of the luxuries they have been accustomed to by a period of great prosperity and development. Limitation of capital will ensure more economical use of that already employed and for some time at least, that to be employed. The results of such economy can only have one result—the accumulation of more wealth in proportion to the debt incurred with easier money as the result.

FREEING FIVE HUNDRED SONGBIRDS

On a farm near Detroit a wonderful thing happened recently, says Mr. Sanders, late of the U. S. Tariff Commission and editor of the Breeders' Gazette. A perfect spring day had just dawned. It was four o'clock. The sweet voices of the early morning bespoke the awakening life of the northern country-side. There was a faint rustle of breeze and a perfume of budding things. Henry Ford, a farmer, automobile manufacturer and friend of birds who campaigned so effectively for the McLean migratory bird law, was doing something which may be of more significance to country living than most of us are wont to believe. He was setting free nearly 500 important song birds. There were linnets, brilliant yellowhammers, green finches, bullfinches, blackbirds, European jays, chaffinches and redpolls. The finches are hedge sparrows; some are entertaining singers. They eat weed seeds, buds and insects. The yellowhammers are members of the woodpecker family and feed on insect larvae which destroy trees. Presumably these differ from our domestic variety. The European jay is on a higher social plane than our own native blue jay and not so much inclined to bully-rag.

Big Bill's Second Term

"You kin cut my laigs off and I'll run on my han's." This sentence from the lips of Big Bill will give the reader an index to the character of this story by Mr. Cahn. It is a true occurrence, so he informs us, that came under his notice in one of his trips to the Southern States, where conditions of law and order have not reached the same degree of certainty as they have in Canada. Mr. Cahn's stories, which have appeared in MacLean's Magazine recently, have been well received, and his intimate association with his fellow men and his keen observation especially fit him for this work.

By Ed. Cahn

THE blinding, boiling sun of a little more than midday glared through door and windows into the smoky atmosphere of the Silver Star saloon which occupied the commanding position in San Felipe. By no possibility could the traveler miss the Silver Star, did he arrive by stage, burro or bronco, in dead of night or broad day. San Felipe had originally proposed to have two streets running at right angles, but the Silver Star disposed of that idea by planting itself firmly in the middle of things, and so, San Felipe had obligingly arranged itself into a straggling circle around the Silver Star.

The trail which led back to the railroad and on to the open range, and from there over the Divide, made a complete loop around the Star, a thing it did for no other saloon as Christmas Barrett often pointed out. Just now he had finished scrubbing his rude bar and glanced around. Texas, small, slender, sleek of hair, black of eye and furtive in expression, and above all other things, nimble of wit and fingers, sat at a far table rattling the dice for a bored cowboy.

Two other cowboys sat at another table trying to outplay Big Smith and his silent partner Morrey Juda. The untouched glasses beside them made Christmas hesitate about raising his voice, at least until that hand was played, and so he contented himself with swearing softly at the Chinaman sweep-

ing impassively around the legs of both chairs and patrons with equal care. Sweet peace reigned undisturbed, and peace was a thing that Barrett hated with a deep and abiding hatred and did all in his power, which was considerable, to banish from the Silver Star insofar as it influenced his guests to habits of temperance. He served a drink or two now and then but for the most part things were as quiet and as dull as a duck pond when the ducks are not about.

The craps ceased to interest the lone cowboy and he presently shambled up to the bar, Texas bringing up in the rear, flashed a significant wink to Christmas, whereupon that gentleman suddenly became the genial host.

"What'll you have Briner? Nane your pizen! Name ut! This here potashun is on the house you bet. You, too, Texas. Hi there everybuddy what ain't too busy, line up fer one on me."

The invitation was accepted with dispatch by every lounging smoker, every napper, every idle talker, but the poker players neither looked up nor answered.

The drinkers were inspecting the ceiling by means of the bottoms of their glasses when an old man drew rein at the door.

"Howdy everybody!" He called as he clambered somewhat stiffly out of the saddle and entered.

"It's Richard the Three himself,"

said Christmas heartily. "You're a little bit late, but here's how."

The old man accepted the drink and removed his hat to dry the sweat that glistened on his white hair. Then he tilted his head far back, opened his mouth and poured the fiery liquid down his throat. He certainly could not be accused of being a drinker, for he did not drink, he simply poured it down.

"Awful swell liquor, Barrett, awful swell. As Checkspere says, 'let's have another.'" He waved his hand to include the company and while the bartender was filling the glasses he noticed the cardplayers. "Say, boys. Come on an' join us." Receiving no reply whatever he raised his voice a little, "Kyant you and Juda stop business long nuff fer to drink?" he asked Big Smith the gambler.

The cowboys laughed and rose, stretching stiffly. "We kin. Taint everybody what gits a chanest to drink with Richard the Three."

The gamblers laughed with the others and followed their victims to partake of Richard's hospitality.

"Boys, me lads, I'm feeling fine to-day," the old man laughed, "Bill is going to run fer Jestice of the Peace agin. More words from his Dad, is useless, superfluous and onnecessary."

"Hurrah!" cried everyone but Big Smith and his right and left hand men, Morry Juda and Texas. They merely Smiled slyly or spat emphatically, a circumstance which did not escape Bill's proud Papa.

"I'm sure free to remark," said Squint Anderson as he discharged a volley of tobacco juice through the window, "that Bill o' yourn is a mighty fine Justice of the Peace, judgin' from this here term he's just about finishin'."

"Yaas, what I like about Bill is he is plump durable. San Felipe never had a Justice afore that lived to serve out his term. Holdin' office is always yeretofore been a sickly business round these parts. Yes sir-ee."

"And it's going to be also sickly heretocome," growled Big Smith banging down a gold piece and demanding

"Slow Death" from Christmas Barrett for the crowd.

"Now," said he, raising his glass, "Here's to the next Justice of the Peace of San Felipe." They drank, and then he added, "but he ain't going to be Bill."

"Why ain't he?" demanded Pronto instantly.

"Because, he's too dog-gone fresh about buttin' into other folks' business. Because me an' some others is for a Justice who's satisfied to be a Justice and not a Sunday School teacher and —"

Heap plenty pleeples come." remarked the Chinaman from the doorway where he was resting from his labors upon the broom. This served to divert the attention of the crowd and to the bartender's deep disgust the drinkers straggled away to the door.

The travelers proved to be an assortment of cowpunchers returning from a journey to the railroad and though it was far from pay-day they had a few dollars to spend. They shuffled and jostled at the bar and it was some time before they noticed Richard the Three sitting apart, his lined old face set into a poker expression but his fingers nervously fingering his hat.

"Well, what does Shakespere say about your having a jolt with me?" cried one of the new arrivals cordially.

"My boy, Checkspere never mentioned you and I just got one jolt to-day but—I reckon I kin stan' another. My boy Bill's going to run fer office agin."

"Y——e up O———wow!!" cheered the crowd. Bill's the stuff."

Big Smith showed his handsome teeth in a leer. "So you think Bill is going to run, eh? *Run*, I should smile. He'd better, if he knows what's good for him." And he laughed sardonically.

Richard the Three stiffened. There was a general hush as everyone noted that Big Bill had the old man covered from the hip and Richard the Three's hand dropped away too late.

"What's this here party about? Pop, are you an' Big Smith a janglin' again' about Checkspere?"

All eyes turned to the open window from whence the voice came, and beheld Bill himself leaning in, and resting his loosely folded arms upon the sill.

There was a general laugh and the tension relaxed. Bill swung himself in, a great loose-jointed giant who towered over every man in the room, not excepting Big Smith, who stood six feet high without his boots. Bill's hair was red, his eyes a mild blue; his skin tanned brown. He had a ringing laugh that was often heard, a thirst for fun, but none for liquor, and a willingness to buy it for those who cared for it, only limited by his means.

Juda induced his partner to turn his mind to business, which in their case was cards, and once Big Smith was seated before the green table he forgot even his animosities apparently.

Most of the punchers let Bill know their intention to vote for him, but several advised him not to further risk his life.

"Y' know, Bill," said Pronto, "Big Smith is down on you. He's a layin' fer you. He's sure figurin' on evaporatin' you out'n this yere country plumb entire. An' if he kyant do it by scarin' you or makin' that passel o' mavericks down below vote again you an' put in Pete 'stead of you, he may crease you or git you creased."

Bill laughed.

"Oh, you kin haw, haw and show the linin' o' your gullet to the publick gaze but I'm arisin' fer to say I'd a heap drather have you buvin' me drinks than be buvin' you posies for yore lonely grave."

Bill laughed again.

"Laugh, you dern gas-bag, laugh. I reckon you don't know perfessional card sharps like Big Smith and Morrey Juda has been knowed to pull a iron on a Jestice what's showed hisself too all fired strong on jestice?"

"That's so," put in another. "We don't need Pete, nohow, Bill. Sposing you let him be it this next term an' let him git killed."

Bill answered by buying further refreshment. "Boys I ain't here soliciting no votes. If you think Pete's the best man fer the job, why you want to slide

him in. I guess maybe if I keep myself bundled up good and don't ketch no cold I'll live through a second term. I said I'd run agin and I'll run, you bet."

Smith heard the last few words and he turned around in his chair and watched Bill and his father mount their horses and ride away. The expression in his cold gray eyes was anything but kindly.

Seeing this, Pronto and Squint Anderson withdrew to a far corner together and had a serious conversation about the forthcoming election to which they invited one or two others, and which was carried on in jerks between plays with the pasteboards, partly out of mere habit, and partly to deceive the gimlet-eyed gamblers.

"Perfeshionals is bad," observed Pronto by way of a beginning.

"They shore is," agreed Long Jim.

"All of 'em," added Squint at the end of a hand.

"Yep," came tersely from the two consulting friends, and they repeated it most heartily as they noticed Pronto's glance at Juda, and heard Squint voice his extreme dislike of the name Smith.

It took four hands to decide upon the thing to do, and three to arrange the details, another game to silently consider same, and a drink to ratify the agreement. By the time they had mounted and gone their several ways Big Smith and Juda had succeeded in separating the dollars from their opponents, Christmas Barrett had added considerably to his till and Bill and Richard the Three were just finishing their argument.

The old man had been urging his son to reconsider and not run for a second term, and Bill had said, "Pop. I'm a goin' to run! You kin cut my laigs off and I'll run on my han's. That crooked gambler and his pack o' outlaws don't scare me. But I'm a heap sorry to go again you, Pop, I sure am."

Richard the Three frowned vigorously in order to keep the proud smile out face and swore horribly to keep the tremor out of his voice. "Billy I ain't too old to larrup you good—and I will

too whenever you need it." Which ended all talk of Bill's leaving the race.

Time passed, and as the day of election drew near, it became apparent that Bill would be elected. Big Smith and his friends indulged in some ugly talk and there was a general feeling that, as Christmas Barrett expressed it, "Something was due to drop if that Bill gits in."

The great day came and San Felipe was filled to overflowing with cattlemen and noise and dust and excitement, for rumors of trouble in the event of Pete's defeat had spread far and wide and Big Smith was known to make things surprisingly interesting for every one whenever he felt irritated. But in spite of the unusual circumstances, it was no great task to count the ballots in San Felipe, for it was the last outpost of civilization, and a very new one at that.

The sun was showing signs of setting, things had progressed smoothly, there had been no trouble worthy the name all day, for Big Smith was missing and his absence seemed to deprive his satellites of all desire for war. It was apparent that Bill was winning by a handsome majority, and his friends took time to inquire more particularly as to the whereabouts of Big Smith.

Nobody had seen him since the night before, nobody could discover his hiding place, and all sorts of things began to be whispered about. He was off rallying the bad men to shoot up the town; he was too chagrined at the defeat of his candidate to show his face; he was drunk; he was dead; and, there was a rumor to the effect that he had sent Texas with a message to Bill to the dire effect that if he was elected, Big Smith would see to it personally, that Bill was killed the next morning at eight o'clock sharp. The supposition was that, since Bill had insisted upon being elected, Big Smith was lying in ambush waiting to make good his threat. This explanation of his strange disappearance seemed to be the right one, for Big Smith was a man of very few threats, but those few he never failed to carry out. But, since nobody knew, nobody worried, least of all Bill.

There was not the least sign of trouble that night when the ballots were counted in the Silver Star, and Bill was declared elected by a handsome majority, and started off the celebration by making one of his graceful if ungrammatical speeches, which was cut short by Squint Anderson, who offered to treat the crowd in honor of the New Justice.

Bill being modest and above all, temperate, contrived to slip away early and started for home. He was half way there and passing Pronto's place when he thought he heard some one groaning. He stopped his horse and listened. Yes, there it was again. He shouted and then proceeded to trail the groans, and soon discovered that they came out of Pronto's well.

Bill dug the spurs into his horse and galloped back to the Silver Star for help. He had a little trouble in persuading anyone to listen to him, but succeeded at last, and hurried back. As they approached the well, they could hear first a groan, then a little smothered profanity, and then, a prayer,—"Oh—Oh! Lord! I'm Big Smith. You know me, I don't pester you much—Perform a miracle and take me out of this yere damn well and I'll be cussed if I'll ever bother you again. Oh—oo!" The words came faintly toward the last and as if forced through chattering teeth.

"Is that you down there, Big?" called Bill.

"Yes, it's me, ding bust you. Get me out of here, quick, Bill," responded Smith.

Someone ran for a rope to rig the windlass and a bucket was let down, but Big Smith was too weak to hold onto it. He had been in the icy water for eighteen hours and was half dead.

When Bill saw that he could not be hoisted out by means of the bucket, he climbed into the well and slid down the rope to the rescue. The water came up to his shoulders.

"Got a popper?" he demanded.

"Nope," replied Big Smith.

"Got a knife?"

"Yep, but I'm too far gone to use it on you Bill, so hustle me out of here."

Bill clambered into the bucket and lifted Smith in his arms, clutching the rope for dear life, and the others at the top hauled them up. Big Smith tumbled over in a faint.

Just then Squint and Pronto dashed up and began to berate Bill for hauling the gambler out. "You-all shore do annoy me. After all our work! Kaint you tend to yore own affairs? Just because you-all is 'lected have you-all got to go lookin' into everybody's well? Put that there anemile back afore he ups and lets the daylight into you-all."

"That's right. He needs to be drowned. Let's put 'im in again."

"Let him alone!" growled Bill, as they stooped to put this idea into immediate execution.

"Yore locoed if you let him live, Bill. He said he's a goin' to kill you shore, an' he shore keeps his word always.

He'll kill you to-morrow, without no doubt about it a tall. He was going to do it to-day but we got him 'fore daylight an' slung him down here this morning. Gosh, but it takes a long time to settle him. He oughter be dead now. You better shoot him right away."

Big Smith opened his eyes. "Thanks, Bill, thanks. You are safe from me to-morrow. I'm not figuring on killing you until the next day. Maybe I won't kill you at all. Get re-elected?"

"Yes, bet your neck I did, Big."

"The Hell you say! Pshaw! Well, I reckon the Lord has performed two miracles to-day. He got me out of that blamed well, and re-elected the peskiest, oryneriest, finest damn Justice San Felipe ever had. I'll call it off, Bill. You got the Lord on your side, and I got my hands up. You can live."

FORCE IS BRUTAL

Too often persons who have the training of children are tempted to use corporal punishment for the misbehaviour of those under their charge. The average natural mind is liable to resort to this means of correction in the first instant, but on sober second thoughts the reflective mind points out the more excellent way. This phase has been brought out in a reminiscence by Dr. Crane on the Dayton flood disaster.

When John H. Patterson built the first shops for manufacturing his Cash Register at Dayton, he made them with many windows. They were, however, in a section where a host of bad boys dwelt. These boys amused themselves and exercised their destructive propensities by breaking the windows.

The average fool logic would have sent these boys to prison in order to frighten them into obedience to the law. But punishment has never abated crime since the foundation of the world. Mr. Patterson did not arrest the young hoodlums but sat down and thought. He decided that the boys wrecked windows because they had nothing else to do. He determined to give them something to do. He gave a plot of ground to the boys and hired an expert gardener to show the boys how to raise things. And the boys took to gardening as a monkey takes to sugar.

This is the way Mr. Patterson "killed off" the bad boy pests in Dayton. Tact and forethought and belief in the in-born goodness of human nature is the gist of the whole matter.



The Secret of Education

By Elbert Hubbard

It is *qualities* that fit a man for a life of usefulness, not the *mental possession* of facts.

The school that best helps to form *character*, not the one that imparts the *most information*, is the college the future will demand.

I do not know, with possibly one exception of a single college or university in the world that focuses on qualities.

At Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia, Toronto, McGill, and Princeton cigarettes are

optional, but a stranger, seeing the devotion to them, would surely suppose the practice of cigarette smoking was compulsory. The boy who does not acquire the tobacco habit at college is regarded as eccentric.

Many of the professors teach the cigarette habit by example.

At all of our great colleges gymnasium work is optional. Instead of physical culture there is athletics, and those who need the gymnasium most are ashamed to be seen there.

How would the scientific cultivation of these do?

BODILY QUALITIES—Health of digestion, circulation, breathing, manual skill, vocal speech, and ease in handling all muscles.

MENTAL QUALITIES — Painsstaking, patience, decision, perseverance, courage, following directions, tact, concentration, insight, observation, mental activity, accuracy and memory.

MORAL QUALITIES—Putting one's self in another's place, or thoughtfulness for others, which includes kindness, courtesy, good cheer, honesty, fidelity to a promise, self-control, self-reliance and self-respect.

If you knew of a college that made a specialty of qualities, where the teachers were persons of quality, would you not send your boy there? And if you would send your boy to such a college, would not others do so, too?

These things being true, will we not as a people soon decide to pay teachers enough to secure quality?—which is not presuming to say we have none now. Would not such a school as this evolve

through the law of supply and demand a college that approximated the ideal?

The advent of women into the world of business has worked a peaceful and beneficial revolution in favor of qualities. Up to the time of the Civil War a woman school teacher was a curiosity. The typical man schoolmaster, with his handy birch can yet be vividly remembered by many. Women teachers came in as an innovation, and they have brought beauty, gentleness and love where before there were fear and force.

"The teacher is the child's other mother" (Froebel.) We didn't believe it at first, but now we accept it.

About 1862 the discovery was made that women could serve as clerks in the Government offices. Women whose husbands, fathers and brothers had gone to the front took the places of the men at Washington, and lo! the work went on just the same.

By 1850 women were acting as clerks and sales-women in shops and stores.

At the Centennial Exhibition the typewriter was one of the wonders of the time. In 1880 I sent a MS. to Harper's, and got it back, with a note saying they respectfully declined to read any MS. that was not typewritten.

I lifted a wail that could be heard a mile—how could I ever learn to use a typewriting machine! I wrote an article on the arrogance of publishers. I thought typewriting was a most difficult and complex business, like producing a harmony on the piano.

And it seems that is what the Remingtons thought, for when they wanted a woman to operate their machines they advertised for a musician, thinking that an alphabetical harmony could only be expressed by one who had acquired the "piano touch."

The typewriter makers could not sell their machines unless they supplied an operator; and so they inaugurated a special branch of their business to educate women in business methods and to use a typewriter.

And lo! in a short time business colleges all over the land began to blossom, and their chief concern was teaching stenography and typewriting.

The typewriter and the typewritist rank in usefulness with the electric car. Rapid methods are as necessary as quick transportation. Women receive in wages now over two hundred million dollars a year. It is said that the lady typewritist has at times disturbed the domestic peace; but trolley cars, too, have their victims. And I am told by a man who married his typist that such marriages are quite sure to be happy, because the man and woman are not strangers—they know each other!

The woman who has looked after a man's correspondence is familiar with his curves. She knows the best about him and the worst; and he knows her tastes, habits and disposition.

This is better than the old society plan of getting married first and getting acquainted afterward.

The Agency of Insects in Disease

BY COLONEL

G. M. GILES



It must be astonishing to everyone reflect just how quickly the news scientific world become the property as surprising how soon people acquai and theories of the laboratory. The microbes, bacilli, cultures, and so forth years ago would not understand at all. the attention of the world with his supp article tells about some of the researches of both hemispheres, and how some fearful ledge gained there. Insects have played a Giles, who here tells about them, is a resident

who takes time to think and of the new discoveries in the of the common people. It is equally nt themselves with the phraseology ordinary person talks about germs, so fluently that people of twenty-five At present Dr. Friedmann is claiming osed cure for tuberculosis. The present that have been made in various hospitals diseases have been checked by the know- large part in spreading of disease. Col. of England.

OF ALL the plagues conjured by Moses upon Pharaoh and his much tried subjects, perhaps the most vexatious and disgusting must have been that of flies. It is noteworthy too that two others of the ten, the plagues of lice and locusts, employed insect agency, while the boils and murrain, in the light of modern science, were probably spread in the same way. From the Egyptian point of view, indeed, it was as well that Moses lacked our present knowledge of the ways of insects, or he might have made himself even more disagreeable to them than he did, without going outside the insect world for his agents. Those who have sojourned in Egypt know that though its plague of flies may have abated, it is there to-day; and large tracts of the African continent are useless for stock-raising, through the ravages of flies that, to the untrained eye, are indistinguishable from the common house-fly.

Up to well on in the last century, the public mind, and even that of the scientific world, was paralysed by the old-fashioned idea that all created beings are designed for some wise and munificent purpose, and even to-day, the conservative scientist is fond of pointing out the inconvenient results of the acclimatization of rabbits in Australia, forgetful of the fact that, if his argument be logical, some parallel evil should have resulted from the introduction of our common domestic animals,

of songbirds, and of trout. As if forsooth, our entire civilization were not one huge object lesson of man's success in "flying in the face of providence" as they were pleased to conceive it. With singular perversity, these good folks ignored some of the most valuable teachings of Holy writ, for a literal obedience to the sanitary code of Leviticus would have placed Europe in a position, from the sanitary point of view, in many respects better than was reached till well into the Victorian era, and which, in the matter of meat inspection is only exceptionally attained to-day.

Indeed the escape of the Hebrews, while the Egyptians suffered, might be fairly explained by their adherence to such a code. Fortunately for mankind, such fatalistic folly is now well nigh a thing of the past, and, when the child of the day obeys the wholesome sanitary instinct of destroying insects, he is no longer chidden, but encouraged to "swat that fly."

AN AUTHORITY ON MALARIA.

The possible connection between insects and disease is so obvious that it is hardly surprising that speculative guesses on the point have been made by shrewd observers in most parts of the world, but perhaps the most argued suggestion in that direction was that made by Inspector General Maclean, Professor of Military Medicine at Netley, in the late seventies. Maclean was certain-

ly the greatest authority on malaria of his time: indeed the subject seemed to obsess him: and in discussing the causation of the disease, he was wont to lay great stress on the fact he had observed, that a mosquito net afforded great protection. In a long experience of being lectured at, the writer never "sat under" so attractive an orator, and the very words of his racy "Doric" still linger in his memory. "That those who make a rule of sleeping under a mosquito-net rarely contract malaria, is a fact of which I have no doubt. We are taught that malaria is due to a "miasm," a something impalpable. I do not see how a net can keep out anything much smaller than a mosquito, but the fact remains." Maclean was too sound a scientist, and too cautious a Scot to indulge in futile conjecture, but his manner leaves little doubt in my mind that he shrewdly suspected that the mosquito, and not the miasm was the true culprit.

Guesses of this sort have, however, no scientific value, and it is rather pitiable to find the parochial conceit of certain scientific men of to-day leading them to claim priority for some forgotten compatriot, on the score of surmises of this description.

One of the earliest proven cases of insect-transmission of disease was that of the spread of certain tape-worms, among domestic animals, such as dogs, cats, sheep and cattle, by the agency of the lice that infest their pelts. These lice are known as *Trichodectes*, and each animal is infested by its own special species of the genus, and an equally special tape-worm, which passes one stage of its existence in the tissues of the louse, and the other in the intestine of the mammal.

As regards man, however, the first crime to be brought home to our insect tormentors was the conveyance of filariasis, through the agency of mosquitoes, by Sir Patrick Manson, in 1879.

BLOOD SWARMS WITH WORMS.

In this disease, which is widely spread throughout the tropical world, the blood of the unfortunate patient

literally swarms with worms, every minute, but of the same class in the animal world, as that well-known parasite, the common round worm.

By a laborious and carefully planned series of investigations, Sir Patrick, then a hard-working practitioner in Southern China, demonstrated that a part of the life-history of these worms must necessarily be passed within the body of a mosquito, into which they gain admission, along with the blood the insect has sucked from the capillaries of a human being affected with the disease. After passing through certain necessary stages of their development within the mosquito, they find their way into its proboscis, or piercer, and are so inoculated into the tissues of the next human being on which the insect chances to feed. The astonishing story of the after history of the worm, within its human host, is rather beside the subject of our present thesis, and so must be passed over for the present.

Now, as already mentioned, the problem of the causation of malaria, was still an unsolved mystery, and the best suggestions as to how it was carried, depended on mere guesswork. We had not even the remotest suspicion as to the character of the physical agency concerned in the production of the malady, the fashionable plan of hiding our ignorance being to ascribe it to a mysterious emanation from the soil which we were pleased to dub a "miasm." The use of crack-jaw terms of this sort affords a soothing splint to a certain class of mind, and to many, the comfort of a sense of explanation, but is a poor crutch to men of the type of Maclean, and of the names that follow. The writer once served beneath the harrow of a chief who spoiled some 600 pages of Blue-book paper, to show that cholera was not somehow communicated from man to man, but was due to a "pandemic wave." The worst of it was that he was apt to order the excision from official papers, of facts that accorded with common experience, but "that is another story."

About the same time that Dr. Manson was running to earth the malefac-



Major Ronald Ross, C.B., F.R.S.

tor of filariasis, a French military surgeon, Dr. Laveran, achieved a great step in the elucidation of the malaria problem, by discovering that the disease was caused by a minute animal parasite, inhabiting the red corpuscles of the blood. It seems strange now that these bodies should have been till then overlooked, even with the microscopic powers we then possessed, but the fact is that the normal blood had been so little studied, that we knew not the abnormal from the normal. Blood, you see, changes so strangely, after it is drawn, that even now, quite practised observers may be misled by what are really *post mortem* appearances, and hence some years elapsed before Laveran's discovery gained general acceptance. The possibility that mosquitoes might play the same part for this disease that they served in filariasis, was mooted by King, of Madras, in 1883, and by Laveran himself in 1884, but the time was not yet ripe, and hence the proposition attracted little notice till 1894, when Manson published the suggestion in terms that led more than one investigator to seriously attack the problem. The principal of these were Major Ronald Ross, of the Indian Medical service, and Professor Grassi, of Rome. The race was rather a close one,

but the Britisher won. Ross commenced his research in 1895, and published, in the British Medical Journal of December 18th, 1897, the proof that human malaria was carried by a species which he termed the "dapple-winged" mosquito, and it was not till November 6th, 1898, that Grassi sent a far less detailed note to the Royal Academy of the Lincei, while his magnificent "*Studi di uno Zoologo sulla Malaria*" did not appear till 1901.

A regrettable dispute as to priority arose between the rival scientists, but Ross' claim was at once conceded by the scientific world, and was acknowledged by the fellowship of the Royal Society, and the award of the Nobel prize for the greatest discovery of the year, while comparatively recently, our King has made him "Sir Ronald Ross."

Although a member of the same service, the writer never met Ross till he chanced to do so in the insect laboratory of the British Museum, in 1899, for our work had lain in widely distant parts of India. On examining Ross' specimens, I found that while his "grey" and "brindled" species were well known, at least two of the inculpatated "dapple-wings" were new to science, and it was obviously urgent that someone accustomed to this branch of work should undertake the humbler but laborious task of monographing the mosquitoes.

MANY COUSINS IN FAMILY.

I accordingly set to work, and after a year's labor, brought out the first collected descriptions of the family, including the original descriptions of no less than 242 species, uniformly translated into English, and an account of the little that was known of their anatomy and life history. A second edition was soon called for, but in the meantime collectors had been busy in all parts of the world, and much original anatomical and field work had to be undertaken: and it was not till 1902 that the entirely re-written work appeared. The number of species at present known cannot be far short of 600, and is being constantly augmented.

The gain to humanity involved in this "epoch-making" discovery is incalculable, as at a single stroke, it made possible the healthy habitation of the tropics, but it is deplorable how little its advantages have been utilized by the short-sighted governments of tropical lands. It is an undoubted fact that, but for Ross' discovery, the construction of the Panama Canal would have proved a physical impossibility, for neither laborers nor engineers can work when stricken with malaria; for to their everlasting credit be it recorded, the great American republic alone has fully availed itself of the potentialities of antimalarial sanitation. At the outset, the usual custom of the sanitarian being there merely to advise, had its customary results, but President Taft, with instincts of a true statesman, grasped the administrative nettle, and made his sanitary chief, Col. Gorgas, the virtual dictator of the canal zone, with the result that it is now one of the healthiest of tropical places, and the great work already approaches completion.

RAT FLEAS CARRY PLAGUE.

The ball having thus been set rolling, fresh discoveries followed in rapid succession. By a series of investigations commenced in 1898 by the Japanese Ogata, and continued by others till its final demonstration by Capt. Liston, I.M.S., bubonic plague was shown to be conveyed, in the vast majority of cases, by rat fleas. As early as 1881, Dr. Charles Finlay, of Havana, had attempted to prove that yellow fever was caused by the bites of mosquitoes, but he missed the point of their being mere agents, and tried to work with uninfected insects. He chose, however, the right mosquito, *Stegomyia calopus*, Ross' "brindled," and in 1900, an American Commission, consisting of Drs. Reid, Carroll, Lazear, and Agramonte conclusively proved that yellow fever can only naturally be communicated by the bite of this insect. Poor Lazear died "on the field of honor" during this hazardous investigation, the first of a lengthening series of casualties in this dangerous branch of

research. The Americans have also shown that the "Texas fever" of cattle is conveyed by the bite of a tick, while a brilliant series of achievements lies to the credit of the Missions of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine over which Professor Ross still presides. Britishers from all parts of the empire have shared in these sorties, Professor Todd, of McGill's, having done yeoman service on some of the earlier, while another Canuck, Macconnell, of the same university, was detailed as my colleague on another of these scientific jaunts to the West coast of Africa.

The list, however, is too long to be recounted in an article of the present scope and character, so I will close with a few words on the last culprit, who, though long suspected, has only recently been haled before the court of science.

If, in the term common fly, we include insects commonly confused with it, there would be a new count to the indictment, for, only the other day, a strong case was made out against the stable fly. *Stomoxys*, as the probable agent of the terrible poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, but we will confine ourselves to the common domestic insect. It is true that it has not as yet been shown to be the chosen vehicle of transmission of any one disease but its life history and habits are such that it must necessarily constantly deposit infective matter on food, and the obstinate way in which it refuses to be driven from wounds and ulcers shows that it cannot fail to frequently infect the surface organs of the body. That the dreaded Egyptian ophthalmia is commonly spread in this way, no one who has watched Egyptian children with their faces literally a crawling mask of flies can doubt.

FLY SWATTING.

The common fly is enormously prolific. Howard, of Washington, estimates that, assuming all the progeny of three female flies to survive, the resulting swarm would weigh a ton in 40 days, and even if but one per thousand survive, it is obvious that to keep their



Sir Patrick Manson, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.

numbers down, our efforts must be constant and unremitting.

Like man, the adult insect is almost omnivorous "only more so" and they consequently swarm wherever food is exposed. The larva, or maggot on the other hand, feeds by preference on the excreta of animals, especially that of horses, but can put up with any putrescent matter, and it is rather with the view of selecting a suitable home for its

young, than in search of food, that flies congregate so thickly on offensive matter. With this double habitat, it is obvious that flies cannot fail to carry the infection of such diseases as infantile diarrhoea and typhoid from the dejecta of patients, to food destined for healthy people, and enough, I think, has been said to show that the banishment of flies is one of the most urgent sanitary tasks of the time.

But how? it will be asked. The full discussion of this question would require a separate article, but I should like to point out that the "Swat that fly" campaign, in summer, is a somewhat futile proceeding and that the larval stage is the most vulnerable period of the insect's life. If no dung, or other offensive matter be left without removal and destruction, for over four days, flies *must* die out in the district so protected, and, in other words, scrupulous scavenging of towns is the key of the situation.

There is, however, a season during which fly swatting may be most advantageously pursued. Flies cannot stand cold, and in climates such as that of Canada the hope of the survival of the species through each winter, depends on such insects as succeed in hiding themselves in dwellings. Systematic swatting at this time of the year is, therefore most valuable, and if combined with an unreasonable "Spring cleaning" could not fail to have a marked influence on the prevalence of flies, during the ensuing summer.



Dorothy Duggan—Jockey

This story will appeal particularly to lovers of the race horse and to those who believe that kindness with animals will goad them on to greater efforts than would the lash. This is a charming little story of how Dorothy Duggan took her pet colt away from the trainer and rode him to victory herself.

By A. Verner McPhail

JOSH DUGGAN opened the lane gate. Placing his foot on the bottom bar he shaded his eyes with his huge, rough hand and peered anxiously down the road. Out of the cloud of dust that suddenly appeared soon emerged the form of a ranch pony upon whose back was seated his young daughter. At sight of her father she gave a little whoop that sent the pony's feet pounding faster and faster over the sandy road. She halted at the gate, slipped off the pony's back, and, with a smart slap, sent it galloping down the lane. Instinctively, foreboding an impending danger by the sullenness of her parent's features, she smiled cautiously.

"What's been keeping you?" he demanded, as he closed and locked the gate.

The pretty lips of the girl formed in the shape of a pout. She hung her head, and silently and thoughtfully watched her bare toes playing in the sand.

"Oh, daddy!" she replied plaintively. "I know it is mean of me, but I just can't help it."

"Help what? His harsh voice sounded unpleasantly in her ears, and she raised her eyes. Truthful eyes they were, too, which possessed a haughtiness of her mother's; and he instantly repented of his hasty roughness.

"Can't help wishing that we had plenty of money so that you could have lots of land and horses, and I could wear nice clothes all the time."

He smothered his rising indignation and, in a softer tone, inquired, "What's

been putting that nonsense into your head?"

"Why, daddy," she replied wistfully, "I was down at the post office, and they all got to talking 'bout Colonel Gordon, and how much money he had, and how he'd make a lot more at the races this year, 'cause no horse can beat his. Then they talked 'bout his daughters, and I would have just given anything to see them: even if I couldn't wear nice shoes, and stockings, and hats, and dresses, and daddy!—would you believe it?—someone says 'Speak of an angel and his wings will flutter,' and sure enough coming out of a dandy, nice big auto was one of these girls. I nearly fell plumb off the counter. My! but she was grand—nice white shoes, and stockings, and dress, and a beauty of a big hat. Don't I wish I could have them? Just for a day, to see what it feels like to be dressed up. She came in, just like a queen would, I guess. But she didn't look at none of us but passed right by and went up to the wicket and spoke to the postmaster. When she was coming back she kind of stopped in front of me, and looked down at my feet. "If I went barefoot I'd do so in clean feet, anyways," she said. I looked down at my feet, too, and they were dirty, daddy; but it wasn't that that made me cry, but the nasty way she said it, and the way she tossed her head as she went out." And the wistful eyes of the girl again filled with tears.

Duggan's rough features turned livid as he listened, and he struggled to repress any sign of outward emotion. He

was compelled to sink back, powerless and impotent, in the recollection of a day twelve years back—when Gordon had made him the brunt of a slurring remark. He stood there sullen, silent, inwardly wincing, nursing his chagrin in deepening bitterness; and his clouding mind perceived in the rebuke nothing that she had done to deserve it. He caught the plaintive expression on her averted face—truly, the face of her dead mother, whose image she was.

All these thoughts had something to do with the diffident willingness with which he placed his arm around the girl. Smiling with childish delight and wonderment, she looked up into her father's face, but with womanly instinct remained silent.

"Little girl," he said quietly, "I have done you a great wrong. I have allowed you to grow up wild like the honeysuckle. I promised your dear mother that I would look after you, but in my own selfish way I failed to do so. I trust that it is not too late, yet. Up in Michigan Colonel Gordon and I were friends—I was his trainer, too. One day he gave me the 'double-cross,' which took every earthly possession except my house. Soon I fell sick and had to mortgage the house. When it fell due I couldn't pay. He turned us all out and the result was that your mother died a week later. You and I came South, where I changed my name. I had no desire for the old work, and all I have now is this little place. If I die you'll have very little. I broke my promise, but I am going to try and do something for you. Gordon came here two years ago—wealthy. He doesn't know me, but he's got me to reckon with yet. I haven't been fair to you child, but—"

"Yes, you have, daddy!" she interrupted, with a touch of remorse in her voice. "I've got you, and that is all I want. I'm sorry I spoke about the Gordon girl the way I did, and wishing I was her, 'cause really, daddy, I wouldn't trade you for the whole world."

Ignoring her interruption and pointing to the colt in the field, he continued: "Guess whose colt that is?"

Her laughter sounded distinct in its

refreshing purity. "Why yours, of course."

"No, I mean his sire."

"Oh! I don't know. Who is?"

"Well, Gordon's own horse is his sire. The great Jupiter! Not a soul knows it but you and me."

At this startling revelation her eyes widened with wonderment. Then she asked simply, "What difference does that make?"

"Jupiter is the greatest living horse," he replied thoughtfully, "and next year we can enter this colt in the Blue Grass Stake."

"But he isn't a thoroughbred, daddy."

"That makes no difference. He's not barred, and he'll win, 'cause he's got it in him."

For a year Duggan carefully watched and brought forth the best traits in the colt. At no stage of the game was he disheartened; and during all this time he fostered his old-time hatred of Colonel Gordon. But it was not solely to ruin Gordon that he labored so faithfully—although he knew that Gordon would stake everything on his own horse—but it was to make amends for his unkind act of depriving his daughter of the greater joys of life.

It was a great delight to see the way in which Dorothy assisted him in his precarious undertaking. At times, when she was greatly fatigued, her father would request her to mount again. Gladly would she do it, always thinking of the day that her father would be the proud possessor of the winner of the Blue Grass Stake. He would be a rich man then, and they would move to the city where his remaining years would be spent in pleasure and congenial surroundings, instead of mingled hardship and misery they would be otherwise compelled to undergo. But if they should not win! Inwardly troubled, but concealed by a happy smile, she would drop off the colt's back and, placing her arms around his silken neck, and bringing his ear level with her mouth, would whisper, "Jimmie, you must win for daddy. Won't you?" And, as if in mute understanding, he would rub his head against her arm,

Although Jimmie had a peculiarly bad temper, Josh conceded that a bad temper is preferable to slow legs. And such legs! Long, tapering ones, full of muscle and beauty. True, they were a bit sluggish at times, owing to his temper, but withal, they had the staying power. Once, when he was being ridden under time, Josh was compelled to look at his watch a second time, to see that it had not stopped. At times the animal's red-flecked eyes would become lazily indifferent, but at the approach of his little mistress they would sparkle with animation and kindness.

When the first day of the meet arrived, Duggan was on hand to watch the early morning workout of the other horses. They showed up better than he expected, while Jimmie was continually ill at ease with the jockey who had been hired to ride him. However, he was here and he would stay it out. The day wore on slowly, and as the hour approached Duggan grew more anxious. When the crowd began to arrive, and he could hear the shouts of the stable-boys and the bookies, his feeling of light-heartedness returned. Once, on his way from the paddock to the stable, he glanced up and saw Dorothy in the stand, a smile of confidence fixed on her vivid lips.

With brown eyes brooding, but ears alert to catch any mention of her horse's name she sat, stonily silent. She was sure Jimmie would win, but when the horses filed out from the paddock she heard various comments which affected her disagreeably, and her sense of sureness dwindled almost to hope. She shuddered, and the smile faded from her lips.

"What's number seven?" inquired a voice directly behind her.

"Oh!" was the laughing reply, "some mutt of a horse from the tall timbers, Jimmie! Ha! Ha! Ha!" And the laugh seemed to chill her very bones. She could not bear to hear more, so she closed her ears to the babble.

Suddenly everyone's attention was directed to the track. After several breaks she saw them come. Jimmie was following; but the flag was lowered. The bell clanged vigorously, and the

men from the betting-ring surged toward the stand. She saw them make the first turn, but was too nervous to tell which horse was in the lead. Soon the faces about her became more strained, more wondering, more excited, as they followed the horses around. One yell was followed by many until the stand was one howling mass of humanity. The crowd stood up, so Dorothy stood up too, but her view was blocked by a burly figure in front of her and a huge hat at her left. All she could do was wait as patiently as she could. Days, months, years were crowded into seconds. The suspense was nerve-racking, and once or twice she endeavored to alleviate the situation by peeping under the man's arm, but was unsuccessful. At last a cheer seemed to come from every throat. "Spectator wins! Spectator wins!" was shouted again and again. Disheartened and dismayed, she seated herself and, with her kerchief, wiped a tear from either cheek. Realizing that her place was elsewhere than there at that time, she descended to the paddock and made her way to the stables. Fearfully and with a tightening of the heart that sapped the very energy she most needed, she stepped inside.

Jimmie, had just been brought in, looking comparatively fresh after his hard run, although he was covered with dust and perspiration and little rivulets of water trickled down his sides, which her father had just commenced sponging. He tossed his head impatiently, but ceased when he scented her. Affectionately she threw her arms about his neck, regardless of her new frock. Had anyone else taken this liberty Jimmie would have immediately implanted a firm imprint of his teeth on that person's anatomy that appeared most inviting. But he loved his little mistress who had never spoken a cross word to him nor used a whip. And he knew that she loved him. He considered man his mortal enemy, and when the boy, disobeying instructions, had lashed him just once in the race, he balked, turned around several times and cantered in last.

It was his first race, and the noise did not appeal to his senses. It was



"Passed under the wire a neck to the good."

difficult to turn him and twice he refused, carrying his rider round the track. But he had wonderful powers of endurance, so he minded not the extra gallop. Being an unknown quantity and a half-breed he was a "long shot" in the first race. He was placed at fifty to one and, except for a few "piker bets" was not considered at all. He was entered for the Blue Grass Stake for the following week and, no doubt, would open at the same odds.

"Oh! You old dear! Why didn't you win?" she questioned.

For answer he shoved his glistening nose against her sleeve, and she patted it. Turning round she beheld her father smiling. Divining that she had become discouraged for naught, she allowed this sudden reaction to envelop her and smiled back in return.

"What is it, daddy? I thought he didn't win."

With a surprised look, he replied, "Neither he did. Didn't you see the race?"

"No. My view was shut off, and anyway, I was so nervous. What does it all mean?" And wonderment succeeded smiles.

"Why, child, it means that we have the finest horse ever. He could have run away from the whole bunch only the boy lashed him. He don't seem to take to men no how. He bolted, but he's there just the same."

The girl clapped her hands impulsively then, throwing her arms about her father, who was in the act of placing a blanket on the colt, she cried, "Oh, daddy! I've got it! I'll ride him and I'll just make him win! He'll do anything for me," and, turning toward the horse, added, "Won't you, Jimmie boy?"

"Tush, tush, child!" said the old man slowly "I can't think of such a thing. I'll give the boy closer instructions next time."

"You mean that you'll give me instructions," she cried decidedly. "I'm going to ride him."

Duggan knew the absolute futility of remonstrating against any decision of his daughter, so he said quietly, "Well, we'll see."

"That means I'll ride," she murmured to herself.

The week—seven days of nervous suspense for Josh Duggan and his daughter—was gone, and the last day of the Blue Grass Meet was ushered in by a fiery, bright sun which betokened a beautiful day. Early in the afternoon the crowd began to swarm into the stand, and the mob that encircled the betting-ring was boisterously growing larger.

Jimmie's wonderful improvement gladdened both their hearts, and he showed not the slightest fear or nervousness when his mistress was near. Her father had attended to all the details in connection with his office, and an air of confidence possessed him as he noted how supremely indifferent the horse acted to the saddling, to the noises and to the people who were continually passing in and out of the stables.

No one would have recognized Dorothy seated on her pinnacle of a saddle, in her colors of red and black, and with her beautiful hair coiled beneath the jockey cap, the peak of which overshadowed her purposely soiled face. When the horses passed onto the track she gripped the reins firmly, endeavoring to stifle the touch of fear that arose within; and, as if seeking some token of friendship, she turned her head slightly, observing her father's anxious face. A wave of determination swept over her, and a smile of confidence edged her delicate mouth.

Jimmie's sluggish movements and high-strung temperament were responsible for three breaks. In silence she bore the angry curses of the other jockeys, and affectionately patted her horse. At the fourth attempt they were away. "Don't get pocketed—they're not counting on you"—her father's last instruction was uppermost in her mind. She was farthest from the pole, but swung farther away, keeping apace with the rest. Suddenly the boy on Spectator saw his chance. His horse sprang forward leaving the rest. Like a black streak Jimmie swept diagonally across the track in front of the others until his head was even with the big black's stir-

rup. As the half-mile post flashed by—vividly white—it was plainly obvious that the race was between these two, for the others were gradually dropping behind. Before her she could see her father's face as she had left it—strained, anxious, weary, expectant. Her firm little legs became firmer; her features set with a grim, defiant determination. A lump surged in her throat and a nauseating feeling came over her as she thought of the dreaded result. But for a moment! She tugged at the reins, leaned over Jimmie's neck and whispered "Oh! Jimmie boy, you must win!" As if goaded on by a prong his strong muscles tightened and, inch by inch, he crept up on the black. She was almost even with the bright colors of the other jockey. One more strain, but without avail, and as they passed the three-quarter post their positions remained unchanged. The big black was breathing with difficulty, the noise of which was almost drowned by the thumping of her own little heart. What if she shouldn't win? And again her father's features loomed before her moistened eyes. His instruction "If you are in the running at the home stretch, child, swing out and go to it!" quickened her senses. The home stretch! Slowly she turned out while the other kept the rail. On they plunged as into full view of the

whole stand they swung. Another tug and soon Jimmie's head was even with his rival's. He was not indifferent nor sluggish now. It was his little mistress' voice he heard again, and then he was a nose ahead. Spectator's rider was riding with whip and spur. One crack of the whip and they were again even. A stifled cry of fear and Jimmie led once more. The boy exerted his last bit of energy as he plunged his spurs in deep. A terrific lunge, but still Jimmie was in the lead. Faster and faster they came, one urged by kindness; the other by pain. But the big black was tiring—the pace set by Jimmie was too much—and soon—but not too soon—the girl swept past him. A few feet more! If no accident happened they should win. Her mouth was dry, her throat parched and her face was in stinging pain. A deafening roar rent the air. Instinctively she knew it was for the favorite. Who would yell for Jimmie or for her? For a moment startled astonishment dominated her as she noticed the other's gain. Bending over the withers of her horse she screamed in his ear, "Just once more, Jimmie!" All Jimmie's latent energy, at the appealing cry of his mistress, seemed to centre in his quivering limbs. With a powerful stride he lengthened the distance between them and passed under the wire a neck to the good.

CANADIAN CONTENT

No roof have I, but the deep blue sky,
The light that the moonbeams shed;
The Crickets chirp for a slumber song,
And the dew kissed grass for a bed.

No friends have I, but the Birds that fly;
The tales of the whispering breeze;
The laugh of the stream as it winds along,
And the song of the rustling leaves.

No wealth have I, but the gold Sun on high,
The silver of the Star,
The emerald plains and the diamonds rains,
And the pearl-crest hills afar.

—Margaret Erskine.

Why a Good Appearance Wins

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

WHEN a man is on trial for a crime he does not think of going before the court and jury without preparation. He gets the best attorney possible; he tries to make the most favorable impression on the jury, and does everything he can to win his case.

But everywhere we see people with unshaven faces, with seedy clothes, soiled linen, shoes not blackened, and wretched manners seeking positions, and wondering why they cannot get them.

I know a young man who thinks it is superficial and silly to devote a lot of time to what he calls non-essentials—one's personal appearance,—when there are so many more really important matters to be attended to. But this young man failed to get a good job just because of his slovenly appearance. He is a good-hearted fellow, a hard worker, but he wears his neckties until they are all frayed out and his collars and cuffs are frequently soiled and he looks slovenly. Every one who knows this young man likes him, but he is a bachelor, living alone, and no one likes to tell him why he does not get on faster.

A man is not likely to hire you if he is in doubt as to your fitness for the position for which you apply. You have very little time to convince him of this, so do not take chances on any preparation you can make beforehand. Make doubly sure of your neatness, cleanliness, and good appearance before you apply for the position.

The shrewd employer is always looking for earmarks. Everything counts in his estimation of you, and if he gets a bad impression he is through with you. Remember that your interview with your prospective employer is a display of your goods. You're like a trav-

eling man showing his samples. If the samples are not attractive, if they do not tempt the merchant, he will not buy. If you cannot make a good showing to your prospective employer, you cannot expect a job.

Remember that the world takes you at your own valuation.

Other things equal, it is the young man who dresses well, who puts up a good front, who gets the position, though often he has less ability than the one who is careless in his personal appearance. Most business men regard a neat, attractive appearance as evidence of good mind qualities. We express ourselves first of all in our bodies. A young man who neglects his bath will neglect his mind. It is not so much because the young man looks better when well dressed, but because, if he is neat and careful in his personal appearance, he is more likely to be so in his work.

A careless personal appearance often indicates slovenliness, easy-going ways, which are fatal to efficiency. Business men look for the earmarks of possibility, of efficiency, in an applicant's appearance. They are influenced by little things. Any evidence of shipshodness in manner or dress prejudices the long-headed business man who is accustomed to reading human nature. He has learned to weigh and estimate people at first sight, to see their future, to sum up their character by their general appearance. His practical eye is always looking for tell-tales of the man and his possibilities.

A prominent business man in New York City, in the course of an address on how to attain success, says:

"Clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job. If you have twenty-five dol-

lars, and want a job, it is better to spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, four dollars for shoes, and the rest for a shave, a hair-cut, and a clean collar, and walk to the place, than go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit."

Most large business houses make it a rule not to employ any one who looks shabby or careless, or who does not make a good appearance when he applies for a position.

Neatness of dress, cleanliness of person, and the manner of the applicant are the first things an employer notices in a would-be employee. If his clothes are unbrushed, his trousers baggy, his shoes unblackened, his tie shabby, his hands soiled, or his hair unkempt, the employer is prejudiced at once, and he does not look beneath this repellent exterior to see whether it conceals merit or not. He is a busy man, and takes it for granted that if the youth has anything in him, if his is made of the material business men want in their employ, he will keep himself in a presentable condition. At all events, he does not want to have such an unattractive-looking person about his premises; it would injure his business reputation.

If the applicant is a girl, she is judged by the same principles that govern in the case of a young man. If she applies for a position with rips and rents in her coat, several buttons missing from her shoes, holes in her gloves, a dark line showing above the edge of her collar, her hair unkempt,—in fact, with any evidence of slackness, of slipshodness about her,—she will not obtain the place.

A merchant said to an applicant for a position, "You look seedy, and no business man wants seedy-looking people about him. They are not good advertisements for his house. A good appearance," he continued, "will atone for a great many shortcomings. Neatness of appearance is an indication of self-respect; and the man who has sufficient respect for himself to see that his anatomy is set off to the best possible advantage will meet with a hundred opportunities to one that the apparently seedy man receives. If a man is neat about his own person, the chances are

that he will be neat about his manner of conducting others' affairs. If his appearance is such as to give an employer a good impression of his ability, there is reason to believe that he may affect possible customers in the same way. To hold his own in the business world a merchant must have every indication of prosperity, people are so like rats in their eagerness to desert a sinking ship; and a merchant cannot look prosperous if he surrounds himself with seedy-looking people."

"The man or woman wishing to present to me a business proposition," says one of our leading merchants, "must have a good address and an agreeable manner and appearance, or he will not get a hearing. No matter how good his proposition is, he will not get a chance to present it unless he possesses a pleasing personality. The reason is a simple and natural one. It would be impossible to give a hearing to half the people who approach me with schemes; therefore, as I must reject the great majority of projects offered me, I reject without hearing all those that are not presented by people who have an agreeable manner and good address. I take it for granted that a first-class proposition will be presented by a first-class man, and vice versa."

You cannot estimate the influence of your personal appearance upon your future. "The consciousness of clean linen," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "is in and of itself a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience. A well-ironed collar or a fresh glove has carried many a man through an emergency in which a wrinkle or a rip would have defeated him." "The sense of being perfectly dressed," says Emerson, "gives us a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow." A good appearance is at a premium everywhere. It is one of the most important factors in securing a situation, in holding it, and in getting an advance. At West Point Academy a "slight untidiness in dress" is punished by one demerit mark. A demerit mark for a West Point student is no small matter. Professor Holden tells us: "One button of a student's

uniform coat unbuttoned at drill, inattention, shoes not blackened at parade roll-call, gun not clean at guard-mount, and a hundred other matters of the sort are parts of official conduct. Each failure is noted and carries with it a fixed number of demerits. One hundred demerits in six months dismisses him. All this is known to everyone from the first. There is no talking. Only simple laws are prescribed. Each one of them is just. Every allowance is made for inexperience. Every reasonable excuse is admitted. The final result is like the result of gravitation—invariable, inexorable, just, immediate.

Few boys realize that an employer is almost as critical in judging a young man's appearance, as the officers at West Point. If employers would only be frank, even brutally frank, with the unpresentable applicants for positions whom they reject, it would be of untold value to them. For example, a poor boy, perhaps from the slums, who applies for a position may never have been trained to be careful about his personal appearance, to be cleanly, to be polite and courteous.

The employer should say to him, "My boy, I think it would be of very great advantage to you if I should tell you why I can not give you a position; it might help you in getting another place. I am very particular about the appearance, the cleanliness, the dress and manner of my employees. Our customers do not come in contact with me, but my employees represent me, and my patrons judge me by the people I keep around me, and my success or failure depends very largely upon the kind of an impression my employees make upon the customers.

"My employees are frequently inspected, and no one is allowed here who is not tidy, clean, and reasonably well dressed. If you should go through our establishment, you would find that no one has dirty finger nails, unpolished shoes; you would find no grease spots on their clothing; no one with soiled linen. All employees are supposed to take good care of their teeth, and no one with bad breath or bad teeth will

be allowed to come in contact with the customer.

"I appreciate the fact that you probably have not been taught the importance of these things, but, unfortunately, in looking for a position you must suffer from your ignorance, and before you get a good position you will have to learn what others have learned often by sad experience. You might try to get a position in a hundred stores, and you would be turned down by all of them for the same reason.

"When you came in here you not only kept your cap on, but it was on one side of your head, and I noticed by the stain on your fingers that you were a cigarette smoker. Your shoes were unpolished, your clothing soiled; in fact, your whole manner and appearance made an unfavorable impression upon me."

It does not matter how much merit or ability an applicant for a position may possess, he can not afford to be careless of his personal appearance. Diamonds in the rough, of infinitely greater value than the polished glass of some of those who get positions, may be rejected. Applicants whose good appearance helped them to secure places may often be very superficial in comparison with some who were rejected in their favor, but they made a good appearance when applying for the place, and, having secured it, they keep it, though not possessing half the ability of the boy or girl who was turned away.

It makes no difference to an employer whether applicants for positions have been taught that a good appearance is their test testimonial or not; it does not matter how honest or capable they may be, how good their intentions or how praiseworthy their ambition, he judges them as the world judges them, — largely by their appearance.

In nine cases out of ten the employer—the world—is right in judging the qualifications of a worker by the pains he takes in making his person and clothing as attractive as possible. Everything about a man bespeaks his character. He puts his personality into everything he does, no less than his work.

The man who hires all the salespeo-

ple for one of the largest retail stores in Chicago says, "While the routine of application is in every case strictly adhered to, the fact remains that the most important element in an applicant's chance for a trial is his personality."

There are two chief factors in good appearance; cleanliness of body and comeliness of attire. Usually these go together, neatness of attire indicating sanitary care of the person, while outward slovenliness suggests a carelessness that probably goes deeper than the clothes covering the body.

The London Drapers' Record says: "Wherever a marked personal care is exhibited for the cleanliness of the person and for neatness in dress, there is, also, almost always found extra carefulness as regards the finish of work done. Work people whose personal habits are slovenly produce slovenly work." A young woman had been recommended as highly qualified in every way to fill the vacant office of superintendent and teacher in an industrial school for girls. The founder of the institution was very favorably impressed by the high tone of her recommendations, and appointed a time for an interview with the young woman. After she had seen her, however, she absolutely refused to consider her application. When urged by a friend to give a reason for her apparently arbitrary decision in refusing to engage so competent a teacher, she said: "It was a trifle, but a trifle in which, as in an Egyptian hieroglyphic, lay a volume of meaning. The young woman came to me fashionably and expensively dressed, but with torn and soiled gloves, and half of the buttons off her shoes. A slovenly woman is not a fit guide for any girl."

Self-interest clamors as loudly as aesthetic or moral consideration for the fulfillment of the laws of cleanliness. Every day we see people receiving "demerits" for failure to live up to them. I can recall instances of capable stenographers who forfeited their positions because they did not keep their finger nails clean. An honest, intelligent man whom I know lost his place in a large publishing firm because he was careless about shaving, and caring for his teeth.

The first point to be emphasized in the making of a good appearance is the necessity of frequent bathing. A daily bath insures a clean, wholesome condition of the skin, without which health is impossible.

Next in importance to the bath is the proper care of the hair, the hands, and the teeth. I know a business man who is very particular about his personal cleanliness, about his dress and about his appearance generally, but he nearly always has soiled finger nails. He does not seem to think that other people will notice such a trivial matter. But it is just such little things that we are measured by which locate us in other people's estimation.

Manicure sets are so cheap that they are within the reach of almost every one. If you cannot afford to buy a whole set, you can buy a file and keep your nails smooth and clean.

Keeping the teeth in good condition is a very simple matter, yet perhaps more people sin in this particular point of cleanliness than in any other. Nothing can be more offensive in man or woman than a foul breath, and no one can have neglected teeth without reaping this consequence. Many an applicant has been denied the position he sought because of bad teeth. No employer wants a clerk, or stenographer, whose appearance is marred by a lack of one or two front teeth.

Every detail of appearance, then, counts for or against one. And to make a good appearance, one must not merely be well dressed, or well mannered, or well groomed, or cheerful,—he must be all of these. Politeness is an open sesame denied to the bad mannered. We know of an instance where a New York business house with a large force and no vacancies, actually made room for a young man merely because his personality was so attractive and his manner so courteous and winning. One member of the firm said to another: "We'd be the losers if we let that young man go." He foresaw occasions when just the urbane qualities this applicant had would be essential to the business. This young man's fortune was in his manner and address.

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that merit will ultimately win in spite of manners. Superior merit has starved to death in many a man and woman because they could not overcome the handicap of an offensive manner. If you are conscious that you have a great deal of ability which people do not recognize, study yourself and see if it is not hidden under an undesirable exterior. "I cannot too emphatically impress upon young men," said Mr. Williams, late president of one of the largest banks in New York, "the absolute indispensability of politeness. If I had twenty tongues, I'd preach politeness with them all—for a long experience has taught me that its results are tangible and inevitable. It is the Aladdin's lamp of success." Resolve to make yourself so interesting in your conversation, so pleasing in your manner, that, no matter what physical defects you may have you will reveal your ability to the world.

Whatever your work, cultivate a sweet voice. Not long ago the president of a Chicago school board rejected an applicant simply because of her sharp, squeaky voice. "Don't inflict that woman on any of the children in our schools," were his directions to the superintendent. Dr. Maxwell, superintendent of New York schools, says that a soft, well modulated voice is one of the most important qualifications of the successful teacher, because children are so extremely susceptible to the tones of the voice.

There is a business man in New York City who employs a large number of people, and yet he never sees the face of one of them until after they are hired. He sits behind a curtain in his office and listens to the voice of the applicant replying to questions put by his representative. He says that the human voice does not lie, like the manner or the facial expression. He says he does not care so much about what a man says of himself. He decides his qualifications upon the sound of his voice, its intonation, its pitch, the quality which it carries.

Thousands of people who have failed in life might have been happy and pros-

perous to-day had they learned early in life the importance of a good appearance and manner. Many men now on the downward path would have been climbing up in the world had they made a favorable impression when they first went to look for a position. They did not realize that some carelessness in dress, some lack in personal cleanliness, some rudeness or disagreeable peculiarity of manner condemned them before they spoke a word. They were given no chance to present their claims, to show their merit or fitness for the position, because the employer was so prejudiced by their appearance that he would not even give them a hearing. This experience was repeated so often that they finally became discouraged, imagined they had no ability, and that they were not competent to fill any position.

No one will ever know, no statistician or sociologist will ever be able to find out, how large a percentage of the great army of the unemployed, of the denizens of the slums, of the might-have-beens, the paupers and the criminals who make up the dregs of society, have fallen to their present pitiable conditions because of their disregard of appearances when they first started out for themselves. Poverty is no excuse for a bad appearance.

To save money at the cost of cleanliness and self-respect is the worst sort of extravagance. It is a point at which economy ceases to be a virtue and becomes a vice. In this fiercely competitive age, when the law of the survival of the fittest acts with seemingly merciless rigor, no one can afford to be indifferent to the smallest detail of dress, or manner, or appearance, that will add to his chances of success.

So, the external man must be in trim when you go out to capture a job. If one would rise in business and in society, he must cultivate his appearance, his manner, his address—improving them step by step with the demands of his career. Only as these things keep pace with the rest will he be able to cope with the world and convince others that he is making good. Every one will read his progress in the signs of appearance.

Review of Reviews

With this issue the department has been enlarged considerably. Several translations made especially for the magazine appear here. The reader gets the benefit of the leading articles that appear in the current literature of the world. Thus a variety of subjects is touched upon, and there is no reader of the magazine but can find in these articles features that will interest him and perchance give him some information that he can use in his business and life work. Another feature is the addition of several cartoons and photographs throughout. This feature will be improved upon from time to time.

Better Than Suffragettes

The Women of Burma Claim That They Enjoy More Privileges Than Their Western Sisters

COMPARED to the average women of India the women of Burma may be said to be as free as air and as happy as any woman can be. It has often been said by writers on Burma that Buddhism, and Buddhism alone has formed the character of the Burmese woman and has made her life happy, busy and intellectual, and it may safely be said that the women of Burma occupy a position in life which their Indian sisters might well envy, says Mg. Than Maung in *The Hindustani Review*.

The Burmese women enjoy many rights which their European sisters are even now clamoring for, while men of light and leading in many other countries, both in the East and in the West are even now preaching for the raising of the status of their women and the law of work for them, the people of Burma already have among their women, those managing large business concerns. Burmese women there are who are engaged in extensive rice and timber trades, managing most up-to-date printing presses, and, in Rangoon in particular we have Burmese women running a daily newspaper. Another indication of this freedom is the fact that the Burmese woman is often the bread-winner of the family, sometimes a large one, including her husband.

As regards the Burmese wife, her relations to her husband might fairly well be gauged from the following facts. A high judicial authority has held that in case of divorce by mutual consent the husband and

wife divide equally between themselves their joint property, both moveable and immoveable. The practice of polygamy on the part of the husband entitles the wife to a divorce.

Every writer on Burma, has commented on the extreme freedom of marriage among the people of this country. The Burmese girl shows a perfectly catholic taste in the matter of her choice. She is as ready to marry a Hindu or any of the other Indian races who come to Burma as she is to marry an Englishman if it suits her. As in India and other Oriental countries, marriage arrangements are becoming as purely a commercial matter as possible. The present day maiden, or at least her guardians, are more concerned with whether the bridegroom is a passed F. A. or a failed B. A. than whether they love each other. Though marriage is very free in Burma it seems at first sight singular to find that there are far more married persons in India than in Burma. To a large extent, I think, the difference is due to the Indian practice of child-marriage, which strictly speaking does not exist in Burma proper. The proportion of widows in the two countries is 180 per thousand in India, and 105 per thousand in Burma, where there are absolutely no restrictions preventing widows from re-marrying.

While the freedom of Burmese women is enviable to a large extent, it also brings peculiar drawbacks in its train. The number

of mixed marriages between Burmese women and foreigners has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and in the interests of the Burmese race, the contraction of such marriages is most undesirable. As regards literacy among the women of Burma, it may be said that its standard is fairly high. At an early age the girls go to school and learn to read and write the scriptures, and from such a source it is that there come the teachings of generosity, cheerfulness and kindness which are admittedly the most eminent traits in the character of the

Burmese woman. At school or sometimes at a nunnery they learn the five duties of a wife, namely, to properly manage her household, to be a hospitable housewife, to be a faithful wife, a thrifty housekeeper and a diligent gentlewoman. Together with such instruction in ethics, they receive a practical training in the ways of homelife. As a brown Magnolian, the Burmese woman is not beautiful as some Indian women are, but every visitor to Burma rightly admits that she is highly attractive and alluring.

Laziness is a Disease

Surprising Discoveries of Recent Science Regarding Laziness and its Relation to Physical Health

That the development of laziness in the human being is a parasitic growth interfering with the normal process and tendencies of nature, is the conclusion arrived at, by H. Addington Bruce, in McClure's magazine.

A few months ago, he says, looking through some scientific works bearing on a complicated educational problem, I was greatly struck by two pronouncements regarding a certain widespread human frailty that has long been the subject of much misunderstanding. On the one hand I found an eminent physiologist declaring unreservedly: "The love of work and activity is an acquired characteristic rather than a natural one; for the human tendency is toward the line of least effort." And opposed to this another authority asserted with equal emphasis: "There never was a child born into this world who was born into it lazy."

To reconcile these mutually contradictory statements is a manifest impossibility. Yet it is certain that each of them finds in facts of every-day observation a strong body of evidence to support it. The average child of tender years, as every parent knows, is nothing if not active and energetic. He is forever in motion, forever busying himself about something, his mind alert and inquiring, his hands ceaselessly occupied in testing, exploring, putting together and taking to pieces. Left to himself, he often will display an amazing tenacity of purpose and vigor of performance.

When, however, we look at the same child grown to manhood or even a few years removed from early youth, more often than not his behavior seems to bear out the contrary view that man is naturally lazy and acquires love of work, if at all, only under strong compulsion. "To get results from my boys, to induce them to apply themselves to their books and their studies," many a despairing school-teacher has lamented, "I have to be forever watching and driving them." In college, office, factory, workshop, and store, one hears the same complaint. There is perpetual waste of time, dawdling, loitering, gossiping—a seeming passion for the ways of slothful ease and aversion from sustained endeavor. To a large extent; too, the history even of those who have won distinction as leaders of thought and action seemingly justifies the doctrine that mankind is naturally prone to idleness rather than to productive activity, and that any tendency in the latter direction is invariably a characteristic acquired in the course of individual development.

It may be, and, as will be shown, it undoubtedly is, somewhat of an exaggeration to say that there never has been a congenitally lazy man. But to say this is far nearer the truth than to regard laziness as something rooted in the constitution of our being, and love of activity as merely an acquired characteristic. On the contrary, the sharp contrast between the activity and energy of the average child and the idling propensities of the average man,

points unmistakably to the development of laziness as a parasitic growth interfering with the normal process and tendencies of nature. Laziness, in other words, must be looked upon as essentially a pathological condition.

Instead, therefore, of condemning the lazy man, as the moralist would, it is the part of wisdom to view him as a victim of disease and as standing in need of careful treatment. Nature intended him to be vigorous, forceful, a being of achievement; circumstances have made him listless, inert, responsive but in feeble measure to the spur of honor, ambition, pride, love, or necessity.

What then is the cause of laziness? How should one proceed in the attempt to cure it? This question has recently been studied with remarkable success and especially by a little group of French investigators with immediate reference to the problem presented by the lazy man. Laziness in all its phases has been studied with the resourcefulness and painstaking precision characteristic of the new school of medical psychologists, to whom we are already so heavily indebted for a better understanding of the mind of man both in its normal and its abnormal aspects. Nay, in verification of the theories to which their researches have led them, the investigators and others wise enough to profit from their discoveries have frequently applied specific remedial measures with astonishingly successful results.

What, in particular, they have found is that laziness is usually associated with a peculiarly debilitated condition of the nervous system—an "asthenia" marked by a slow heart-beat, low arterial pressure, and poor circulation. The consequence of this is, to quote Theodule Ribot, one of the leaders in the scientific study of laziness, that "the brain shows not so much an indisposition as a real incapacity for concentrating attention, and soon, owing to the fact that its nourishment is at the vanishing point, becomes exhausted."

Thus studying laziness in children attending school it was discovered that quite frequently their inertia has as its primary cause the presence of adenoid, or abnormal tissue, growths in the cavity back of the nose. These, by making it extremely difficult for the child to breathe properly, deplete his vitality so that he remains undersized and is quickly fatigued by any intellectual or muscular effort. The natural result is that he becomes more or less of an idler, bringing upon himself the re-

proaches and punishment of parents and teachers. What he actually needs is not scoldings or whippings, but a slight surgical operation.

Often a surprising development of both mental and physical power follows the removal of the adenoids. In one case reported by Professor E. J. Swift, a girl of fourteen grew three inches in height within six months after an operation for adenoids, and at the same time showed an improvement in her school work that contrasted surprisingly with the apathy and dulness that had preceded it.

I have myself had an opportunity lately of observing a seemingly miraculous cure of laziness effected in a small boy by this simple means. At nine years of age he was puny, pale, delicate, nervously irritable, and so lazy at home and in the school-room as to give rise to an impression that he bordered on mental defectiveness. Conscious of his weakness, his playmates, with the thoughtless cruelty of childhood, teased and bullied the poor little fellow unmercifully.

His father, of course, was much concerned about him, had him examined by several specialists, and finally was persuaded to submit him to the adenoid operation, the necessity for which had been for some time plainly indicated by a slight deafness and persistent mouth-breathing.

He was then sent to the country for some months, and on his return was placed in a boarding school.

Here for the first time he manifested a diligence and mental virility that astonished all who had known him before the operation.

Eye trouble, particularly in the way of hypermetropia, or far-sightedness, is another frequent primary cause of laziness in school children; and the correction of the defective vision, like the removal of adenoids, is often followed by a marked access of vigor and alertness. In such cases, however, the laziness is usually manifest only in the class-room, the child being active enough at play, when no strain is put on the eyes comparable with that occasioned by reading. To cite a single instance, a little boy of ten was reported as being so inattentive at school and so uninterested in his work as to yawn and become positively sleepy when required to read. As no amount of scolding sufficed to turn him from his idle ways, and as he began to complain of headaches and nervousness, he was finally taken to an oeu-

list. To the surprise of his parents, who had always believed his vision to be normal, he was found to be suffering from latent hypermetropia; and, on being provided with the proper eye-glasses, he soon demonstrated, by the rapidity with which he improved in his studies and the interest he now showed in them, that his laziness had been determined by the condition of his eyesight.

Treatment by suggestion, then, plus careful preliminary physiological, and if necessary surgical, treatment to ameliorate the asthenic condition common to idlers — that is the proper course to pursue in dealing with all cases of laziness. And it is also the course to pursue in the more important matter of prevention, a matter which, in the last analysis, rests chiefly with the fathers and mothers of the very young.

Cutting Two Years from Public School

Why the System Does Not Breed Bigger Men and Women Accounted For

A DECIDEDLY novel argument is made by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, whose eldest son, Norbert Wiener, M.A., is preparing to receive his degree of doctor of philosophy next June at the age of eighteen.

To the obvious comment, "Precocity," says a writer in the *Evening Post Saturday Magazine*, Professor Wiener retorts with emphasis: "Not precocity at all. My children are simply developed by an intelligent process of imparting instruction. If precocity means development under training, then they have it. But if precocity means premature development without training, then they have it not."

The moot point is that if Professor Wiener is right, and if the average normal child is capable of such development as his own children have so remarkably responded to, then our public school system must undergo drastic revision. Let the Professor take the stand.

"It is just as easy," he says, by way of prelude, "to learn to admire a good picture as a chromo. But the public schools provide our children with nothing but chromos. Away with these diluted text books, these namby-pamby elementary studies in the sciences and the languages! Let children remain children, but meanwhile let them be learning the right things, and, above all, at the period when they are ready for them. By the time a normally intelligent child reaches the fifth grade, he has so outgrown the thin mental pabulum which is offered him that he loses interest and falls behind.

My plan has been to place my children in the public schools, watch for the time of their 'going stale' on this insufficient mental fare, take them out of school, re-arouse their interest in their studies by giving them more advanced work, send them back to school, but to a grade much higher than that which they left, and save them anywhere from three to eight years of fruitless toil in the process.

"These children of mine have never been driven. They have more time on their hands than the average children of the school age. All four are in superb physical health. Their standing in their classes is good, and the point is that they are not working for marks. They are working with an intelligent interest in the subject. This has a cumulative effect. I find that as this interest increases from year to year, so also does their power of self-guidance. At the start they may require careful direction in their studies. But each year this reliance on instruction is less and the reliance on themselves is more. Finally they outgrow me; they outgrow their teachers; they can go on by themselves.

"Our educational system is ruinous because it trains for immediate results. My children are being trained for final results: they are trained not for marks, but for power. Not so as to be able to parrot back what they have been taught, but stimulated to learn how to teach themselves.

"The next point I wish to make most emphatic. These results have been accomplished with my children in the public schools

as they stand to-day. I realized that by withdrawing them altogether from the schools I would lay myself open to the charges of a 'special dispensation' or a 'forcing process,' and though I could have saved the children much more time than I have had I removed them from the schools entirely, I thought it more important to work out the problem where it must be worked out for the other youngsters. So I sent them into the elementary grades until I could see that they were becoming unconsciously dulled and irritated through not receiving the mental food which children of their years rightly demand, whereupon I removed them, re-awakened their interest by more solid fare, and returned them to the high school anywhere from two to three years ahead of schedule time.

"A good many people imagine that after this process the children are just managing to 'keep along.' The fact is that they are leading, again let me say not in the race for 'marks,' but in a healthy interest in the subject. I teach them that they must learn by making mistakes. I demand that they shall be given a chance to make mistakes and then correct them. Our educational system excludes this: the children trained under it have not gained the power of correcting themselves. The whole aim of the system is to prevent them from making mistakes: it would not so 'waste their time.' I insist that these children should be allowed to make their blunders, to find them and then rectify them. I need hardly dwell on the importance this has in the world of morals as well.

It may be objected that the children of Professor Wiener inherit minds perhaps more vigorous than the average. Quite dead to the subtle flattery implied in this argument, the Professor replies: "I have, in common with plenty of other men, a certain ability. Let us assume that my children have inherited this. Well, an Arabian horse is an Arabian horse, and a nag is a nag. You may not be able to turn the nag into the blooded animal, but if you are not careful you will find that it is all too easy to turn the Arabian into a nag. It is not enough to have a finely bred stock. You must develop it. Plenty of children have inherited aptitudes equal to and superior to mine.

"You will remember—every one will remember—a period in his childhood when he began to feel the stirrings of an enormous curiosity about the most commonplace matters of everyday life: What is money? Why does it pay for things? How did men

learn to build houses? Who invented streets? Why can we see through glass? Who first thought of putting figures on the face of a clock? It is the awakening of the analytical faculty in a child's brain. And yet when we asked why we could see through glass we were told impatiently: 'Oh, because it is transparent;' or 'Don't ask so many foolish questions.' My method is this: Every day I go for a brief walk with my son Fritz—a tiny gentleman of seven. He is in the third grade of the public schools. During that walk I answer just such questions as those above; answer them with detailed accuracy. And here applies my remark that it is as easy to learn to admire a good painting as a chromo. I would tell the child not only that Beethoven was a composer of music, but what a symphony is. This boy of seven is ready to receive accurate information. I am satisfying his normal intellectual curiosity just as fast as he is physically fit to receive it. I rouse attention in the direction of his interests. This is not 'hot-housing.'

"This, then, is my proposal: My results could be obtained under the present system, first, by modifying the curriculum, and second, by modifying the attitude of the public school teachers toward education and discipline. No big, general revolution would be necessary; no violent changes. I would undertake to start with the system as it is, and merely by altering the attitude of the teachers I would obtain the same results in a roomful of children that I have obtained with my own. I believe fifty per cent. of the teachers now in the public schools could and would learn to apply this more humane and more effective method of instruction. It is not a question of the subject, but of carrying a child's interest in one topic over into his interest in another until you have them all inter-working and inter-aiding.

"This is enough to give some hint of the enormous waste in the present school system. My scheme of instruction would mean hiring more expensive teachers, but it would be vastly cheaper. The ideal school would, of course, be that in which the individual development of the child would be independent of the class—in which the child would go as fast and as far as he was individually fit to go. This method could be introduced, I contend, even under the present school system. The fundamental error of modern pedagogy is that the child which it regards as the average is not normal, but sub-normal."

Wild Mosquitos Breed Once a Year

But the Domestic Mosquito has an Abundant Food Supply From the Juciest and Barest Skins in the Animal World

IN Hans Breitmann's sapient phrase: "The longer we lif, the more we find, py gracious, oudt!" It was the fond belief of the "scientific gents" that they had the tricks, manners and psychology of the mosquito down to as fine a point as that of her own bill, these five years past says the American Magazine.

Our latest finding is widespread and interesting. It consists in the discovery that the overwhelming majority of "wild" mosquitoes that infest our woods and forests, instead of breeding, as we had supposed, all summer long in convenient pools and puddles, and producing a half dozen generations each season, breed only once in the year and that at an exceedingly early period, viz., in the pools left in low places in the woods by melting snow.

More singular and upsetting to our former ideas yet, as these snow-water pools usually dry up early in the season, when the hen mosquito has fully matured her eggs she does not lay these in water, as do our "domestic" mosquitos, but upon the under side of a dead leaf in some low, damp place in the woods which will be filled with water again by next spring. This discovery throws a flood of light upon two or three facts which would not fit in with our former laws of mosquito life. The first and most striking is the disappearance of the woodland mosquito in time for trout fishing, camping and deer hunting, even in areas which are full of pools, swamps and lakes.

The next is that in houses, bungalows and camps on the edge of the woods, no matter how carefully all permanent pools of water have been drained or coated with kerosene during the summer, and how perfectly the neighborhood has been kept clear of mosquitos from July until frost, there still appears in the first warm days of May swarms of mosquitoes, springing apparently out of the earth or coming down from the tree-tops.

What had misled us was that we had been judging all mosquitoes by the habits of a comparatively small number of species, which infested our door yards, farm buildings and cultivated fields and which either originally possessed, or had gradually acquired "under domestica-

tion," the faculty of raising five or six broods in a year. In this they run parallel with our other domestic animals and birds, which, given shelter, protection and abundant food supply the year around, have acquired the habit of raising a number of broods in a year, and of breeding at any and all seasons of the year, while their wild relatives for the most part produce only one brood or clutch during the year.

The domestic mosquito is provided with an abundant supply of the richest and juciest food and the thinnest and barest skins anywhere in the animal kingdom, and also, by human carelessness or ignorance, with ideal places for breeding in the whole season through in artificial ponds, accidental puddles and pits, water butts, wells, even in the rain water held in tin cans and old boots.

The same thing is largely true of the two species of Anopheles, which are most seriously concerned with carrying malaria. Two-thirds of the Anopheles in any given community will be found within two hundred to three hundred yards of houses and out-buildings. Indeed, in certain regions in the Canal Zone at Panama, where it was impossible to drain or kerosene all the swamps and pools in the neighborhood, the camp is made almost free of malaria by keeping the ground for two hundred to three hundred yards around dry or kerosene-coated; and by employing a regular force of mosquito hunters to patrol the houses and shafts and kill every mosquito.

The problem of exterminating the wild



The retort that disarms.—Public Opinion.

mosquitoes is at first sight an appalling one, when it is remembered that nearly half of our low-lying woodlands are converted into swamps during the melting of the snow water of the spring, and that the mosquito larvae have been known to hatch and grow in ice-cold water less than an inch deep. This is certainly one of the most astonishing triumphs of the life force known, equal to that of the famous Schneerosen, which push their painted heads through the very edge of the snow crust itself. Two things, however, can be done, either of which is fairly feasible.

One is pouring kerosene on the pools of snow water and low places in the ground which may be filled by spring rains, within five hundred to one thousand yards from the house or camp. The other is raking up all leaves in the fall of the year within the same distance of the house, piling them up and burning them, since the eggs are attached to the under side of the leaves. The combination of these two methods certainly ought to reduce the pest to tolerable proportions, if not entirely abolish it.

Sawdust's Service to Mankind

How a By-Product of the Lumber Mills Can be Made Profitable

INSTEAD of burning the waste from the sawmills, there are many excellent means of utilizing the sawdust, says C. W. R. Eichhoff, M. E., in the American Lumberman.

Abroad, where conservation of the natural resources has been practised to a greater extent than on this continent, experiments have been made to form this dust into briquettes. At present a number of briquetting plants are in successful operation across the Atlantic, and of later years lumbermen and other mill-owners on this side of the Atlantic have become interested in the briquetting of such sawdust.

Suitable binders are water-gas, pitch, tar, rosin, flour, water-glass and others of the same nature as used in the briquetting of coal. As these binders materially increase the cost of manufacture, their use was found prohibitive, and machines are now used that deliver the goods without the application of a binding machine.

The sawdust in this process has to be perfectly dry before being put into the press. From the press the briquettes are transported automatically into a cooling room, and when cool they are hard and ready for transportation. Such briquettes are an excellent fuel for residence use in fire-places and stoves, do not corrode and leave very little ashes and soot. The cleanliness, rapid ignition, intense heat and odorless combustion make them a fuel preferable to the best wood.

Presses are built with a capacity of 24 briquettes a minute, giving 14,400 briquettes in ten hours, each briquette weighing about

half a pound, which would be equivalent to a daily output of 3.6 tons.

Sawdust has been used for the operation of gas producers for power purposes, in which cases it can be handled either in the loose form or in the form of briquettes.

Related to the briquetting of sawdust is the manufacture of artificial wood. This material is of great tenacity and strength, does not decay and is less susceptible to the action of the atmosphere than is natural wood. All this artificial wood can be sawed, planed and cut, but not split. The manufacture of it has become quite an industry abroad. Decorations for walls, ceilings and furniture are manufactured from mixtures the essential part of which is sawdust. These ornaments rival carved work and are a great deal cheaper, replacing those made of zinc, papiermache and artificial stone or cement.

Sawdust is the essential part of a stone-like material used for building purposes and also for paving blocks. These paving blocks are said to out-last the regular creosoted wood blocks.

Sawdust is pulverized and used instead of sand. In this state it can be colored, perfumed and used for many purposes, such as for sachet bags and the like.

Sawdust and shavings are used for packing glassware, porcelain and other ceramic articles. In this state it must be dry, so as not to have a detrimental effect, especially on ceramic goods.

The use of sawdust for cleaning floors is too well known to need mention; not so

generally known is its property of preserving eggs.

Any person handling oily and painty tinware should know that it is an excellent means for cleaning fresh paint from such tinware, rendering the vessels perfectly dry and clean.

Sawdust is used in the manufacture of insulating material for steam boilers and steam piping, and as insulating filler in fireless cookers, ice boxes, walls, etc.

It can be laid in cement floors instead of sand, rendering these floors warmer and more porous. It is used for roofing material instead of sand, making roofing paper lighter for transportation and so reducing cost.

Charred sawdust is an excellent means for filtration of liquids and has disinfecting qualities, making it more suitable for this purpose than ordinary charcoal. Added to brick it makes a more porous brick. Mixed with clay it can be used for the manufacture of filtering articles; this has proved to be an attractive process.

Sawdust is used to absorb moisture in building walls that are exposed to water. In the manufacture of cheap wallpaper and artificial flowers it is used in the form of

a fine dust. Other uses are for cementation in steel mills, for cleaning purposes in the production of gas, in the manufacture of calcium carbide and carborundum, and, in foundries, for pickling.

Everybody knows of its application in the manufacture of powder and explosives. Further uses are for floors in gymnasiums and riding schools, for the manufacture of paper, for slippery streets in winter, and for bedding in stables. Sawdust improves soil mechanically, and, when saturated with stable manure, it also works chemically on the soil and so improves it. Sawdust is also used in sawdust mortar (for moist places) and in horticulture to protect hotbeds, etc. With proper manipulation a good wood soil, so valuable in gardening, can be obtained. In the manufacture of soap for washing and cleaning purposes sawdust is also employed.

Very promising is the manufacture of sugar and alcohol out of waste woods; but these processes are not yet far enough advanced to be of commercial value and to justify large expenditures at the same time. Finally, sawdust is the only material now used for a cheap production of oxalic acid.

Controlling Power by Perforated Paper

Will Railway Trains and Big Machines be Managed as Easily as a Pianola?

THAT the world—at least the mechanical world—may one day be controlled and operated through the agency of slips of perforated paper is asserted in the editorial department of Cassier's Magazine.

Control of machinery by perforated paper was first devised and introduced by Joseph Marie Jacquard about a century ago, in the loom that bears his name. In the Jacquard loom perforated cards control the movements so that predetermined patterns are woven, independently of the skill of the immediate operator.

More recently the principle has been widely used in mechanical musical instrument players, to which it was first applied about 40 years ago. It has been employed also in the monotype machine, in telegraph systems, and in less familiar connections, and we are told that the possibilities of the device are far-reaching, especially since the introduction of electricity has made it possible to extend this kind of control over distant apparatus. The writer

of the article in Cassier's bids us look forward to the working of all sorts of machine tools and even to the control and operation of railway trains by a similar system.

The entire modern tendency in mechanical operations appears, not only in the substitution of machinery for manual operations wherever possible, but also in the planning of the manipulation by others than those by whom the work is done. The use of planning departments, functional foremen, instruction cards, and similar preliminaries to the actual performance of the work, is being generally discussed and occasionally applied; but, with the exception of certain forms of tabulating machines and typesetters, and of such devices as moving electrical signs, there seems to be little employment made of the most complete method of recording and controlling movements—that of a piece of perforated paper.

It seems entirely within reason to state that no machining operation is so complicated or involves so many movements, so variously timed, as appears in the performance of even a simple musical composition by a mechanical piano-player; and when we consider the accuracy and effectiveness with which the most elaborate compositions are rendered by such machines the applicability of the method to repetition processes in manufacturing seems worthy of consideration.

The number of operations which may be controlled for any one machine is by no means limited, any more than the number of different musical compositions is limited for any piano equipped for use with the perforated roll. . . . The unlimited possibilities of the Jacquard principle over any other thus constitutes one of its greatest advantages. Any change or modification in a series of operations with the paper strip may be made simply by preparing a different set of perforations, just as one written order of instructions supersedes another; and thus it appears that a form of control in which instructions are positively combined with their execution is available for the most intricate manufacturing operations.

The widespread use of vending machines, for instance, is an example of the manner in which mechanical appliances are being used to replace labor either too difficult to obtain or too expensive to operate.

Orders Which Execute Themselves.

The outcome of such a development would probably involve, as a matter for general instruction, the art of recording instructions by preparing such controlling strips, just as the introduction of the type-writing machine has developed an art supplementing that of ordinary handwriting. The manager, director, foreman, or other responsible individual may thus give his order, not by scribbling a few marks upon an order slip, but by punching a few holes in a card, which then becomes the medium by which the order is executed, without any of the opportunities for failure which must ever be present when it has to be filtered through various intelligences of uncertain capacity.

Paper to Control Machine Tools.

The far-reaching effects of the general adoption of the perforated strip for the control of machinery will be perceived as the subject is examined in the light of the results already obtained in connection with

musical instruments. The acquisition of a correct and facile technique upon such an instrument as the piano requires intense application and years of hard work by those who have in the first place a natural talent for the subject, and of all the pupils who make such studies, but few attain anything like such precision and accuracy as are given immediately to the inexperienced operator upon the mechanically controlled instrument. The real difference between the performance of a virtuoso and the effect of the machine appears only in such delicacies of expression as are perceptible mainly to the trained listener, and differences such as these are not only imperceptible but undesirable in applying the principle to machine-shop work.

It follows that the development of the perforated strip to the control of machine tools may work a change in technical training and apprenticeship methods similar to that which is being effected in the subject of pianoforte instruction, leaving the education of the mechanic to be directed to those general and varied features which include the exercise of judgment and discretion rather than of detailed and repetitive manipulation. This is entirely in accordance with the changes which have already taken place, and it is necessary only to look back over the development of the machinist's trade to perceive the manner in which the once important operations of chasing, filing, chipping, fitting, etc., have been replaced by the work of the slide-rest, the grinding-machine, the shaper, and the drop-press.

Motors Moved by Paper.

Not only in the control of machining work, but also in the direction of larger operations, may the possibilities of the perforated strip be indicated. With the introduction of electric propulsion upon railways, it may become practicable to have the trains controlled wholly from fixed stations, the motors responding entirely to the movement of the strip through a transmitting mechanism. Thus the position of a train upon a section might be made to correspond at all times to the relative position of its controlling strip, the control, both as to position and rate of speed, being always kept in the hands of the operator at the fixed station, himself continually in possession of information about all other trains upon the division. Wherever a wire can be run, such a control may be extended, so that operations at points far distant might be

synchronised in accordance with any desired plan.

It is probable that such applications of the perforated strip of paper will come, not all at once, but gradually, as its capabilities are perceived; but the tendency

must be, as in all other departments of mechanical developments, to relieve human effort more and more from work which is of a mechanical and routine character, reserving it for things which include the exercise of varied intelligence and judgment.

Climates Make Forests, Not Vice-Versa

Popular Notions on this Matter are Wrong, Says Scientific Man

FAR and wide, the world over, we find a popular belief in an influence of forests upon climate, especially rainfall. This is not difficult to explain. On a summer day we leave the hot sunny road and walk along a narrow forest path. The trees give shade; the glare and heat of the road are replaced by a soft dark carpet of leaves and moss; the air seems cool and damp. It is all a great relief, and the impression is inevitable that a forest climate is different from that of the open. Thus it may come about, naturally enough, that people believe in forest influences upon climate. Yet a scientific study of the subject, which has only recently been possible, has established the conclusion that forests are dependent upon climate; in other words, that they are the results of the rainfall and not vice versa.

It is a curious fact that so few of those who are firmly convinced that climate is affected by forests ever seem to ask themselves "Why should forests influence climate?" The Popular Science Monthly, to which we are indebted for our information on this subject, outlines the reasons commonly given as follows:

(a) Because forests must retard and obstruct air movement, favoring calms, and causing the air to ascend slightly over the trees. Both of these effects may be favorable in a small way to rainfall. The barrier effect, by reducing the velocity of high winds, ought to moderate the extremes of winter cold.

(b) By means of their shade, trees ought to check the warming of the ground and of the air, especially in summer.

(c) Because of the retention of moisture in the forest litter, and of the decreased evaporation which may be expected to result from the lessened air movement under the trees, it seems not

unreasonable to expect that forest air will be somewhat damper than that outside. This may also favor rainfall.

(d) The diffusion of the water vapor transpired by and evaporated from the leaves may perhaps increase the opportunity for rainfall.

(e) We may expect the tree cover to diminish nocturnal radiation from the ground underneath, and thus to maintain a slightly higher temperature within the forest than outside of it at night.

In these, and perhaps in other ways, we may seek for the causes of forest influences upon climate. But whatever may be the theoretical reasons for believing in such reasons, we are here concerned only with the facts as they are at present known. One further word of caution is necessary. It is one thing for a forest to have a climate of its own, within its own limits, under or above the trees. It is quite another thing for a forest to affect the climate of the surrounding country or of distant regions. The latter effect is naturally the one in which the real interest centres.

Forests as Wind-breaks.

The most obvious effect of forests is that of the barrier or wind-break. First, there is far less wind movement within the forest than there is outside. Second, friction on the tree tops reduces the velocity of the wind blowing over the forest. Third, to leeward of the forest there is a belt of relative calm, which is, roughly, ten to fifteen times as wide as the forest is high. Clearly, then, wind-breaks such as those which have been recommended for and are found in much of our western treeless area, furnish considerable protection, over a narrow strip to leeward of the trees, against the sweep of strong hot or cold winds. Deforestation on a large scale,

especially on extended level areas, will favor a freer sweep of the wind, which may be hostile to the growth of crops.

Influence Upon Temperature.

There is comparatively little popular interest in any possible influence of forests upon temperature. Between evergreen and deciduous forests there is this difference, that in the former sunshine has freer access to the ground and warms and dries it better than in the latter. Upon their soil temperatures, forests have a slight cooling effect, and, in general a forest climate bears a faint resemblance to a marine climate in having a slightly smaller range of temperature than the open. Supar, in speaking of the very "moderate" effect of forests on the temperature, says: "No one will care to maintain that the system of isotherms would be radically altered if Europe and Asia were one great forest from ocean to ocean."

It appears that evergreen forests have more influence in increasing relative humidity than do deciduous forests. Evaporation from free water surfaces within forests is a little less than one half of that in the open, a fact which is to be explained chiefly by the decreased air movement, and, to a much less extent, by the slightly lower temperature and the slightly higher relative humidity. In addition to the action of forests in decreasing evaporation, there is the positive effect of supplying moisture to the air through the process of transpiration. Still Prof. Robert De C. Ward says, "The amount of moisture concerned in the great rain-producing processes of the atmosphere are so large that the local supply form forests can not conceivably play any considerable part."

Thus we come to the phase of the discussion, which is of much the greatest popular interest. Do forests increase rainfall? Does deforestation result in a decrease of rainfall? The Java case is a striking ex-

ample of forest influence on rainfall. There are extensive, dense forests in the south of Java, while the north coast has been largely deforested. A station, Tjilatjap, on the south coast distant from the mountains, has a mean annual rainfall almost twice as large as that of three stations (Batavia, Tegal and Samarang) on the north coast. The difference is in round numbers about 150 inches against 75 inches. The north side is the windward side for the north-west monsoon, and during the rainy season (December to March) should have more rain than the south or lee side. Yet the fact is that there is about the same rainfall on both coasts at that time.

The conclusion is that we have as yet no satisfactory or conclusive evidence that forests have a significant effect upon the amount of rainfall as distinguished from the amount of rain-catch in the gauge. Nor is there direct evidence that our forests increase the frequency of precipitation.

Hygienic Influence of Forests.

That this subject has an important relation to our national conservation policy no one will deny. There are several ways in which forests have a hygienic significance, and the location of many of our well-known health resorts in or near extended forest areas is, therefore, well planned and logical. The reduced wind movements, the protection against the severest extremes of summer heat and of winter cold, the marked decrease of dust and of other atmospheric impurities; the grateful shade on sunny days, and the relatively small number of micro-organisms—all these are helpful, not only to those who are ill or convalescent, but to those in good health. All these are arguments in favor of wood-d parks in and in close proximity to our cities, even though the climatic influences of the forest are generally over-estimated.

An Episode of Trafalgar

An Old Sailor tells of Nelson's Famous Signal at Sea

THE old soldier who told me this story had been a corporal in the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), with which regiment he saw service in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, says Wm. F. Taylor. In the

years 1853-4 the regiment was stationed at Portsmouth, and one day he was sent with five other privates and a sergeant to act as guard at the gates of the famous Haslar Hospital. As he was doing sentry-go, he

was accosted by one of the old sailors who find a home there when they are too old to fight their country's battles any longer. The sight of the Highland uniform of the Black Watch reminded the old man of the time when the ship on which he was serving as a blue-jacket, transported the "Forty-two" from Malta to Egypt for the battle of the Nile.

He approached the sentry and asked him if he was aware that at the time of that battle the regiment was composed of men who could not speak a word of English, all of them being Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. The young soldier was, of course, eager to hear about the regiment to which he belonged, so he called his six comrades and the old sailor poured the story into their willing ears.

In the course of their conversation, the old man told them a tale about Trafalgar, through which battle he had served on board the "Victory." It is a story which, although it is not mentioned by historians, might have lost for Britain the title of "Mistress of the Seas" had it had a different termination.

From the old sailor's story it appears that the now historic signal "England expects every man this day to do his duty" was not the signal Lord Nelson originally intended it to be. The Admiral composed his final message to the fleet to read as follows:—"Nelson expects every man this day to do his duty," but Capt. Hardy suggested altering it by substituting the word "England" for "Nelson," and the signal was accordingly hoisted in its altered form.

When the bits of bunting fluttered up to the masthead, the Irishmen in the fleet



California Legislator: "I guess I know what an alien is!"—From The Public.

pounced upon the word "England" and taunted the Englishmen that they had to be told to do their duty. The sons of Albion naturally resented this slur upon their zeal, and a hard-fought battle of fisticuffs immediately took place between decks.

This state of affairs continued until the drums beat to quarters, but then all petty quarrels were forgotten and the men of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales rushed on deck to fight shoulder to shoulder against their country's foes. Perhaps the little bout between decks served to whet their appetites for blood, but whether it did or no, it is now a matter of history that they fought so well that the united French and Spanish fleets were defeated and Britannia's name upheld as "Ruler of the Waves."

Woman Less Truthful Than Man

More Than One-Half of the Lies that Women Tell are Due to Her Gentleness

DOES woman really lie more than man? Yes, unquestionably yes, if lies are reckoned by their number, but should they be weighed in the balance according to their nature and importance, and with regard to the motive that inspired them, then certainly man's lies would turn the scale. More than half the lies that woman tells are undoubtedly due to her gentleness, her consideration, her sympathy—in short, to the goodness of her heart, says a writer in Munsey's Magazine.

The prisons contain many a man who might trace his downfall to his mother's loving intervention. When she allowed him to escape punishment, as a child, by entering into a plot with him against his father, she did not reflect that the day would come when her son must take upon himself the responsibility of his actions, and when it would no longer be of any avail for his mother to stand in front of him and say:

"Let him go! Punish me!"

In order to spare husband and child a momentary pang, she risks bringing upon the whole family the despair and shame of years.

Is it not the mother who steals from the housekeeping money, makes up false accounts, and bears the accusation of extravagance, in order to pay her son's debts behind her husband's back?

Is it not the wife who helps her young daughter in a love affair against the father's knowledge and consent? She does not consider that she thereby exposes the daughter to a life of unhappiness. She thinks more deeply than man, but not so far.

Man's work habituates him from the start to thoroughness, exactness, trustworthiness. He must set the same standard for himself as for his subordinates, for his work is like a great machine; if the tiniest wheel is out of order, the whole thing comes to a standstill. His accounts are correct to the smallest details; the least little mistake in the books throw the whole year's calculations out of balance.

The woman's occupation at home is no less important than the man's outside, but while his work, like a machine, goes on automatically when once set in motion, a housewife's is composed of a thousand small voluntary actions. She must take many uncertainties into consideration—the capability and willingness of the servants, an accident to the kitchen range or the furnace, a child's cold, an unexpected visit, a headache—things which prevent the household from ever running as smoothly as a well-conducted business.

Women Whose Life is a Lie.

Woman lies in many little things simply because she is woman. She lies with the whole of her person. She transforms herself in accordance with the changes of fashion, as if she were a piece of soft

metal that is put over and over again into the melting-pot and recast. She puffs out her hair with pads and artificial braids, and uses dye to conceal the fading of its color. She improves her complexion with powder and paint. One year she wears shoes almost as sharp-pointed as rapiers; the next, shoes so short that she appears to have hacked off both heels and toes. All these things are harmless lies that hurt no one else, but chiefly her own body.

Yet the worst of them is that they easily blur a woman's comprehension of truth and untruth, and bring other lies following in their train. Sometimes they deceive all the world except the husband, who knows that his beautifully coifed and colored and fashion-modeled lady is in reality a fraud. Sometimes she racks her brains to devise a means of keeping this knowledge from him.

I know a very pretty and fascinating lady, one of the best wives and mothers—indeed, one of the best people—that I have ever encountered on my road through life. Her husband, after twenty odd years of wedlock, is as much in love with her as when they were married, and she with him. She once confided to me the price she had paid for his still youthful passion:

"He has never seen me cross, or even depressed. He has never seen me with my hair out of order or carelessly dressed. Even when I have the most fearful headache I pretend that nothing is wrong. No matter how ill and tired I may be, or what worries I may have, if he wishes me to go with him to the theatre, or to a party, I dress at once, and do everything I can to look radiant."

This wife, perhaps, has never told her husband a falsehood, but is not her conduct a continual lie? Is it not keeping the man in ignorance of something which legitimately concerns him?

Vaccinating for Colds

Medical Research is Gradually Enlightening Mankind in the Treatment of Disease

THE BOARD of Health of the city of New York in a recent circular states that the method of preventing typhoid by inoculation has passed beyond the experimental stage; but we are less familiar with the vaccine treatment for colds. Rene Bache

explains this very simply in a recent article in the *Technical World Magazine*. He says:—

Common "coryza," or "cold in the head," with its various complications, probably costs the people of the United

s somewhat obscure. Probably they are due to chemical processes in the cells, which are stimulated into activity by the pollination of the flower. This appears to be the more probable, since the different chemicals in the soil are regarded as the cause of color-changes in other flowers. In New England the meadow lily is yellow; in the Middle States, red. Kerner has noted several species in the Alps that change color with the location. A bellwort with white flowers in one soil produced blue ones in another. A violet was blue in one locality and yellow in another. A vetch found in the Tyrol was yellow, and the same species in Hungary was violet. In the central Alps, the alpine anemone is sulphur-yellow, in the eastern Alps it is white. A botanist who recently experimented with the color changes in flowers was able to turn yellow, blue, pink, and red flowers to green by adding alkali, and to turn them back to their original color when acids were added. From his experiments he concludes that flowers have but three pigments, red, yellow and blue, and that from these, by various combinations, the colors are produced. well identified; but it is hard to tell which ones are doing the mischief in any particular case, and in most instances there are several concerned together.

The complicated character of the problem becomes manifest when it is said that some cases of apparently simple 'cold in the head,' or coryza, are in reality nasal diphtheria; and a child thus afflicted, who goes to school, may endanger other children. Again, the pneumonia germ itself sometimes produces coryza, as well as tonsillitis, bronchitis, quinsy, abscess of the middle ear, "sinus" infection, menin-

The way in which colors are borne in the plants is also a matter of interest. In purple, violet, and blue fruits the color is diffused through the cell sap. In red and yellow specimens it may be borne in this way, also, but is more commonly borne in small bodies in the cell, which are called chromoplasts, and are related to the chloroplasts which make the leaves green. White flowers are white for the same reason that snow is white—because the light is reflected back from a multitude of tiny surfaces. In the flower, these surfaces are the walls of empty cells. When the petals of such flowers become water-soaked, they lose the power to reflect light and become almost transparent.

One of the most curious and interesting things in connection with this subject is what is known as the correlation of color. By this is meant that if a certain color is met with in one part of the plant it is likely to appear in others. Plants that produce red flowers usually have a red tinge to the stems, petioles, and veins, even when seedlings, and white-flowered forms are no exception. The gardeners say "red over."

Colds are due to the habit of living indoors, where the germs breed. People who live and work in badly ventilated rooms suffer constantly from colds. The best preventive is plenty of fresh air. Unfortunately, most people are afraid of fresh air, holding an utterly mistaken belief to the effect that it causes colds. This extraordinary notion has much to do with the prevalence of the "indoor plague," as coryza has come to be called.

Nature's Color Selections

Some Flowers Change Color to Suit the Locality—Bright Colors Attract the Insects

IN CALLING to mind the phenomena of color, says Willard N. Chute in *Superhuman Life*, we cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that few objects in nature entirely lack it. Paleness is ever regarded as a sickly hue in species normally colored, while the entire absence of pigment results in forms to which we give the name of albino. There are, of course, many species of both animals and plants that find the absence of color of great advantage in the station

of life to which they have become adapted. Animals that live amidst the snows are protected from their enemies by a white coat, and these find their most dangerous foes among those that have patterned after them by adopting the same inconspicuous covering. An absence of color may be of service to flowers by making them more noticeable amidst the green of ordinary vegetation, while at night it renders them more conspicuous than any other color could.

In order to spare husband and child a momentary pang, she risks bringing upon the whole family the despair and shame of years.

Is it not the mother who steals from the housekeeping money, makes up false accounts, and bears the accusation of extravagance, in order to pay her son's debts behind her husband's back?

Is it not the wife who helps her young daughter in a love affair against the father's knowledge and consent? She does not consider that she thereby exposes the daughter to a life of unhappiness. She thinks more deeply than man, but not so far.

Man's work habituates him from the start to thoroughness, exactness, trustworthiness. He must set the same standard for himself as for his subordinates, for his work is like a great machine; if the tiniest wheel is out of order, the whole thing comes to a standstill. His accounts are correct to the smallest details; the least little mistake in the books throw the whole year's calculations out of balance.

The woman's occupation at home is no less important than the man's outside, but while his work, like a machine, goes on ~~smoothly~~ ^{smoothly}, hers is ~~poisonous~~ ^{poisonous}. Ivy, poison sumac, and hellebore are decidedly poisonous; others, like the snowberry and holly, are avoided by the birds unless pressed by hunger; while only one, the mulberry, is what would be considered edible, and this does not appear to be truly native.

Shortly after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," it became the fashion to explain every variation in the form and structure of the plant and every phase of color as an adaptation to some useful end. Nothing was supposed to occur by chance and, as a consequence, many fanciful theories were built up, later to come tumbling down when the cold light of scientific inquiry was turned upon them. We now feel sure that many colors are purely incidental. It would be absurd, for instance, to imagine that the red of the beet, the orange and yellow of the carrot, or the white of the parsnip is able to give any one of these roots the advantage over the others, when grown in the same piece of ground. Similarly, the iridescent tints in the shells of mussels, oysters, and other submarine or subaqueous animals can be of no service to the species; in fact, instead of being of use, they often prove the species' undoing, since man fancies these tints and calmly appropriates the shell for his own.

It may be said, however, that, in the majority of instances, color is of advantage

metal that is put over and over again into the melting-pot and recast. She puffs out her hair with pads and artificial braids, and uses dye to conceal the fading of its color. She improves her complexion with powder and paint. One year she wears shoes almost as sharp-pointed as rapiers; the next, shoes so short that she appears to have hacked off both heels and toes. All these things are harmless lies that hurt no one else, but chiefly her own body.

Yet the worst of them is that they easily blur a woman's comprehension of truth and untruth, and bring other lies following in their train. Sometimes they deceive all the world except the husband, who knows that his beautifully coiffed and colored and fashion-modeled lady is in reality a fraud. Sometimes she racks her brains to devise a means of keeping this knowledge from him.

I know a very pretty and fascinating lady, one of the best wives and mothers—indeed, one of the best people—that I have ever encountered on my road through life. Her husband, after twenty odd ~~unfading~~ ^{unfading} wedlock, is ~~as sure as~~ ^{as sure as} considerable evidence when ~~it~~ ^{it} that flowers cater to the esthetic tastes of the latter by producing the hues they like best. Bees are reputed to be fond of blues and violets, while wasps fancy red and chocolate-colored flowers. Insects uneducated in the matter of color are supposed, like the uneducated human animal, to like "any color of flower so long as it is yellow."

Not only do the plants lay themselves out to please their insect admirers by the selection of the right shade of color, but they go still further and display, upon petal or sepal, colored guides to the place where the nectar is secreted. Not infrequently the color of these guides changes with the age of the flower, thus indicating to the insect where the newest stores of nectar are located. In the catalpa, the linear honey-guides at first deep yellow, and later run to orange brown. The horse-chestnut has a lemon-yellow spot at the base of each white petal that finally turns deep purple. In the toad-flax, the young flowers have a yellow palate which at length becomes deep orange. In some instances, the whole flower may change color. The common bush honeysuckle opens citron-yellow and later turns to scarlet; one of the climbing species of honeysuckle opens white and turns light orange; the shephardia opens white and turns to cream-color; while the hound's tongue is first red and then purple.

The causes of these color-changes are still

s somewhat obscure. Probably they are due to chemical processes in the cells, which are stimulated into activity by the pollination of the flower. This appears to be the more probable, since the different chemicals in the soil are regarded as the cause of color-changes in other flowers. In New England the meadow lily is yellow; in the Middle States, red. Kerner has noted several species in the Alps that change color with the location. A bellwort with white flowers in one soil produced blue ones in another. A violet was blue in one locality and yellow in another. A vetch found in the Tyrol was yellow, and the same species in Hungary was violet. In the central Alps, the alpine anemone is sulphur-yellow, in the eastern Alps it is white. A botanist who recently experimented with the color changes in flowers was able to turn yellow, blue, pink, and red flowers to green by adding alkali, and to turn them back to their original color when acids were added. From his experiments he concludes that flowers have but three pigments, red, yellow and blue, and that from these, by various combinations, all the others are produced.

To chemical changes in the fruit are undoubtedly due the bright colors which fleshy fruits assume in the process of ripening. Indeed, the chemical reactions in fruits seem often to determine the shade of color they shall assume. Small amounts of the pigment called anthocyanin, or carotin, may give the fruits a yellow or orange color; more of the same pigment makes them red, and a superabundance turns them black. The fruit of the blackberry runs through all these changes from youth to maturity.

The way in which colors are borne in the plants is also a matter of interest. In purple, violet, and blue fruits the color is diffused through the cell sap. In red and yellow specimens it may be borne in this way, also, but is more commonly borne in small bodies in the cell, which are called chromoplasts, and are related to the chloroplasts which make the leaves green. White flowers are white for the same reason that snow is white—because the light is reflected back from a multitude of tiny surfaces. In the flower, these surfaces are the walls of empty cells. When the petals of such flowers become water-soaked, they lose the power to reflect light and become almost transparent.

One of the most curious and interesting things in connection with this subject is what is known as the correlation of color. By this is meant that if a certain color is met with in one part of the plant it is likely to appear in others. Plants that produce red flowers usually have a red tinge to the stems, petioles, and veins, even when seedlings, and white-flowered forms are noticeably paler. The gardener often takes advantage of this to separate his plants from a mixed sowing into their different groups according to color, while they are yet in the seed-bed. But he can go still further. It is well known that deep-colored flowers are produced from the darkest seeds; and in plants that produce flowers of a variety of tints, such as the snapdragons, verbenas, and the like, the plants that will produce the deepest colors may be selected before the seeds are planted.

Man-Made Woman

The Western Idea of the Japanese Wife Receives a Rude Jolt

THE WESTERN idea of the Japanese woman is somewhat rudely shattered by Marion Cox's article in the Forum on the "Man-Made Woman of Japan."

The impressionability and obsequiousness of its men, she says, doubtless issue from the supineness of its women; their subtle streak of treachery which makes them so unreliable as merchants and servants in other lands, may issue from the sex-servility of their mothers, for the enslaved mind ever subtilizes and revenges itself in two-facedness.

There is one divorce to every three marriages in Japan and only 1 per cent. of the divorces have been sought by the wives. One reason for this is that public opinion still penalizes the woman who will not submit to everything from her husband. When a Japanese woman is the plaintiff in a divorce suit she loses social position or respectability; but if she is the defendant she loses nothing but a bad husband and retains a good chance of getting another one. So love for her children and the social ban of sex 'are serving to keep the Jap-

anese woman as effectually bound to-day as she was formerly bound by the Confucian social and official order.

She must be the first to get up in the mornings and open the house and greet everyone with a cheery "O-Hayo"; then she goes out in the diminutive garden and gathers a branch of blossoms or maple or azalea twig and arranges them in a vase in the honorable tokonoma; she makes and takes up the honorable tea to her honorable lord and his honorable mother; she brushes her husband's clothes, fetches and carries for him, and hunts for whatever odd jobs she can perform for him and all his elderly relations, until she, with all the servants, sees him off in the mornings at the doorstep.

No one can understand the Japanese people until he has seen the menagerie-like spectacle of that portion of its womankind whom they place outside of human rights in a hideous travesty of human dignity. In the dusk of every evening, just as the temple bells of Iriya are pealing forth their summons to the strange gods of Nippon, this spectacle begins; women, girls—the majority mere children in appearance—file into cages which open on to the streets, exactly like the cages in a zoo, and sit for hours behind those wooden bars like merchandise for sale.

Apparently the revolution in Japanese manners is only superficial, and the true progress of the nation is retarded by hide-bound custom.

Watching the Child-Mind Grow

Acting Upon Suggestion Reveals the State of Mental Development in the Child

WOULD it interest you to know whether your child is, in intelligence, equal or superior to the average child of his own age? In Pearson's (London) Magazine, termine the question.

Mr. Michael West gives particulars of a series of tests which will enable you to de-

These tests were drawn up by Dr. Binet & Dr. Simon after experimenting on thousands of children, and they cover all the various functions of the mind which an average child of each particular age should be able to do.

The earliest tests take place beside the cradle with bells, sugar, biscuits, and candy. The "subject" evinces the first dawn of intelligence by following with its eyes some object such as a lighted match which is moved about, and various tests are proposed for children up to the age of 15 years.

If a child of seven can do the tests not only for the average seven-year-old child, but also those for eight and nine-year-old children, he is two points above the average. If a child of nine cannot do the tests for a nine-year-old child, then try him with the eight and seven and so on until his real place is found.

In the same article Mr. West gives particulars of a "suggestibility" apparatus, by which it is possible to measure how far various people's minds are open to suggestion.

Suggestibility, he says, is very important not only to science, but also in every act of every-day life.

When I say "You are going to throw yourself out of the window," I have put an idea into your mind. That idea is a nervous current along certain wires. If nothing prevents it that current will spread and flow along down to the muscles and you will actually throw yourself out of the window.

I said "if nothing prevents it." But in ordinary circumstances when I put an idea into your mind you consider it before you let it spread and realize itself.

When I say "You are going to jump out of the window," the subject's intellect thinks about the statement and says, "No, I am not going to do so," and rejects the idea.

It is like sending a proposal to a house of business that their men should do a certain piece of work. In the ordinary way the suggestion goes up to the head of the firm, and he considers it and rejects or accepts it before it comes to the men. But supposing I square the head of the firm, or deceive him in some way so that he does not look into the matter, but lets it pass straight to the workman; or supposing I drug him so that he can't look into it, and so get the proposal straight to the men; that is what happens in the brain in Suggestion.

In some way I put the intellect out of action so that the idea realizes itself of its own accord, as it naturally tends to do, without being stopped.

Now there are various ways of preventing the Intellect (the head of the firm) from vetoing an idea. We may knock him on the head or drug him, or lock him up in a room by himself.

That is the first way, and that is practically what we do in hypnotism. When a person is hypnotized, his mind, which in the ordinary state is one, a unity working all together like a well organized business under its head man, is broken up into parts. It cannot act all together and consider. Every idea that goes into the mind realizes itself straight away with nothing to stop it.

Thus, if I say to him, "You are going to throw yourself out of the window," the idea spreads into the outgoing wires at once and realizes itself; the subject throws himself out of window. If I say "this poker is red-hot," the idea realizes itself at once with nothing to stop it, and the subject feels it as red-hot.

In children the mind has not yet become properly organized, so that when a father says to a child, "You will sit down," the idea realizes itself at once; the child does not employ his intellect to consider whether he wants to sit down or not.

So with animals, if one sheep or cow starts running they all run for no reason whatever; the idea has come and there is no intellect to stop it realizing itself.

So with a crowd of human beings. When people are massed together they are very "suggestible." That is a fact very well known to psychologists and sociologists.

Ideas are very apt to realize themselves of their own accord in the brains of a crowd, much more apt to do so than when the same people are alone, separate, and not all pressed together in a lump.

Suggestibility enters into nearly everything in life. Take it for instance, in the Theatre. The actor's effect depends entirely on his power of suggestion and the suggestibility of his audience.

It is possible to realize how much suggestion enters into the work of the theatre from the following contrast. If a man in a drawing-room (where people are not massed together and hence are not very suggestible) laughs at his own joke, the probability is that no one else will laugh at it. The idea of laughing enters their minds, but it is promptly vetoed. But if a man on the stage laughs the whole theatre will begin to chuckle.

Perhaps you remember the play *Vice Versa*. The joke of the play, that the father and son have changed places, is made known to the audience in the first act. But in the fourth act Uncle Marmaduke, one of the characters, hears it for the first time and goes into fits of laughter.

The actor whom I saw in that part did the laughter very well, and the whole house shrieked with laughter; in fact, one woman behind me was almost hysterical. The remarkable thing was that this actor's laughter was of rather a peculiar kind, and it is a literal fact that the audience's laughter was a copy of it. I found that I was laughing in that way myself; then I noticed that so was everybody else, while the laugh of the woman behind me was a perfect imitation.

The laughter at an ordinary joke is rational, the intellect passes the idea; but here it was obviously pure suggestion because the whole theatre was shrieking with laughter at a joke which they had seen for the last four hours.

Notice also that the gallery, where people are all pressed together, is much more suggestible than the front of the theatre, because close crowding always makes people more suggestible. That is why a sentimental scene will go down with a crowded gallery, but not with the stalls and the boxes.

In advertising, suggestion is extremely important. The purpose of advertisements which simply puts "Buy So-and-So's Soap" on hoardings is to get the idea fixed in the mind so that the intellect will not veto it, and the idea will realize itself of its own accord.

The essential thing about advertisements that depend on suggestion is that they should be repeated over and over again. That is very expensive, and I maintain it is quite useless. What the modern advertisement reader wants is argument.

That brings us to the second form of suggestion. Instead of disposing of the intellect by locking it up by itself, or drugging it, or catching it when it is tired, it is possible to deceive it, so that it passes the idea without properly looking into it.

That is the system on which good American advertising depends at present. Instead of saying only "Buy my Soap," they give also some argument, quite weak, perhaps, but which is, at any rate, enough to deceive the intellect into letting the idea pass and realize itself, instead of vetoing it straight away.

For instance, they may say, "Because it is made with Terebaxia plant, and will give you a good complexion."

If you take this form of suggestion in a much simpler instance you will see how that advertisement works.

Supposing I showed you a stick with a little bit of wire round it, and I said "This wire is hot," your intellect would veto the idea "Heat" at once.

"Nonsense, why should it be?"

Supposing I unwound that piece of wire from the stick and placed it on a board with three electric lamps behind it and put wires which seem to lead the current on from the lamps to the piece of wire, so that it looked as if when the lamps were alight the current would be flowing through it.

As a matter of fact the current does nothing of the sort. The wire is just as innocent of any electric current, or any heat either as when it was on the stick. But the apparatus satisfies the subject's intellect, so that he sees no reason why the wire should not be hot; in fact, he sees an apparent reason why it should be. And when I say "This wire gets hot when the lamps light up," the idea is admitted into his brain and allowed to realize itself.

That wire experiment is the principle of Seashore's suggestibility apparatus. With it, it is possible to measure accurately how far various people's minds are open to suggestion.

Real Banks for the People

A Quebec Man's Success With Co-operative Banks

ALL this discussion on the Bank Act touches, really, very little of the every day life of the greater part of Canadian citizens. The capitalist and the manufacturer are the chief clients interested in our chartered banks. What the farmers have been calling for, is for a system that will accommodate the local needs. Many a small farmer would flourish and grow, were he given a chance at a reasonable rate of interest and without undue concession.

It will be interesting in this regard to learn what is being done in Quebec among the French-Canadians in the matter of aiding local effort. A writer in the *Weekly Sun* tells about the growth that has followed the efforts of Alphonse Desjardines of Levis, Que., in the matter of small banks.

The rise of these banks reads like a fairy tale, and it is so interesting a tale that it seems a pity that the demands of space compel brevity in the telling of it.

Like every other movement this movement in Canada began with one man. The man in this case is Alphonse Desjardines, of Levis, Que., Mr. Desjardines is a short-hand reporter by profession and a student of economic science by avocation. His reading of French and German works made him acquainted with the wonderful work done by the People's Bank of Europe, and his enthusiasm was roused by what he read. Fortunately for the country. Mr. Desjardines was appointed, about this time, to a position on the Hansard staff of the House

of Commons. The staff reporting the French speeches consists of only two men, and therefore when, as not infrequently happens, long speeches are made in French late at night, the reporters work night and day to take down the speeches and write them out. But there is a good deal of leisure for the reporters, especially during the Parliamentary recess. This afforded Mr. Desjardines the opportunity he desired. He went at the work of organizing a movement for People's Banks as though he were paid a salary for it, with double allowance for overtime. He gave his leisure he gave all the money he could spare, he gave himself to the work.

He had the satisfaction which all reformers have of being assured that the idea was Quixotic, chimerical. It might work well enough in Europe, he was told, but America was not Europe, and as he could not gainsay this statement of the fact, he was floored in every argument. But "though refuted he could still argue," and he kept right on as though convinced that folks were only folks whether they lived in one continent or another, and would act about the same way in a simple money transaction.

The study he made of the question was prodigious. Not only did he read everything he could find on the subject, sending to Europe for the literature of the concerns in operation there, but he corresponded with the leading men of the movement in France, Germany, Italy and other countries. And the more he learned about

it, the more certain he grew that the scheme would work and the more determined to make it successful. At length near the end of 1901, he felt himself sufficiently sur of his ground to call a few of his neighbors together in his own house in Levis, and propose to them the formation of a society. The result of that meeting was the launching of "La Caisse Populaire de Levis"—the Levis People's Bank. The office was set up in Mr. Desjardines house and he himself was made manager. The new bank was based on shares of \$5 par. It accepted payments on account of these shares as low as five cents. Savings bank depositors also, who had succeeded in putting five coppers together could open an account with the Caisse d'economie, or savings bank department. Some years later the bank inaugurated a savings movement among the school children with deposits as low as one cent, and that movement has been greatly successful. The loaning of money was begun at once, on the strictly co-operative plan which is still in use.

The beginning was like the planting of the grain of mustard seed. From that tiny seed the growth at first was small and feeble in the extreme, but it was steady. La Caisse Populaire de Levis has never known a set-back, and not only every year but every month has shown a gratifying gain.

Not an Infant Now.

Without going into detail, let a few figures from a late report suffice. The concern has a share capital of \$114,345, while in the savings bank there is \$53,564.09. The amount actually out in the hands of borrowers from the bank is \$179,108.92, while \$8,376 is still in the bank. This represents more than share capital and deposits together, but the bank uses entrance fees and other funds as part of its working capital. The operations of eleven years have meant that these Levis people have actually borrowed from themselves, and used to good purpose, \$971,761.94, of which there has been actually paid back \$792,653. Of this amount the two great sources were \$533,473.91 of savings and \$134,295 of share capital. This enormous business has been done at a total expense of \$3,874.66. And it has resulted in dividends to the members of \$17,759.50 and in profits to the concern—held in the shape of reserve fund, provident fund and surplus—of \$11,431.55.

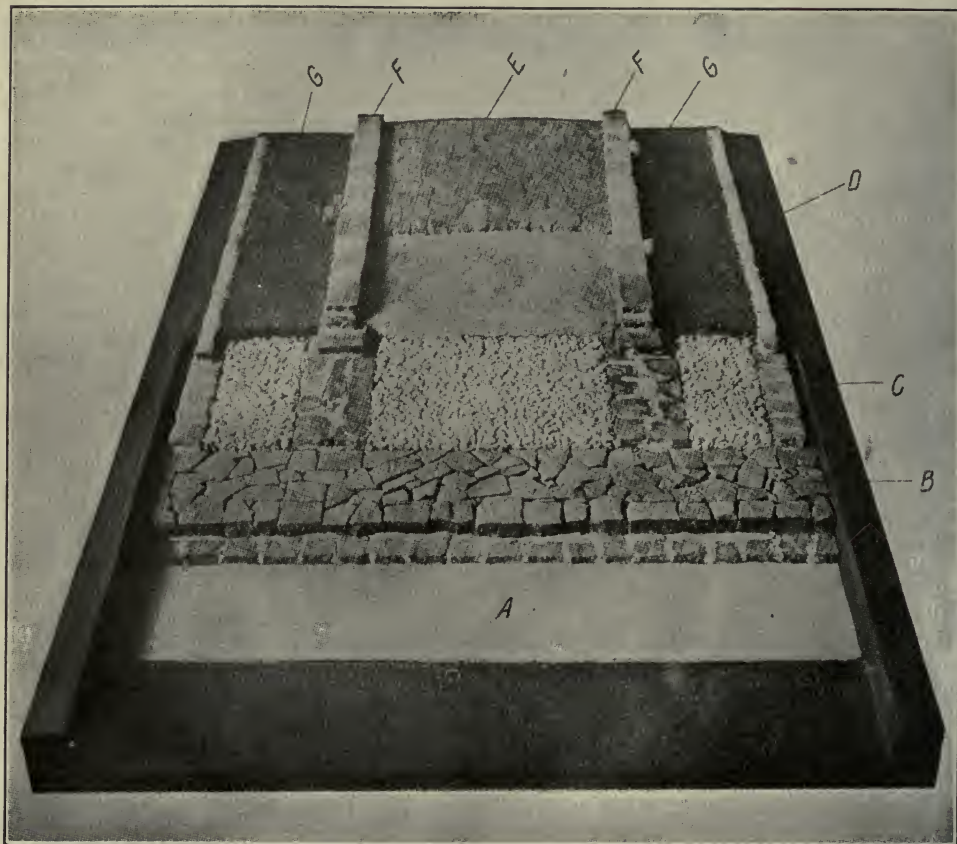
All this means that the worn-out stock-

ing, the cracked tea-pot, the old bureau drawer and the other hiding places of frugality have been superseded in Levis. In that enlightened burg, when man, woman or child has money, he or she puts it into the "Caisse" and there it does good and earns interest, and the people acquire the saving habit because there is something to save for. Moreover, they feel that they are in business. There is no man so poor that he cannot borrow the money which means 'putting a handle to his axe,' and no man is so rich, no matter who he may be, that he can borrow money from the bank unless he can convince his neighbors that he is going to put that money to worthy and profitable use.

105 In All.

La Caisse Populaire de Levis is the first-born, but the family is now a large and growing one. There are one hundred and five of these institutions in the Province of Quebec, some in the cities and some away out in the uttermost of the backwoods, besides a dozen or so in other Provinces, and all are sound, prosperous and useful. They all report, not because they are obliged to, but because they feel better that way to the founder of the system at Levis, and he sends them good advice, warning, suggestion and encouragement.

This man, Desjardines, once the loan enthusiast, still works hard, and unremunerated, as the head of this great and rapidly-growing movement. He is called upon to go everywhere to deliver lectures, establish new societies and discuss the new system with leading men. His work is being more and more widely recognized. He was made the subject of special eulogy in a discussion of co-operative banking that took place in the House of Commons not long ago. When the President of the United States called a convention of States' Governors to consider the immensely important question of agricultural credits and people's banks, Alphonse Desjardines, conqueror of difficulties, leader of a great new movement in the economic life of Canada, was invited as an honored guest to tell the wise men of that great country just how he had gained his wonderful success and what advice he had to give them for their guidance in developing such a movement among their own people. Later, and within the last week or two, word has come from Rome that the Pope has made Mr. Desjardines a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, an honor held by very few—perhaps not



A model of the Applan Way. A road made 300 years B.C. A—The earth bed with brick or stone set in mortar. B—Broken stone fitted to wood surface. C—Gravel and small stone. D—A protecting gutter wall. E—Rolled stone finish. F—A wall often used as a seat by pedestrians. G—Side drives.

more than two or three—Canadians, this distinction being a mark of honor because of the practical work of social morality that Mr. Desjardins has carried on in promoting individual thrift and social helpfulness.

Some day Mr. Desjardins will be known throughout the world as one of the greatest of Canadians, and will be honored in his own country as the illustrious leader of a beneficent revolution in the life of the common people.

The Fuel of the Future

Is Oil to Become the Motive Power of Commerce?

THAT THE great manufacturers have not yet given the subject, "Oil Fuel versus Coal," the attention its importance demands is the opinion of a writer under this heading in the Westminster Review.

The progress made of late years with petroleum as a motive power is remarkable.

The question of its development in future is a serious question in more ways than one. Since the application of steam as a motive power coal has been indispensable. But now oil aspires to be more efficient and therefore becomes a serious rival to the other mineral.

Oil, as a motive power, is said to be three times as great in its efficiency or propelling force. In a steam vessel a large part of the crew can be dispensed with. The space for "bunkers" can be diminished and utilized for the storage of more cargo, so that, given a sufficient supply, coal must be driven to the wall. And here the problem has to be faced. Up to the advent of the Diesel engine, a year or two ago, the advocates of coal were confident, owing to the great disparity of production, that oil could never be a serious competitor. But it is found that coal can be turned into oil by a process yielding, in some kinds, as much as 35 per cent. of workable oil fuel; moreover, that the coal waste from this process can be utilized to a very large extent. In fact, a factory has been projected for the purpose. If such a scheme should succeed, the use of oil as a "propeller" can go on to a much larger extent than at present.

England will not be placed at a disadvantage compared to other countries, such as the U. S. America and Russia. It is evident

that, in case of a war, the country which had no petroleum resources would suffer in the contest. The same may be said in the case of competition in trade, whether on shore or afloat. Our own country has had a great "pull" over others for many years owing to the possession of the great South Wales Steam Coalfield—so accessible and so near the ports of shipment.

In the event, however, of oil being used universally, or even to a larger extent, our steam coal advantage will disappear. All will depend on the cost of producing crude oil from coal and the way in which machinery can be adapted to the new product. The probability is that the use of the Diesel engine will become general by-and-by; and that the liquid fuel will also be produced at an average price, unless the monopolist bars the way. Barrin; him out, the fleets of the leading nations, whether naval or mercantile, will be put on an equal footing. In that case the Briton will, doubtless, hold his own in the contest, as he has done for centuries in the past, in all modes of competition.

How to Fall in Love

Falling in Love Discreetly is Largely a Matter of Early Training

FACTS of life which parents should teach children—for falling in love discreetly is largely a matter of training.

Children should be educated to fall in love wisely but not too well, says the London Daily Mirror, in a report of a meeting of the Eugenics Education Society.

The tone of all the speeches delivered at the meeting emphasized the need of teaching boys and girls the essential facts of life, so as to equip them for the momentous time when they choose life partners, parents for their future children.

It was shown that falling in love discreetly is largely a matter of early training, and that you can no more expect an untrained youth to be a good judge of a wife than a man ignorant of art to be a good judge of a picture.

Most of the speakers were agreed that sex matters would best be taught to children by their parents. Views were expressed as to the age at which children should be told and finally it was resolved to ask the Education Minister to receive a deputation requesting "an enquiry as to the advisability

of encouraging the presentation of the idea of racial responsibility to students in training and children at school."

The president of the society pointed out that in the story books read by children at school they were taught the lesson that marriage would be their probable fate in life.

"There is nothing ignoble," he said, "in making the boy know how much his welfare in mind and body will depend on the companion he chooses for life, or in making the girl perceive the misery which inevitably springs from a marriage with a drunkard or a wastrel.

"Would there be any harm, moreover, when speaking to the elder children, in making them directly realize the eugenic ideal by telling them they ought to desire that their children should grow up to become good and healthy citizens?

"Whether your present pupils will fall in love wisely or foolishly will depend in a certain measure on the ideals you are now planting in their minds.

"If we trace back actions to their final

causes, we find that it is on you, the teachers, that a part of the responsibility for the selections made in marriage by your pupils will ultimately rest."

Practically all the speakers agreed that it was primarily the parents duty to inform their children and educate them in sex-hygiene. But the difficulty that presented itself was the fact that many parents did not know how to tell their children. In these circumstances should the teachers tell?

Mr. Nicholls, ex-president of the National Union of Teachers, thought not. He said one would require to keep a delicate hand upon the pulse of the child's consciousness to know exactly how far to go and when to stop.

One is, therefore, bound to conclude that it could find no place in the curriculum of an ordinary school, where, unless one is fully acquainted with the home environment, more harm than good is likely to accrue.

At a later stage a teacher of influence and power and personal sympathy with the peculiar needs of young people from fifteen to seventeen might render great service by an earnest talk on the need of purity, but

in this case the teacher must be a person of rare gifts and clear insight.

Quite a different view was taken by the head master of Bedales School, Petersfield. Speaking of teachers informing their scholars, he expressed the opinion that even if all parents were willing to undertake it—and we know how far this is from being the case—not all are able, not all—far from it—have the requisite knowledge or insight or experience.

So if we are to ensure its being done, it must be done at school; and even if the conditions do not make it easy, we must try to make it possible. . . .

The first thing to realize, I am quite sure, is that one can't begin too young. We must try and get parents, and especially mothers, to realize their responsibility in the matter, and the golden opportunities of early childhood.

Professor Thomson, of Aberdeen University, was sure that the best persons to instruct the children in eugenics were the parents. "But we have to face the facts," he added. "Few can do it well. Most parents are too shy." His plan was for every college to have a confidential physician to instruct the young in these matters.

Back to the Food Bushes

The Fiddler-Ant and Man on a Par in Foolishness Over Transportation

"EXCEPT man the fiddler-ant is the most foolish animal in creation," says Frederick Irving Anderson in 'Everybody's Magazine'. When it finds an abundance of succulent food in one place, it never by any chance rings the dinner bell, or even, for the matter of that, sits down by itself and enjoys a solitary feast.

"No that would be too simple. Instead, Mr. Fiddler-ant with infinite labor wraps up a large quantity of this food in a ball of mud, many generations of observation and experience having taught him that the spherical ball is the most scientific means of transportation. Then he mounts his ball, poises himself directly over the centre of gravity for an instant, and with a dexterous flop (still hanging on), pretends to tumble off on the side towards home.

Result, the ball is set in motion, and before it stops he is on top and tumbling off again.

It really seems like a tremendous lot of trouble to take, just to move food from a spot where it exists in plenty to a spot where it does not exist at all. Sometimes, indeed, the fiddler-ant has to go for help. Little fiddler-ants, and maybe some neighbors, respond to the call, and among them they usually manage to get their car home, where they open it amid great rejoicing and have a fine feast. Sometimes, of course, the food spoils on the way; but give the wise ant-family time enough, and they too will devise means of refrigerating their cars.

But is it not truly strange that this astute little creature does not save himself and his tribe a lot of trouble and needless expense in the first place, by moving his Home to his Food, instead of moving his Food to his Home? It doesn't seem right that his centre of population and his centre of food supply should remain so remote

from each other indefinitely. Especially when one considers that it is merely a matter of volition.

But John Jones and Bill Smith are busy doing something else. So they dig up three dollars and say to an obliging neighbor—Mr. Common Carrier: "Here, porter, bring us a dollar's worth of food and we will give you two dollars for the job."

It is a mighty good day's work for Mr. Common Carrier, and he hangs out a sign and solicits business.

Now John Jones and Bill Smith really are the Origin of Sin itself in this matter. They constructed a place called town, and started a community for the purpose of manufacturing steel. They were so busy manufacturing steel that they induced other people to follow them to town, to bring food to them and feed them with a spoon. Also there must be others to clothe them. And still more to house them—carpenters, masons, plumbers, steamfitters, painters, electricians, and so on.

And when business picks up they feel the need of bankers, brokers, clerks, stenographers, salesmen, telegraphers, truckmen, packers, porters, shippers, et cetera ad infinitum. These in turn must be fed, clothed, housed, and audited. Then come doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and undertakers, for their moral and material salvation; and actors, fiddlers, dancers, and bartenders to keep them in good humor while they are paying Mr. Common Carrier three dollars to bring them one dollar's worth of food.

After a time the task gets too big for Mr. Common Carrier to accomplish by old-fashioned means; and he goes to John Smith and Bill Jones, who started all the trouble, and says to them:

"We need help. You must give part of your time—most of it, in fact—from now on, to manufacturing steel rails and car wheels and engines and steamships and bridges to move this food and clothing to town to feed yourself, also for steel buildings to house yourself while you are doing it. We also need tin cans to pack this food in, and ice-making machinery to refrigerate the food when we desire to hold it for a rise."

So these two, the Origin of Sin, keep their furnaces blowing eighty-four hours a week, fifty-two weeks in the year, to manufacture the means of transportation of the

food and clothing that is to feed and clothe the people who followed them to town to feed and clothe them. Every one of us toils for a certain number of hours each day to accomplish the difficult task of passing our food from hand to mouth.

Mr. Common Carrier drives on to the next door. He needs more help. He must call on the banker to finance John and Bill in their new line of endeavor; also to finance the movement of crops, and the means of moving crops, and the means of constructing the means of moving crops—and, particularly, the means of getting the news of crop-growing and crop-moving, so that we can go to the Stock Exchange and lie about the number of bushels, and bet on the size of the dividends we shall have to pay to get them to us.

All of this means that those of us who came to town to feed those who had come before us, are so busy doing something else now that we have to induce more of our country cousins to come to town to feed us. Which means more railroads, more steel, more barbers, and more bartenders.

If we had spent one-tenth the sum clearing swamps and timber-lands, and irrigating deserts, to grow food, that we have spent to move food, who will say that our national resources measured in terms of contentment would not have been vastly greater?

But stop your friend John Jones on the street, and tell him confidentially: "John, I know a place—in fact, several places—where food costs only one cent for every three cents it costs here. I know a place where food grows on bushes! Let's go and watch it grow, help it grow, and when it gets ripe we can eat it before it gets a chance to spoil."

"You need a doctor to examine into your mental state," says John, and hurries on.

But is it not strange that this astute little creature does not save himself and his tribe a lot of trouble and needless expense in the first place, by moving his Home to his Food, instead of moving his Food to his Home? It does not seem right that his centre of population and his centre of food supply should remain so remote from each other indefinitely.

Especially when it is a mere matter of volition."

Saved \$4,000,000 a Year

A Railroad that Killed 19,000 Cattle in One Year and the Man Who Cured the Evils

TWO weeks after Benjamin F. Bush had been elected president of the Missouri Pacific system, in April, 1911, he started on a tour of inspection. That tour became a record breaker, writes Herbert Corey in "System." He lived on his private car for 321 days of the year that followed. During this period he traveled 90,000 miles, or an average of slightly less than 300 miles a day. As a sample of the sort of thing he found, it is related that he spent one entire day seated on the observation platform of his car, watching the roadbed as it spun out beneath him. That night he spoke to the superintendent of the division, who had accompanied him.

"Jim," said he, "what does this division need?"

"Everything," said the superintendent, "except a right of way."

"Get it," said Bush. "We have the money. Go to work."

In the year before Bush took charge, 19,000 cattle had been killed upon the right of way; and damage claims amounting to \$1,900,000 had been filed against the road in consequence. That statement seems preposterous, yet that slaughter of beeves can be accounted for in the simplest way. Much of the road runs through a cattle country. The right of way had been permitted to grow up in a jungle of young trees, so that the branches often brushed the windows of the passenger coaches. Cattle guards and fences had fallen into disrepair and cattle wandered upon the roadbed in search of browse. When a train approached they would race off between the rails, rather than try to force their way through the dense underbrush on either side. If they failed to reach a gap in the underbrush or a cross road before the engine caught them, their owners invited the railroad to pay. Bush was confronted by the task of building a new railroad upon the ruins of the old.

This much was in his favor. He had been promised a free hand. He had been elected president of the Missouri Pacific by the Gould interests, owning a practical control of the system, because of what he had been able to do on the Western Maryland. That was also a Gould road at that time, and Bush had been asked to take charge of

it, and pull it through a receivership. The results he had accomplished had been eminently satisfactory, and the need of the Missouri Pacific for the same kind of treatment indicated him as the right man for the job. When he took hold he set about cleaning house at once. Before starting on that Odysseylke inspection trip, he had invited J. G. Drew, then auditor of the Northern Pacific system as vice-president in charge of accounting.

Drew found himself plunged into a mess of medieval bookkeeping. Long dead items had been carried on the books as live assets. He charged off a total of \$6,710,253 on the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain roads—simply wiping that sum off the balance sheets. While Drew was revising the methods of accounting and the personnel, Bush was hard at work on the physical betterment of the road.

Bush has been able to practically rebuild one of the great mid-continental systems in two years because he knows how to



Mr. Benjamin F. Bush.

work. He is a big friendly, democratic sort of a man—tall, square shouldered, open-handed. It was his custom upon that first inspection trip to walk into a way station with a grin.

"I'm Bush," he would say to the agent. "Who're you?"

"He gets up at five o'clock in the morning, rarely has time for lunch, is not often seen in an evening suit, and goes to bed at nine o'clock at night. During the day his office door is open. Any one who wants to see the president of the Missouri Pacific road on business can. Bush especially wants to see him if the business is a complaint. He is quick in decision, is right a sufficient percentage of the time, and has an eye for good man-material. The day's work in the general offices ends now when the work is done—not at four o'clock. He so reduced the operating expenses and increased the operating income that at the close of the fiscal year of 1912 he was able to report a gain in net revenue of \$3,741,231. In the first five months of operation in the fiscal year 1913, he has shown an in-

crease in net earnings of \$2,433,800, as against the same period in 1912.

He really began his railroad career as a coal man. Of course, he had been rodman on the Northern Pacific, immediately after he graduated from the normal school at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, where he studied surveying. He worked his way up rapidly, but it was not until he became the general manager of the North-western Improvement Company—the coal properties of the Northern Pacific Railroad—that he reached the lime light. His ability in that position attracted the attention of George Gould, who made him manager of the Gould properties in the South and West. In both these positions he had more or less to do with the management of branch railroads, and displayed a decided aptitude for it. In 1907, he became president of the Western Maryland Railroad, and when that road finally gave way to its troubles he was made its receiver in 1908.

Bush smokes cigars that are as black as soft coal, is paid \$100,000 salary and has never had a valet.

Music From Nature's Records

The Story of Climate and Rainfall of Former Days May Become Vocal

A TREE is a living record of all the climatic changes that have taken place since it began its growth. Every "ring" or annual layer of new wood varies in width and composition in such ways as to betray, to him who knows how to read the record, the nature and intensity of these changing conditions. Forest fires, the incursion of an insect host, a rainy season, or a period of drought—each is written indelibly upon the wood-formation of the trunk from year to year. From studies of this kind the government experts have recently been enabled to deduce interesting facts regarding the fluctuations of climate on this continent for many years past. Says a writer in *The Literary Digest*:

"For more than two years' work of this kind has been conducted under the direction of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Part of the work was concerned with a study of data previously obtained by the United States Forest Service and part from original measurements of the stumps of a large number of the big trees of California.

A few of these trees proved to have started more than thirty centuries ago, the oldest being 3,150 years. Careful study of the rate of growth of over three hundred of the giant trees, many of them upward of 2,000 years old, strongly supports the belief of very decided fluctuations in climatic conditions extending over periods of several hundred years.

From the thousands of measurements or analyses gathered by the Forest Service in its investigation of tree and forest growth, a large number of the records of the oldest trees of certain species have been chosen for special study. Some of the species represented are Western yellow pine in the Northern and Southern limits of its range; Jeffrey pine in Southern California; Douglas fir in the North-west; white oak and yellow poplar in the Southern Appalachians; and red spruce in the north woods. It is only by averaging the rates of growth of a great many trees growing in widely different parts of the country and under essentially different local conditions that it is possible to eliminate the many local fac-

tors affecting the development of individual trees and stands.

One conclusion from the study of Western yellow pine in Arizona is that the climate of the South-west is becoming drier, the snowfall less, the winters shorter, and that it has been doing so for a long time. This finding is corroborated by the presence in that country of irrigation ditches and other ruins of an ancient people, indicating that water was at one time fairly plentiful in places now remote from any signs of springs, streams, or other sources of supply. Investigation of the rate of growth

of the same species of tree in Idaho indicates that the winters there are also shorter and the snowfall less than formerly, but in this case the change in conditions is favorable to tree growth, since it is producing a longer growing season.

In order to study the interior of living trees a form of drill was devised for removing a solid core of wood extending from the centre to the bark. With these it is hoped to obtain data from the largest and oldest specimens of the big trees, which will throw more light on conditions thirty centuries or more ago."

When Mount Royal Smokes

Sir Wm. Logan's Researches About the Great Fault Underlying
Lake Ontario Revived

"THE recent St. Lawrence earthquake has excited much interest in scientific circles throughout the country," says the "New York Times," "especially since Professor Chadwick's suggestion that it might be the forerunner of a much more disastrous shock, and thousands of untutored citizens learned for the first time that they were living over an earthquake belt, known to geology as Logan's Line, a name applied informally to a belt of old earthquake activity first pointed out by Sir William E. Logan, Director of the Canadian Geological Survey in its pioneering days."

Regarding the recent disturbance a writer from Montreal says: "I was attending college at Montreal at the time and was sitting at a desk at approximately six o'clock in the evening when I experienced my first earthquake. The desk started to rock violently. I do not know what else happened in that particular class room as the whole crowd got out in such a hurry we did not have a chance to see. Across the street from the main entrance to the college a chimney fell from a private dwelling, and narrowly missed hitting a baby in a baby carriage. Two other earthquakes happened at about the same time, but I was used to it by this time and it did not have the same effect. There is an old legend which is told in the region of Montreal to the effect that Mount Royal will some day open as a full-fledged volcano. I understand that it is of volcanic origin, and if you will examine the top of the mountain

very carefully you will see that it has an appearance somewhat similar to the crater of a small volcano, excepting that this mountain is covered with trees and grass."

That a movement which occurred in the remote geologic past driving the Atlantic seaboard westward upon the Appalachians from thirty to forty miles, is not wholly complete, is suggested by the Canadian earthquake of 1663, which, to quote Dr. John M. Clarke, "appears from the records preserved in contemporary documents, to be the severest disturbance this continent has ever suffered from terrestrial dislocations. Its destructive effects from Montreal down to Tadousac were tremendous. To be situated, therefore, near such a known dislocation with the possibility of a renewed movement at any time may reasonably give cause for much apprehension. Where the evidences of fresh and extreme movement are conspicuous as on the Pacific Coast, such apprehension is very real. With Logan's Line the movements are chiefly so ancient that there seems to be no great cause for alarm. Dr. Berkley has pointed out how these great displacements outline the Hudson Highlands and parallel them on both sides, but he also has shown that no fresh movements are visible there though such do show in the Champlain and Hudson Valleys, further north. The belt of later movements involves the region about Albany, Troy, Plattsburg, and possibly Québec.

Prof. George H. Chadwick believes that

the earth tremors felt along the St. Lawrence originated in the fault or crack known as Logan's Line. The topographical characteristics of the region where these faults occur are unique. The greatest breaks have a north and south trend. Instead of being persistent in direction they curve largely and the down-throw more frequently is on the east side of the fault with the result that progressively more recent breaks are found as Lake Champlain is approached.

John M. Clarke, State Geologist, though not discrediting Prof. Chadwick's prediction of another possible earthquake in the Jefferson and St. Lawrence section of the State in the near future, feels that no one can foretell such a phenomenon.

"Another earthquake may come at any time," said Dr. Clarke.

"The line of weakness is there.

But there are no evidences of immediate quake. There have been big earthquakes along Logan's earthquake line. The quake 250 years ago was the heaviest this country ever experienced. There always is a chance of disturbance."

Dr. Clarke explained that the Logan fault underlay the St. Lawrence River from its mouth to Montreal, and probably up to Lake Ontario. Near Montreal the line divides, one branch passing through the Lake



A HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE.

British Lion: I say, Jonathan, we haven't had a fight for a hundred years!

American Eagle: Bully for both of us, John! Let's have a centenary! By the bye, mighty sorry to lose Bryce!

—From the Saturday Westminster.

Champlain Valley and the other probably under Lake Ontario.

"The St. Lawrence River is the oldest in the world," said he, "and the wound in the rocks caused by the Logan earthquake has never healed. The movements of the loose rocks cause the disturbances which will continue until these rocks finally adjust themselves." Unfortunately we cannot tell the time or the manner of the earth's coughing spells.

Guest of a King in War

A Translation from]the French of the Humorous Side of Bulgaria's King

A writer in *Lecture pour Tous* gives us an interesting glimpse of the personality of Ferdinand I King of Bulgaria, and of the war as seen from the vantage ground of the King's own railway train where the writer was a guest.

There is no more popular figure in the world to-day, he says, than that of the sovereign whose sudden entry on the campaign has been followed by victory. A fortnight has sufficed to practically settle the result of the war. The king has quit-
ted his palace, and his favorite flower gardens, at Vrana, although in full bloom are deserted. When he is not at the head of his troops, at headquarters, on some

eminence scanning the horizon, in the entrenchments, or with the ambulance corp, he takes up his quarters in a specially furnished train which appears and disappears, here and there all over the country like some phantom caravan, from which is exercised an unceasing vigilance over everything connected with the war.

It is now in temporary retirement at Stara Zagora on a siding close to the railway station, which is gaily decorated with flags as if for some fête. The platforms resound with the heavy tramp of the soldiery, with their wild hurrahs, and endless entrainment of regiment after regiment, of horses, of cannons with their

mouths as yet muzzled, ambulances and supplies, all destined to play an active part in the coming struggle.

It was my fortunate privilege to occupy a place in the Royal train, the well-known "blue train" with its little red blinds. It has already been here some days. When will it leave? This evening, to-morrow, or in a week's time? And for where?

All we knew was that it awaited the development of events. Meanwhile I was an occupant of the famous No. 7 car, associated in our minds with the early years of the Bulgarian Prince, and with the abortive attempt aimed at its destruction.

Not far from me are Count R. de Bourboulon, Grand Marshal, the old and faithful friend of his sovereign, whom this hour of need finds at his post of devotion. M. Dobrovitch, chancellor and head of the cabinet in his travelling chancellery, a shrewd and capable politician, General Markoff with his severe Neronian profile, and keen good-humored Colonel Alexis Stoianof.

In the crowded compartments of the car which are bedrooms, salons and offices, all in one, under the benevolent tutelage of small silver ikons the aides-de-camp, staff officers, secretaries, and attaches carry out their allotted duties, all imbued with the idea of self sacrifice and devotion to their country, ready at any moment for any and every task they may be called upon to perform.

For a fortnight it was my unique privilege to live in intimate acquaintanceship with these men and their sovereign. There was an unceasing tension, hurried arrivals and departures, a perpetual *qui vive*.

What is happening? What is the news? Who is that? Ah! Saroff. At all hours of the night you might catch sight of the commander-in-chief. He it was who was responsible for the farsighted and patriotic preparations for this struggle. With his keen eye and crisp word of command, no doubt he comes to get sanction for his latest tactical movement, or some fresh disposition of troops. Perhaps he will let drop some word as to how things are progressing. But no, he comes and goes without a word. Here comes M. Danef, hurriedly sent for by the king doubtless on some grave and important mission. He also departs in silence, smiling, in haste to execute his task. Now it is a messenger arriving from Macedonia. At any rate we shall hear some news now of the two princes who set out for Salonica accom-

panied by M. Stancioff, the Bulgarian Minister at Paris, who did not hesitate to take up active service on behalf of his country. How goes it with the princes? What are they doing? but the messenger comes and goes with never a word. In another part of the country the Queen is fulfilling a charitable mission, while the Princesses are at Sofia with their own hands kneading and making the small rolls of bread for the wounded.

Wherever her aid is most urgently needed, there is the Queen to be found. An officer arrives to say she will pass the night here. Probably we shall hear something from him, but with a hasty hand shake he is gone.

No. No one speaks here unless it is his duty to do so. No one asks an unnecessary question, every one is dominated by the same feeling of suspense and respect for the unknown. Among the whole staff not one indiscreet word, nor one needless enquiry to satisfy mere curiosity. Such self restraint and moral discipline evoke admiration.

With the king, however, councils of war and of state unexpected cabinet meetings, audiences, nondescript visits, which with a wise foresight he freely encourages, are the order of the day. This freedom of access which he grants is noteworthy. It may be an eminent Turkish officer a prisoner, whom after questioning, he informs that he together with his half-starved and tattered men will be well treated. Now it is an old peasant from Rhodope, who set out for the war with his three sons and three sons-in-law, while his wife and daughters are serving at the hospitals. Now an inventor, keen on some wonderful machine he has invented, a painter of battle scenes, a priest, a seer, a bone setter, a doctor, all are courteously listened to.

With Count Jean de Castellane, who is in charge of the French Mission from Paris, the king has frequent consultations.

Here in passing let me pay a word of tribute to the perfect work of the French hospital which has been installed in co-operation with the monks. Nothing can better express he feeling with which it is regarded than these simple and touching lines addressed by a young soldier to Mme. Stancioff, who is French, and is called "the mother of all wounded soldiers": "If our fathers, mothers and brothers had known that they would be replaced by new fathers and mothers, and that our wounds would have been made so easy to bear,

they would never have wept for their sons.'

But to return to King Ferdinand, he must give his attention to all messages reports, letters or telegrams, and reply to all of them. Petitions, offer of service, advice, all have to receive his consideration. He must become acquainted with the contents of the memoranda, papers, books, etc., which are piling up in the velvet upholstered salon and in the sleeping room, with its beige hangings worked in Fleur de Lis.

All his own personal belongings, art treasures, mysterious small boxes, birthday albums, miniatures, triptichs and innumerable other souvenirs which he prizes, all these he has brought with him.

But at the present time his thoughts turn more particularly to his ancestors whom he regards as his tutelary guardians. Here we see portraits of the Koharis, the heads of the Orleans family, the renowned Marshal Josias, the Duke Augustus of Saxe Coburg, his father, who with Bugeaud conducted the Algerian campaign, the highly esteemed Princess Clementine, and dearest of all to him his mother, attired in the uniform of the Bulgarian regiment of which she was honorary chief. With a smiling countenance under her white locks she watches over her son. At the foot of the photo in that bold handwriting which concealed so great a maternal love, are inscribed the words "To my dearly loved son, from his most faithful soldier."

She was not destined to live to see his triumph, but perhaps from above she sees it and knows that it is French generalship that is victorious, that, in her son the grandson of Louis Philippe and husband (by his first marriage) of the granddaughter of Charles X, France still lives, that in him these latter Kings of France, Versailles and Chantilly still survive in the Balkans.

Reference has often been made to King Ferdinand's love of luxury, his extravagance and fondness for outward display, forms, and ceremonies. However, this may be, under ordinary circumstances, while on this train this could certainly not be said of him. He was quite the reverse. He was never seen, but in an old tunic the color of dried mud. On his hands were none of those jewels of the value of which he is a better judge than any jeweller. The Bulgarian Military Cross and the Legion of Honour were his only decorations, with perhaps in the evening the order of the Golden Fleece at his neck or the Maltese Cross on his arm.



Ferdinand I., King of the Bulgars, on board a torpedo boat at Varna in the Black Sea.

Turn now to the dining-room decorated in mahogany and maple, with three clocks giving the times of the different capitals. Here it was that his guests on the train were brought regularly into contact with him, but the precise and formal etiquette of the court was here relaxed. If at the appointed time the king had not appeared

the meal was begun without him. His place is at the small table from which he can see and converse with everyone. The service is expeditiously performed by the soldiers of the guard in their blue and silver uniforms. The menus are not elaborate. They are prepared by Barrus one of our own countrymen from Draguignan and usually include Bourgas Oysters, Euxinograd peas, and Tehirpan light wine.

The kings characteristics are well-known, his manner at once seductive and embarrassing, critical and illuminating. But seated here at his table he speaks but little, being completely absorbed in the reality of impending events. The pile of despatches which he brings with him increases every minute. He reads, makes notes, considers, gives his orders and meantime everything is getting cold.

Heavily laden trains are passing the whole time, and with that love of machinery which lately led him to drive the Brussels-Paris express, he draws aside the blind and watches them. He knows the history of each car, and the name, origin, and record of every locomotive. All the engineers are his pupils.

It is with justifiable pride he points to the work of his railways, which, under the indefatigable direction of Minister Franghia and of M. Morloff, have carried out without a hitch every detail of mobilization to the minute exactly as previously arranged on paper.

Some of the trains which pass are infinitely saddening and touching. One may contain a freight of wounded soldiers, in which case the King rises from his seat and salutes. On those rugged countenances, even on those to whom death is near, only smiles are to be seen. They give proof of a national bravery, an unwavering faith in their country, and the King gives here and there a few words of sympathy or congratulation as he realizes all that his soldiers have suffered and endured.

"Ah!" he said to me one day, just as lunch was finished, "it is terrible that it should have to end in this way. I can assure you I have tried everything to avoid it. I look back at all my visits to Constantinople, my respect for the Constitution and the Suzerain Power. . . . Every one of those visits was a Calvary. My subjects even began to marvel at such patience and at the petty humiliations which I endured, and at my official urbanity which had to conceal my wounded patriotism. However, for their sake, for

our cause, and for the future, I put up with everything.

"And I must say that none of my visits to Yildiz Kiosk were utterly fruitless."

"I feel sure that Abdul Hamid would eventually have seen the situation in its proper light. He used sometimes to say that next to himself I was the first person in the Empire. I would smile at the compliment, but I feel I had managed to inspire him with a certain confidence in me.

"I believe that had it not been for the Young Turk party—but there, the die is cast—they are going to try conclusions with the Young Bulgarians—Forward."

On another occasion, when the train was at Yamboli, he pointed out to me a passage from a letter written by his uncle, the Duc d'Aumale in 1864, in a book only lately published, and containing the correspondence of M. Cuvillier Fleury and the Duke, in which the latter said: "Since the Turks came here they have let everything perish, even the plants." "That," said he, "is as true to-day as it was then, and that is why we are here."

On starting for Kirk-Kilisseh, the 13th of November, as preparations were being made for the coming battle, he said, "Yes, to-day is the 13th. And they say I am superstitious. It was on a Friday, too, that I declared war. But superstition does not enter into the matter, when the cause is just, and when you know the people who are defending it. You have seen these soldiers of mine, just think what they have done. Twenty-seven miles a day, and fighting all the way. When the horses drop they drag the guns themselves. . . . and they will play with the bullets extracted from their wounds. . . . The whole nation is in arms, and they are Turks themselves sitting at the Sobranje (the Bulgarian Parliament) who are voting the supplies. . . ."

As he was speaking this, my mind went back to the time when I was walking with him through his greenhouses amidst his roses and fruits, which he had reared himself: "Yes," were his words then, "but in order that each one may have his harvest, in order that this wonderful soil may yield its hidden treasures, we must be constantly on the alert, and to have flowers, we must have cannons."

At a time when France is looking on with a kindly eye at the actions of this monarch whose profile brings to mind so strikingly the bust of Francois I in the oval court at Fontainebleau, I recall an incident that happened one delightful evening, a 14th of July, (French Republic Day), at Vitosch in Bul-

garia. The prince, as he then was, had invited some French friends to dinner on the lawn. The band of the Guards struck up the Marseillaise. Everyone stood up, experiencing the same thrill of emotion. The Prince proposed first the toast of M. Loubet and then another to that "immortal hymn which has gone the round of the universe," and suddenly a shout, irresistible, deep and poignant with emotion escaped him, "Vive la France," such as I have seldom heard the like of.

To-day the end is near. One nation is

rising to accomplish its destiny, another is in the throes of dissolution. To-morrow the royal train will travel unmolested through the conquered territories, it may be my lot to witness their annexation. But I shall ever treasure in my heart the recollection of that other country at a time when all hearts were throbbing with hopes and fears—where all were imbued with a steady but not reckless confidence in the future, and an appreciation of the joy and beauty of living—where the heart of the whole nation beat in that of one individual.

Americans Pay \$60,000,000 to Europe

The Annual Pilgrimages to the Old Countries Carry Immense Sums Away

THE great annual American invasion of Europe has begun. Advanced guards of the army of 120,000 transatlantic passengers who cross by the steamship lines between April and October are already here. Henceforward until the end of June the tide will rise. Already staterooms and cabins are booked in hundreds for the return "home" in the autumn, says the London "Standard."

No development of the last three decades has been more pleasant and more profitable to Europe than this huge annual welcome visit of America's. They come to see the best, to sample the best, and buy the best in England, France, Germany and Italy. Competition between these countries for American patronage has grown keener and keener, for while every American is not a millionaire, there are very few who do not bring substantial sums with them to spend in open-handed fashion and with open-hearted generosity.

It is estimated that the most of them spend \$1,000 on the trip, and that very few do it as cheaply as \$500. Fully \$60,000,000 is scattered over European countries by Americans and Canadians in a season. This huge sum goes largely to the steamship companies—the Cunard, Hamburg-America, American, Norddeutscher-Lloyd White Star, Rer Star, and others; to the famous hotels of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Florence; to the shopkeepers of Regent Street, Bond Street, Oxford Street, the Rue de Rivoli, Rue de la Paix, and so forth; while not an inconsiderable portion is scattered in France, Germany, Switzer-

land, and Italy in places not so well known to the average Englishman, but made known to American and foreign visitors by enterprising and judicious advertisement.

All good Americans come to London because it is known and it caters for them; Most go to Paris, Berlin, and Rome, for the same reason. But the emphasized difference between the effect of the American invasion to England and to the leading Continental countries is that whereas English visitors centralize chiefly in the metropolis, on the Continent they taste the delights of the bigger cities, and then scatter, so that they may be encountered in the season almost anywhere, from the East German frontier to Bordeaux and from Ostend to Florence.

Municipalities, hoteliers, and local authorities generally on the Continent long ago recognized the value of attracting and keeping the American and foreign visitor even in the places removed from the great railways and great roads. As regards Americans particularly, their enterprise has properly met with much success, and a tangible portion of the \$60,000,000 spent in Europe has for many seasons been spent across the Channel.

But from the purely English point of view there is no reason why this should be so. As a business nation—a nation of shopkeepers as we are dubbed—it is our duty not only to receive and welcome the American in London; but to see that our other great attractions are made known to him in every corner of these fascinating islands;

to afford him facilities for visiting them, and the greatest possible comfort while he is here.

Our great steamship lines are successful because they have shown enterprise, and so are London hotels, London shops, London amusements. London generally is successful with the American, because it in a man-

ner goes out to meet and greet him, and to display itself for his advantage—and its own profit. But having attracted the American to London, he is allowed to stroll away to spend his money and seek knowledge and amusement and health in Continental climes, where he often knows little of the language, but is catered for.

English Not Current in Donegal

Some Irish Anecdotes that Tell of the Simple Life of the Irish Peasants

In Donegal one gets into the heart of Irish Ireland. The English language is not spoken generally except in the villages, although it is understood well enough by peasants who use it for those who can not speak Irish, says a writer in the New York "Evening Post."

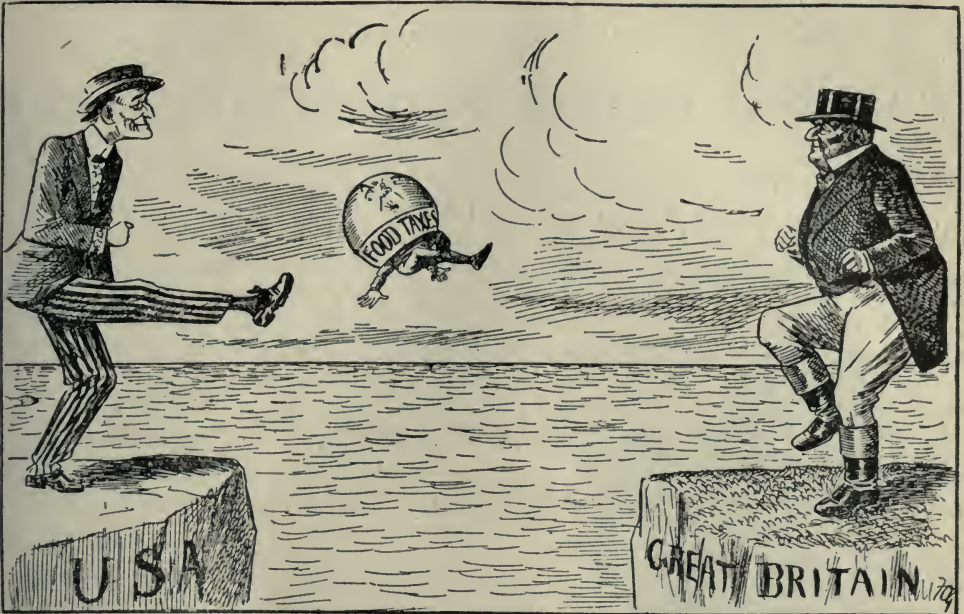
A couple of miles outside Letterkenny the peasant's salute is "Thaw law braw, biech sthie" (a fine day, thank God). We passed the little village of Kilmacrennan, the reputed birthplace of Saint Columba, a saint who runs Saint Patrick very close in the estimation of the Irish people. He was, like Saint Patrick, "a jintleman, and came of decent people." He became involved in a copyright dispute with a neighboring saint, Saint Finnian, and when the courts proved him to be in the wrong, he resorted to war like a true Irishman. A modest little church and chapel are the only vestiges now remaining of this notable spot. But the peasants still talk with great reverence of "Columbkil" and his wonderful prophecies.

A few miles further on was the lonesome valley of Glenbeigh. There are very few habitations in this locality, except a few shepherd's huts, sheep being the principal inhabitants instead of human beings. Before the great Irish famine, the glen, I was told, was thickly inhabited, a fact which is attested by the remains of low stone-wall houses, and the shapes of potato ridges in the pasture land—the sure sign that the land was once cultivated by potato-eaters. The story of how this land was cleared of people is pathetic. Some of the landed proprietors employed Scotch shepherds, and in those famine years a good many sheep were lost, which the Scotch shepherds attributed to the thieving propensities of the native peasants. The proprietors determined to expatriate the people, most of whom

were hurried to Derry and put on board "coffin ships" to sail to America or anywhere else out of the landlords' way. Many of these "coffin ships" were never heard of. Their human cargoes were sacrificed to a vile social policy which treated men and women as the waste products of civilization. It only remains to add that in the case of the expatriated inhabitants of Glenbeigh the sheep-stealing of which they were accused did not cease with their departure. Some years after the exodus, the police at Glenbeigh barrack brought to justice a number of Scotch herdsmen for sheep-stealing. But the maligned peasantry were beyond recall.

Our next halting-place was Gweedore, but to reach this spot I had to pass one of the grandest views of nature to be met with anywhere, viz.: the path of Dunlewy. We were now in the mountain of Bloody Foreland. As we went round the foot of Mount Errigal, the lake yawned several hundred feet beneath us and seemed ready to receive us if the slightest disturbance of our equilibrium occurred. To the right, at almost touching-distance, was the towering mountain itself, a steep, conical-shaped volcanic mass, without any trace of vegetation on its sides, and looking entirely out of harmony with its surroundings, as if it were dropped out of some other planet.

Long before we came to Gweedore we had heard about Father McFadden, the great man of that place, and of his influence over the peasantry during the time of the Land League and afterwards. The parish of Gweedore covers an area of about fourteen miles in diameter, skirting the sea between Mount Errigal and the islands north-east of Arranmore, a rocky, boggy, treeless, cheerless expanse, without one green field to soften "the niggardliness of nature." Here a hardy population numbering some



NOT WANTED.

Cousin Jonathan: You're not wanted here—Git!
 John Bull: Ditto here!

—From Saturday Westminster.

four thousand to five thousand souls eke out a living in circumstances which those who happen to be born under happier skies would find difficult to believe. As already explained, they have no straw to thatch their little huts, only the long, bent grass which grows in the sands along the shore. Their cultivation extends only to a few patches of cabbage or potatoes. The soil being "manufactured," consists of sand and earth originally carried on the peasants' backs and mixed with the barren, rocky land which constitutes their holdings. By this means the people raise food enough for the winter. In the summer the working population migrate to Scotland or to other parts of Ireland to pick up money enough to pay the rent of their "farms."

So much for the kind of parishioners ruled over by Father McFadden. The man himself is a Gweedore man; one of the people. Because of his thorough command of the Irish language, he was chosen to minister to the spiritual needs of this backward and isolated population. His taking the side of the people against the landlords in the Land League warfare, caused him to be prosecuted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. That he gave no assistance to the landlords in collecting their rent is quite certain. Many years before when a

waterspout had destroyed his old church, and he had to go to America to collect funds for building a new one, the local landlord, a Mr. Olpherts, refused to give him a more elevated site than the old and sunken one. Here the new church was raised and here one Sunday, in February, 1889, Father McFadden was arrested while performing Divine service, the police officer who ordered the arrest being murdered by the members of the congregation. A boast the priest is said to have made, that he was himself the law in Gweedore, was not without substantial truth, for his hardy parishioners neither needed nor heeded any other law but his word. Doubtless most of them believed that the good priest could, if he chose to exert his miraculous power, compel the bayonets to fall from the hands of the constabulary. That he never exerted that power, but suffered natural law to take its course, was only a proof to them of the honor and magnanimity of the man who would not take any advantage of his position to smite his adversaries. These events are still fresh in the memory of the people, but the Government has long since learned to leave them and their pastors severely alone. The peasants will soon be full-fledged proprietors, having bought their holdings under the Purchase Act.

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

THE work of a native author once again heads the list of best selling novels in Canada, Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House" being the book in greatest demand for the month. It is a virile tale worthy of a place in the long array of this author's strong novels which have in turn won their way with the reading public throughout the English speaking world, placing him in the very forefront of the novelists of his generation. In spite of the fact that Sir Gilbert has for many years been a citizen of England, being at present, and long having been, a member of the British House of Commons, so many of his books have had to do with this Dominion, that they, perhaps even more than the fact of his being a native of this country, have caused him to be inseparably associated with Canada. Naturally, every Canadian proudly claims Sir Gilbert Parker as a fellow countryman, and by no means least in point of service to Canada have been the contributions of Parker, among a notable company of Canadian writers, who have given their native land such literary wealth as to be a strong factor in the development of a true national sentiment, fostering a spirit of patriotism ever growing stronger. There are those who say that there is no Canadian literature, but have not many of Sir Gil-

bert Parker's novels been distinctively Canadian and yet as wide in their general appeal in Britain and the United States as the works of leading authors of those countries?

Sir Gilbert's latest novel, although for the most part having its setting in England, has for its strong background the South African War and the events leading up to it.

Early in the tale the Jameson Raid, in its effect upon Britain's position in South Africa and security in Europe, figures strongly in determining the actions of the leading characters. The outstanding personalities are Rudyard Byng, who has amassed millions on the Rand, a character somewhat suggestive of Cecil Rhodes; Jasmine Grenfell, prodigiously clever and attractive, but so self-centred that her better self is sacrificed to her desire for that power which only wealth can bring, and Ian Stafford, represented as the man who achieved by diplomacy the neutrality of the European powers, leaving Britain free to enter the fight with the Boers without danger of attack at home. Stafford is the accepted lover of Jasmine, but when the powerful young South African millionaire Byng appears as a suitor, the possibilities that his wealth opens for the realization of her ambitions, cause her to throw over Stafford

and marry Byng. But her love for Stafford does not die, and much of the interest of the tale attaches to the subsequent relationship of these two.

An insidious villain is Adrian Felloses, Byng's private secretary, who, through flirtation with Byng's wife, obtains information of value to the Boers, passing it on to Oom Paul in complicity with Byng's valet, Krool, half-Boer, half-Hottentot.

The war acts as the solvent of the difficulties into which the principals have become involved. Byng and Stafford enlist and Jasmine, parted from her husband, goes to the front as a nurse. They meet in one of the hospitals, and reconciliation ensues. Stafford meets a heroic end.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S CAREER

Horatio Gilbert Parker was born in Camden, in Addington County, Ontario, in 1859. Following his public and high school course he obtained a certificate at the Ottawa Normal School and taught school at Frankfort and at Seaforth. In 1882 he was ordained a deacon by Archbishop Lewis. In 1883 he matriculated at Trinity University, and after two years attending divinity lectures and giving lectures in elocution there, he became curate at Trenton with the late Canon Bleasdel. About this time he began contributing to the press, and a collection of ballads and poems was published under the title "A Lover's Diary." Richard A. Stoddard in a review of this book, says that one must go to the Elizabethan lyrists to find poems so full of luscious life.

In 1886 Parker went to Australia, entering the journalistic field there. He turned playwright, his adaptation of Goethe's Faust, having an unprecedented run at a local theatre. Another play written about that time was "The Vendetta," also a book entitled "Around the Compass in Austria."

Then he went to England, devoting his whole attention to his literary career. "The Wedding Day" was produced in a London theatre, and in 1892, with "Pierre and His People," he earned the title of the literary discoverer of the Canadian Northwest. That book

was followed by a sequel entitled "An Adventure in the North." Then in 1895 came "The Seats of the Mighty." This was the first of his novels to be published in Canada, being brought out by the Copp, Clark Co., who have ever since been his Canadian publishers.



Sir Gilbert's favorite recreation is riding.

Many people consider this the finest of his books, but of them all, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" is the one for which Sir Gilbert, in a preface to that book, has said he cares the most, adding that this was perhaps because it had demanded so much of him. The manu-

script of that book was completed within four weeks after he started it. He wrote night and day and often upon going to bed and being unable to sleep, he would get up at two or three o'clock and write till breakfast time. The novel possessed him, and he has given expression to the opinion that every book which has taken hold of the public has represented a kind of self-hypnotism on the part of the writer.

In 1895, the author was married to Amy, daughter of the late A. A. Van Tine, of New York. A knight and a Member of Parliament, Sir Gilbert has had a brilliant career, in addition to the tremendous manner in which he has succeeded as a novelist. He lives the strenuous live, giving half his days to Parliament and half to his writing. He is ardent in golf, in riding and in rowing.

The Best Selling Books

Canadian Summary

(As compiled by Bookseller and Stationer.)

Covering the Month of April.

- 1 The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker)..118
- 2 The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farnol). 101
- 3 Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.) 72
- 4 The Happy Warrior (A. S. M. Hutchinson). 42
- 5 Stella Maris (William J. Locke) 34
- 6 Knave of Diamonds (Ethel M. Dell) 34
- 6 The Mating of Lydia (Mrs. Humphrey Ward) 31
- Corporal Cameron (Ralph Connor) 31

Best Sellers in Britain

(As compiled by W. H. Smith & Son.)

Covering the Month of March.

- 1 The Mating of Lydia (Mrs. Humphrey Ward.)
- 2 The Amateur Gentleman. (Jeffery Farnol.)
- 3 Trent's Last Case. (E. C. Bentley.)
- 4 The Weaker Vessels. (E. F. Benson.)
- 5 The Knave of Diamonds. (E. M. Dell.)
- 6 The Love Pirate. (C. N. & A. M. Williamson.)

Best Sellers in United States

(As compiled for Baker and Taylor's Bulletin.)

Covering the Month of April.

- 1 The Amateur Gentleman. (Jeffery Farnol.)
 - 2 The Judgment House. (Sir Gilbert Parker.)
 - 3 Heart of the Hills. (John Fox, Jr.)
 - 4 The Mischief-Maker. (E. Phillips Oppenheim.)
 - 5 Stella Maris. (William J. Locke.)
 - 6 The Mating of Lydia. (Mrs. Humphrey Ward.)
-

Between Two Thieves

Historical Note

At the period of the events related in chapter XXVII (1848), Louis Philippe, son of the Duc d'Orleans, who became King of France in 1830, was still on the throne. On Feb. 22nd, 1848, insurrectionary movements occurred in the streets of Paris, the excitement being skilfully fostered and kept up by several insurrectionist leaders.

All at once, opposite the Foreign Office, about nine o'clock in the evening, the soldiers, who all day had remained motionless and patient, thought they were attacked, and fired in their turn. The greatest disorder broke out in the whole neighborhood, eventually the insurrectionists gained the upper hand, and this resulted two days later in the abdication of the King, who fled with his queen to the Normandy coast, and there found an opportunity of escaping to New-haven, England, in a British steamboat, under the name of Mr. Thos. Smith. He died at Claremont, 26th August, 1850.

Prince Louis Napoleon, whose full name was Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards called Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, was the third son of Louis Bonaparte, brother of the first Emperor, and was born at the Tuileries, Paris, 20th April, 1808.

In 1837 he made an attempt at a coup d'etat at Strasbourg, was taken prisoner, conveyed to Paris, and the government of Louis Philippe shipped him off to America.

He soon returned to England, and in 1840 made another abortive attempt on the throne of France at Boulogne. He was again taken prisoner, brought to trial and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. After an imprisonment of more than five years he escaped to England.

The revolution of February, 1848, caused him to hurry back to France, and he was elected deputy for Paris, and three other departments. He took his seat in the Constitutional Assembly, 13th June, 1848. A stormy debate followed, and on the 15th he resigned his seat and returned to England.

Recalled to France in the following September, he was elected President by an immense majority, and on Dec. 20th took the oath of allegiance to the republic. His famous coup d'etat was made on Dec. 2nd, 1857, and he assumed the title of Emperor exactly one year after the coup d'etat, in accordance, as it appeared, with the wish of the people.

In 1853 the Emperor married Eugénie Marie, Countess of Montijo, who is still living.

All the above events are referred to in the course of our story. The details and setting do not always correspond with the facts as above set out, but it should be remembered that the tale does not pretend to be an historical or biographical book of reference, but a relation of events based on facts.

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:

In the first chapter we catch a passing glimpse of Hector Dunoisse, the hero of the story, aged, paralytic and near to death, honored and respected by Kings and Emperors for his great life work for the relief of the wounded in war. Time is then set back seventy years, and we find him in about the year 1840, a boy at the Military School in Paris, fighting a duel with a comrade, de Moulny, who is wounded owing to Hector's accidentally falling.

Hector's mother was the daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Widnitz, a Bavarian Principality, and had entered a convent as Sister Therese de St. Francois, which she left to marry Marshal Dunoisse, Hector's father, formerly one of Napoleon's generals. Her fortune of over a million francs previously dedicated to the convent was afterwards reclaimed by her husband and paid to him on condition that his wife should re-enter the sisterhood, which she did when Hector was eight years of age. It was the relation by de Moulny of this story of which Hector was ignorant, that led to the duel.

A reconciliation takes place. Hector takes an oath never to touch a penny of the money thus infamously acquired, while de Moulny in return swears to be his friend till death. Shortly afterwards they are estranged by the circulation of a false report that Hector's fall was intentional and that he had wounded de Moulny by a trick. His vow places him in sore financial straits, but he makes rapid progress in his profession and becomes adjutant of his regiment.

Ada Merling, the heroine of the story of whom Florence Nightingale is the prototype, has met Hector and admires his self-denial in refusing to touch his mother's fortune.

The present chapter continues the account of an incident which led directly to the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty in 1848. The streets of Paris were filled with a mob clamoring for a change of government. Dunoisse was in command of the troops guarding the Foreign Office. Seated on horseback he caught sight behind him of de Moulny with Madame de Roux his colonel's wife. Suddenly from their direction a pistol shot rang out and a voice cried "Fire," whereupon Dunoisse's troopers, thinking the command came from him, fired into the crowd, killing and wounding many persons.

XXVII

You could not see the soldier's faces, the smoke of that deadly volley had rolled back and hung low, topping the living wall of steel and flesh. But as it lifted, and they saw, by the light of the lamps in the courtyard behind them, the bloody heaps of dead and wounded men and women, mingled with children not a few, that made a shambles of the thoroughfare, upon whose gory stones the drum lay flattened, a hollow groan burst from the wavering ranks, and oaths and threats were uttered.

Confusion reigned in the Hotel, a Babel of voices clamoured in the courtyard that was seething with excited humanity and littered with broken glass and bits of plaster knocked from the walls by ricochetting bullets. As Dunoisse returned on foot, leading his limping, bleeding mare through the dead and dying, de Roux, Colonel commanding the 999th, a plethoric, pury

bon-vivant, who had been dining with the unpopular Minister in his private cabinet that looked upon the gardens, and had been snatched from the enjoyment of an *entrée* of *canard à la Rouennaise* by the crash of the discharge, burst out of the Hotel, thrust his way through the huddled ranks, bore down on the supposed culprit, gesticulating and raving:

"Death and Damnation! Hell and furies!—"

— "Madman!" he spluttered out; "what crazy impulse induced you to give the word to fire? . . . Insensate homicide!—do you know what you have done? Take his *parole*, Lieutenant Mangin. Not a word, sir! You shall reply to the interrogations of a military tribunal, as to this evening's bloody work!"

Dunoisse, forbidden to explain or exonerate himself, saluted the blotchy, wild-eyed Colonel, and gave up his sword to his junior. You saw him ap-

parently calm, if livid under his Red Indian's skin, and bleeding from a bullet-graze that burned upon his cheek like red-hot iron. The leather peak of his red shako had been partly shot away, the skirt of the tight-waisted gray-blue field-frock had a bullet-rent in it. His throat seemed as though compressed by the iron collar of the *garotte*, his heart beat as though it must burst from the breast that caged it. But his head was held stiff and high and his black eyes never blinked or shifted, though his lips, under the little black moustache with the curved and pointed ends, made a thin white line against the deep sienna-red of his richly-tinted skin.

"Sacred thunder! . . . Return to your quarters, sir!"

De Roux, becoming alive to the napkin, plucked it from his bemedalled bosom and, realizing the fact of the fork, whipped it smartly behind his back. Dunoisse saluted stiffly, gave up his bleeding charger to his orderly, saluted again, wheeled, and deliberately stepped out of the radius of the Hotel gas-lamps, flaring still, though their massive globes had been broken by ricocheting bullets, into the dense gray fog that veiled the boulevard, where dimly-seen figures moved, groping among the dead, in search of the living.

"The Monarchy will pay dearly for this act of criminal folly! . . . How came he to give the order?" de Roux demanded.

And the subaltern officer, whose glance had followed the retreating figure of Dunoisse, withdrew it to reply:

"My Colonel, he gave no order. A pistol-shot came from behind us—a voice that was a stranger's cried 'Fire!' The discharge followed instantly, and the people fled, leaving their dead behind them."

"Why did he not defend himself?" de Roux muttered, glancing over his shoulder at the huge broken-windowed facade of the Hotel rising beyond the imposing carriage-entrance, the enclosing wall and the gateway and the tall spear-headed railings that backed the

huddled figures and lowering, sullen faces of the unlucky half-battalion.

"Because, my Colonel, you had ordered him to be silent, and to return to his quarters. They are in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. And he has gone to them by that route."

The Lieutenant's sword pointed the direction in which the slim, upright, soldierly figure had vanished. The Colonel growled:

"Why should he choose that route? . . ."

And the Lieutenant thought, but did not answer:

"Possibly because he hopes to meet Death upon the way! . . ."

Colonel de Roux, with clank of trailing scabbard and jingle of gilt spurs, stormed up the double line of abashed and drooping red *képis*. Interrogated, Monsieur the Captain in command of the company posted at the eastern angle of the courtyard enclosure, gave in substance the information already supplied.

"A pistol-shot came from behind us—a stranger's voice gave the order 'Fire!'—the discharge followed. . . . One would have said it was an arranged thing. One would——"

"Chut!"

De Roux glanced over his golden-crusted shoulder at the facade of broken windows and chipped stone ornaments. The Captain, the same lively de Kerouatte who had paid Dunoisse that ancient, moss-grown debt of three thousand francs upon the steps of Rothschild's, continued, as though the note of warning had not reached his ear:

"Madame de Roux would be able to corroborate. I saw Madame—previously to the deplorable accident—in the Hotel vestibule, conversing with an official in diplomatic uniform. She——"

"You are mistaken, sir!" said the Colonel, purple where he had been crimson, mulberry-black where he had been purple, and screwing with a rasping sound at his bristling moustache: "Madame de Roux is on a visit to some young relatives at Bagneres. This perturbed and disaffected capital is no place for a soul so sensitive, a nature so impressionable as Madame's. I have

begged her to remain absent until these disturbances are calmed."

"A hundred thousand pardons! My Colonel, how idiotic of me not to have remembered that I had the honor of meeting Madame de Roux upon the Public Promenade at Bagneres only yesterday.....I ventured to accost Madame, and asked her whether I could have the honor to convey any message to you? Madame said 'None,' but added that she felt deliciously well. And to judge by appearances, there is no doubt but that the air of Bagneres agrees with her to a marvel!"

De Kerouatte reeled off this unblushing fabrication with an air of innocence ineffably insulting, inconceivably fraught with offence. De Roux could grow no blacker—against the congested duskiness of his face, his little red wild-boar's eyes showed pale pink and he clanked and jingled back into the Hotel.

The Colonel's gilt spurs had not long jingled over the tessellated pavement of the vestibule, before, from one of the smaller, private waiting-rooms, the figure of a lady emerged. She beckoned with a little hand, that had great blazing rubies on its slender finger and childlike wrist; and from a corner of the wide courtyard, crashing over the broken glass and shattered fragments of the carved stone wreaths that garlanded the high windows, came a little, dark brougham lined with gray velvet, a vehicle of the unpretending kind in which ladies who gambled on the Bourse were wont to drive to their stock-brokers, or in which ladies who gambled with their reputations were accustomed to be conveyed elsewhere.....

A nondescript official, neither lackey nor porter, still mottled and streaky in complexion from the recent alarm of the fusillade, emerged from some unlighted corner of the tall portico into the flaring yellow gaslight, followed the lady of the ermine mantle down the wide steps and with a zealous clumsiness suggestive of the Police, pushed forward to open the carriage door. Recoiling from his assiduous civility with pal-

pable uneasiness, the lady shook her veiled head. The intruder persisted, prevailed; and in that instant found himself thrust aside by the vigorous arm and powerful shoulder of a tall, heavily built young man in the chocolate, gold-buttoned, semi-military undress frock that distinguishes secretaries and *attachés* of the Ministry.

"You presume, my friend!" said a voice the lady knew; and as she rustled to her seat, and settled there with nestling, bird-like movements, a light brown, carefully curled head bent towards her. The scent of cigars and the fashionable red jasmine came to her with the entreaty:

"There may be peril for you in these streets Will you not let me accompany you home?"

"In that coat..... Not for the world!" said a soft voice through the intervening veil, and the warm perfumed darkness of the little brougham. "You would expose me to the very peril you are anxious to avert."

"True!" he said, repentant. "I was a fool not to remember! Grant but a moment and the coat is changed!"

"I would grant more than a moment," she answered in a voice of strange, ineffable cadences, "to the wearer, were the coat of the right color!" A little trill of laughter, ending the sentence, robbed it of weight, while adding subtlety. But its meaning went to the quick. De Moulny sighed out into the fragrant darkness:

"Oh—Henriette! Henriette!"

She continued as though she had not heard:

"And I hope to see you wearing it—a little later on. Good-night, my friend. Do not be anxious for my safety. My coachman will be cautious. All will be well!" She added: "You see I am becoming prudent, rather late in the day."

He said, and his tone grated:

"They will mark the day in the calendar with red."

A sob set the warm sweet air within the enchanted brougham vibrating.

"You are too cruel. I have been guilty of an act of unpardonable folly.

But who would have dreamed of so terrible a result?"

"Anyone," he answered her in a bitter undertone, "who has ever set a kindled match to gunpowder or poured alcohol upon a blazing fire!"

The light from the carriage-lamps showed his white face plainly. His hard blue eyes frightened her—his forehead seemed that of a judge. She shivered, and her whisper was as piercing as a scream:

"Or dared a woman to commit an act of rashness. Do not you in your heart condemn me as a murderer? Your tongue may deny it, but your eyes have told me that instead of rolling in a carriage over those bloodstained stones beyond these gates, I should crawl over them upon my hands and knees. Is it not so, Alain?"

Between the thick frosted flowers of her veil, her brilliant glance penetrated him. A cold little creeping shudder stiffened the hair upon his scalp and trickled down between his broad shoulders like melted snow. . . . Her breath came to him as a breeze that has passed over a field of flowering clover. Her lips, as they uttered his name, stung him to the anguish longing for their kiss.

"I have not condemned you!" he muttered. "Do not be unjust to me!"

She breathed in a whisper that touched his forehead like a caress:

"Had you reproached me, you would have been in the right. Well, dare me again!—to denounce the person guilty of this massacre. . . . I am quite capable of doing it, I give you my word! . . . Perhaps they would send me to Ham! . . . Who knows?"

A nervous titter escaped her. She bent her head, trying to stifle it, but it would have its way. She caught the lace of her veil in her little white teeth and nipped it. De Moulny saw the creamy rounded throat that was clasped by a chain of diamonds, swell within the ermine collar. He knew, as he inhaled the seductive fragrance that emanated from her, the exquisite allure of whiteness against white. Visions so poignant were evoked, that he remained spellbound, leaning to her, drinking her in. She continued, and now with real agitation:

"I shall see them in my dreams, those dead men in blouses—if ever I sleep again! . . . Ah, bah! Horrible! . . . Please tell the coachman home. Rue de Sèvres." She added before he withdrew his head to obey her: "Unless I take the Prefecture of Police upon my way? . . ."

He retorted with violence:

"Be silent! You shall not torture me as you are doing!"

"Then," she said, with another hysterical stifled titter, "pray tell the coachman to take me home."

He told the man, who leaned a haggard face from the box to listen; and added a warning to drive through the most unfrequented streets and to be careful of Madame. To Madame he said, hovering over her for another fascinated instant before he shut the carriage door upon the warm seductive sweetness:

"Remember, you are not to be held accountable for a moment of madness. You never meant to pull the trigger. I swear that you did not!"

He drew back his head and shut the door. The window was down, and he looked in over it to say again: "Remember!" A whisper caught his ear:

"The pistol. . . . Where is it?"

He touched himself significantly upon the breast.

"I have it here. I shall keep it! You are not to be trusted with such dangerous things, impulsive and excitable as you are."

"Dear friend, such weapons are to be bought where one will, and those who sell them do not inquire into the temperament of the buyer. Tell me something, Alain! . . ."

He said in a passionate undertone:

"I love you to madness! . . . Henriette! . . ."

"Ah, not that now, dear friend, I beg of you!"

"Henriette, I implore you——"

A small warm velvet hand alighted on de Moulny's mouth. He kissed it devouringly. It was drawn away, and next instant the sweet, sighing voice launched a poisoned dart that pierced him to the marrow:

"Tell me, Alain! If I pulled the trigger of the pistol in a moment of

madness, were you quite sane when you cried out 'Fire!'?"

She pulled up the window as de Moulny, with a deathly face, fell back from it. The coachman, taking the sound as a signal, whipped up the eager horse. The little brougham rolled through the tall gateway into the frosty fog that hung down like a gray curtain over the bloody pavement, and was swallowed up in the mad whirlpool of Insurrection, to be cast up again on the shores of the Second Republic of France.

Follow, not the furtive little brougham, but Dunoisse, rejected of Death, perhaps because he courted the grim mower.... Follow him through the populous fog to the corner of the Rue Lafitte, where the scattered units of the shattered column of bloused men and wild-eyed women had assembled in front of the Café Tortoni, occupying the angle between this street and the boulevard.

A bearded man, the same who had carried the Red Flag, was addressing the people from the steps of the Café. Dunoisse, like a striving swimmer, battled in the muddy waves of that same sea, in the endeavor to reach the steps where raved the orator. But when at last he gained the steps, and the mingling glare and flare of the oil-lamps and the gas showed up the loathed gray-blue and red of the Line the cry that went up from all those hot and steaming throats was as the howl of ravening wolves:

"Murderer! Accursed! Back to your corps! Down with the Ministry! Down with the Line!".....

A hundred hands, some of them stained with red, thrust out to seize Dunoisse and tear and rend him. A hundred voices demanded his blood in expiation, his life for all those lives spilled on the paving-stones of the Boulevard des Capucines.....

"Take it if you will!" cried Dunoisse at the fullest pitch of his clear hard ringing voice, "but let me speak!"

"What is it to me what you do?" he cried. "Death comes to all sooner or later. But upon the honor of a

gentleman! on the parole of an officer!—I gave no order to fire. The shot came from behind! The voice that cried 'Fire!' was not mine. I swear it upon the faith of a Catholic!"

This was not a popular asseveration. The voice of the speaker was drowned in execrations:

"Ah, malefactor! Assassin! Down with him! Down with the priests! Death to the Army! Long live Reform!"

A man with a musket leaped on the steps, and levelled the loaded weapon; the unfortunate young officer looked at him with a smile. Death would have been so simple a way out of the *cul-de-sac* in which Dunoisse now found himself. For if the People would not believe, neither would the Army. He was, thanks to this cruel freak of Fate, a broken, ruined man. Perhaps his face conveyed his horrible despair, for the fury of the crowd abated; they ceased to threaten, but they would not listen; they turned sullenly away. And the bearded man who had carried the Red Flag, tapped him on the epaulet, made a significant gesture, and said contemptuously:

"Be off with you!"

Dunoisse, abandoned even by Death, looked at the speaker blankly. He was burnt out; the taste of ashes was bitter in his mouth.

He knew that this meant black ruin if the Monarchy stood, and ruin blacker still if Red Revolution swept the Monarchy into the gutter. Whose was the hand that had been guilty of the fatal pistol-shot?

He knew, or thought he knew—for the voice that had cried out "Fire!" had been undoubtedly de Moulny's. And the anguish he tasted was of the poignant, exquisite quality that we may only know when the hand that has stabbed us under cover of the dark has been proved to be that of a friend.

XXIX.

The people collected their dead and their wounded, and commandeered waggons, and loaded them with the pale harvest reaped from the bloody paving-

stones before the great gateway and the tall gilded railings and the chipped facade with the shattered windows, behind which the unpopular driver of the Coach of the Crown sat gripping the broken reins of State.

The noise of firing, and of furious cries, with the clanging of church-bells, sounding the tocsin at the bidding of Revolutionary hands, reached the ears of Pale Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, and must have shrieked in them that all was over!

For all was over even before the Place du Palais Royal was filled by thousands of armed insurgents; before the Palais was stormed and gutted; before the Fifth Legion of the National Guard marched upon the Tuileries; followed by the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth: before the Deed of Abdication was signed and the Royal dwelling emptied of its garrison.

With the aid of the English Admiralty, and the British Consul at Havre, Mr. Thomas Smith, his lady and their grandchildren, obtained berths on the *Express* packet-boat, and the voyage to Newhaven was accomplished without disaster. Claremont received the Royal refugees; the Tory organs of the English Press were distinctly sympathetic; even the ultra-Whig prints, amidst stirring descriptions of barricade-fighting and the carnage on the Boulevard des Capucines, refrained from the dubious sport of mud-throwing at the monarch all shaven and shorn. . . .

The popular Reviews devoted some pages to the favorable comparison of peaceable, contented, happy England (then pinched and gaunt with recent famine, breaking out in angry spots with Chartist riots)—with feverish, frantic, furious France.

You are to imagine, amidst what burning of powder and enthusiasm, what singing of the *Marseillaise* and the *Chant des Girondins* by the multitudes of patriots in the streets, as by red-capped *prime donne* at the Opera, was carried out the refurbishing and gilding of those three ancient Jagannaths, baptised so long ago in human blood

by the divine names of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

And you are to suppose yourself witness—many similar scenes being enacted elsewhere—of the White Flag of Orleans being hauled down from above the gilded bronze gates and the great central Pavilion of the Palace of the Tuileries, and the Tricolor breaking out in its place. ,

Conceive, this being accomplished with bloodshed, and sweat, and frezy; France neighing for a new paramour, even as the perfumed and adorned harlot of Holy Writ. He came, as for her bitter scourging it was written he should come. . . . From what depths he rose up, with his dull, inscrutable eyes, his manner silky, ingratiating, suave as that of the Swiss-Italian manager of a restaurant grill-room; his consummate insincerity, his hidden aims and secret ambitions; and his horribly-evident, humiliating galling impecuniosity, it is for a great writer and satirist to tell in days to be.

All the blood shed in that accursed December of the Coup d'Etat of 1851 flowed quickly away down the Paris gutters; it has vanished from the pavements of the Rue Montmartre, and from the flagstones of the courtyard of the Prefecture; was drunk by the thirsty gravel of the Champ de Mars, where *battues* of human beings were carried out, but it has left its indelible stain behind. . . .

Scrape me a pinch of dust from those dark, accusing, ominous patches; and pound therewith a fragment of the mouldering skull of a British soldier (of all those hundreds that lie buried in the pest-pits of Varna, and in those deep trenches beside the lake of Devina, one can well be spared). Compound from the soil of Crim Tartary (enriched so well with French and English blood) a jet-black pigment. Dilute with water from the River Alma. And then, with ink so made, write down the name of Charles Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, the Prince of Pretenders, who became by fraud and craft and treachery and murder, Emperor of France.

XXX.

Dunoisse had anticipated as the result of that fatal volley a Court-Martial Inquiry under auspices Monarchical or Republican—and in the absence of indisputable evidence that the word of command to fire had not been given by the officer accused, a sentence of dismissal of that unlucky functionary from the Army.

The sword did not fall. The Assistant-Adjutant remained suspended from his duties, and in confinement at his quarters in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, exactly five days; during which Paris seethed like a boiling pot. Various documents, clumsily printed in smeary ink upon paper of official buff, reached Dunoisse during this period of detention; and whereas Number One was headed by the arms of the Reigning House of Bourbon, Number Two displayed a significant blotch of sable printing-ink in lieu of that ornate device; with "REPUBLIC OF FRANCE" stamped in bold Roman capitals across the upper margin.

Monsieur the Marshall, despite his increasing infirmities, enlivened his son's captivity with occasional visits. The smell of blood and gunpowder, the thunder of cannon and the summons of the trumpet, had made the old war-horse prick up his ears, neigh and prance about in his cosy paddock. He pooh-poohed the notion of a Court-Martial. Absorbing immense pinches of snuff, he argued—and not without point—that a Republican Government could hardly visit with the scourges of condign displeasure an act that had materially hastened the downfall of the Monarchy.

"You will see! . . . It is as I say! . . . This arrest is a mere piece of official humbug. No doubt it was better for your own sake that you should not be seen in the streets for a day or so, one can conceive that!—these ultra-Reds have good memories and long knives, sacred name of a pig!"

The old man trumpeted in his yellow silk handkerchief, hobbling about the room in tremendous excitement, swing-

ing the ample skirts and heavy tassels of his Indian silk dressing-gown, twirling his gold-headed Malacca cane to the detriment of the inlaid furniture and the cabinets loaded with the chinaware and porcelain that had belonged to the lost Marie-Bathilde. . . .

"You gave the word to fire—why trouble to deny it? Upon my part, I defend the act!—I applaud it!—I admire! It was the idea of an Imperialist,—a move of strategical genius—fraught at a moment like this with profound political significance. *Sapristi!*—we shall have an Emperor crowned and reigning at the Tuileries, and you, with the Cross and a Staff appointment—you will learn what it means to have served a Bonaparte. Ha! hah, ha!"

"Sir," said his son, who had been looking out of the window during this tirade, and who now turned a sharp set face upon the father's gross, inflamed, triumphant visage: "you mistake. . . . I am not capable of committing murder for the furtherance of political ends or private ambitions. For this act that commands your admiration I am not responsible. I declare my innocence before Heaven! and shall to my latest breath, before the tribunals of men."

"Ta, ta, ta! Blague! rhodomontade! pure bosh and nonsense!" The Marshal took an immense double pinch of snuff. "Be as innocent as you please before Heaven, but if you value the esteem of men who *are* men—'Credieu!—and not priests and milksops, you will do well to appear what you call guilty. At this moment such a chance is yours as falls to not one man in a hundred thousand—as fell to me but once in my life. Make the most of it! You will if you are not absolutely a fool!"

And Monsieur the Marshal hobbled to the door, but came back to say:

"You appear not to have heard that His Hereditary Highness of Widinitz is dead. There can be no obligation upon you to refrain from appearing at ordinary social functions, but I presume you will accord to your grandfather's memory the customary tokens of respect? A band of crape upon the sleeve—a knot of crape upon the sword-

hilt will not compromise your dignity, or endanger your independence, I presume?"

"I presume not, sir!" said Hector with an unmoved face.

And the Marshal departed, spilling enough snuff upon the carpet to have made an old woman happy for a day . . . Later, an orderly from Headquarters in the Rue de l'Assyrie, brought from the younger Dunoisse's Chief—a purple-haired, fiery-faced personage, with whom the reader has already rubbed shoulders—the intimation that, pending official inquiry into a certain regrettable event, not more broadly particularized in words, the Assistant Adjutant of the 999th of the Line would be expected to return to his duties forthwith.

And within an hour of the receipt of this notification Dunoisse was the recipient of a little, lilac-tinted note, regretting in graceful terms that the writer had most unhappily been absent from home when M. Dunoisse had called; inviting him to a reception, to be held upon the following evening at the Rue de Sevres, Number Sixteen. . . .

That delicately-hued, subtly-perfumed little billet, penned in thick, brilliant violet ink in a small, clear, elegantly-characteristic handwriting, signed "Henriette de Roux." . . .

Ah! surely there was something about it that made Hector, in the very act of tossing it into the fire, pause and inhale its perfume yet again, and slip it between the pages of a blue-covered Manual of Cavalry Tactics that lay in a litter of gloves, studs, collars, and razors, small change and handkerchiefs, cigars and toothpicks, upon the Empire dressing-table, whose mirror had framed the wild, dark, brilliant beauty of the Princess Marie-Bathilde. . . . The features it gave back now, clear, salient, striking, vigorous in outline as those representing the young Bacchus upon a coin of old Etruria, were very like the mother's. And their beauty, evoking the careless, admiring comment of a coquette, had stained the pavement before the Hotel of the Ministry of For-

eign Affairs with blood that was to darken it for many a day to come.

The invitation, coming from such a source, could not be declined—must be regarded as an order. Dunoisse wrote a line of acceptance, despatched it by his soldier-valet,—and went out.

The streets of Paris still ran thick with the human flood that ebbed and flowed, surged and swirled, roaring as it went with a voice like the voice of the sea. . . . Bands of military students and Gardes Mobiles patrolled the upheaved streets—National Guards fraternised with the people, while squadrons of mounted chasseurs and detachments of Municipal Guards patrolled the thoroughfares, and Commissaries of Police bore down on stationary groups and coagulated masses of the vast crowd, crying:

"Circulate! In the Name Of The Republic!"—with little more success than when they had adjured it in the name of fallen Majesty and impotent Law, to roll upon its way.

Dunoisse went to the Barracks in the Rue de l'Assyrie, and later to the Club of the Line, prepared for a chilly, even hostile reception. He met with elaborate cordiality from his equals, condescension as elaborate on the part of his superiors.

The Dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, the abolition of the Chamber of Peers, was in every mouth; the political convictions and personal qualifications of the members constituting the New Provisional Administration were discussed with heat and eagerness: the sporting odds given and taken upon and against the chances of the exiled Claimant to the Imperial Throne being permitted to return to France and canvass for election. Some said: "It will never be permitted," and others: "He has already been communicated with," and others even more positive announced: "He is now upon his way!" . . .

But not a single reference was made to the affair of the fusilade at the foreign Ministry, though a chance hint, dropped amidst the Babel, gave Dun-

oisie to understand that the Conservative-Republican and Democratic newspapers had not been so merciful.

Lives there the man who could have refrained, under the circumstances, from hunting through the files of the past week? It was a leading article in the *Avenement* that first caught the young man's eye, and what a whip of scorpions the anonymous writer wielded! What terrible parallels were drawn, what crushing epithets hurled at the unlucky head of the victim. . . .

And as though in mockery, yet another burden of shame must be piled upon the overlaid shoulders: a brief, contemptuous paragraph in the *Ordre* caught the young man's eye, referring in jesting terms to that pretentious mourning-hatchment mounted over the door of the paternal mansion

touching lightly on the vexed question of Succession, hinting that the Catholics of the Bavarian Principality of Widinitz were being stirred up by the agents of "a certain wealthy, unscrupulous impostor and intriguer" to rebel against the nomination, by the Council of the Germanic Federal Convention, of the Lutheran Archduke Luitpold of Widinitz, nephew of the departed Prince, as Regent. . . . And heavy clouds of anger and resentment gathered upon Dunoisse's forehead as he read.

They darkened upon him still when the night closed in, and he went home to his lonely rooms. Nor were they lightened by the hour that saw him, in the uniform of ceremony, and with that mourning-band upon the sleeve of the dark blue full-dress uniform frock, that the Princess Marie-Bathilde's son could not deny to the memory of her father, pitching and tossing in a hired cabriolet over the upheaved pavements of the Paris streets, on his way to the Rue de Sevres, where in a stately suite of apartments sufficiently near the Rue de l'Assyrie—once forming part of the ancient Cistercian convent of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, the de Roux were established with some degree of splendor; visited by certain of the lesser luminaries of the great world, and receiving the cream of military society.

XXXI

Dunoisse, to the ring of his dress-spurs upon the pavement, passed in by the glazed double-doors. A somnolent porter, rousing out of his chair, admitted the guest by yet another glass door to a handsome vestibule upon the ground floor, an orderly-sergeant of the 999th saluted his officer, received his cloak, shako, and sword, delivered him to a footman in light green livery with silver cords and shoulder-knots, whose roseate calves preceded him, across an ante-room of stately proportions, towards a high doorway, draped with curtains of deep crimson velvet tasselled with gold. Brilliant light streamed from between the curtains, warm fragrance was borne to the nostrils of the visitor with the hum of voices; the white shoulders of ladies, their ringleted heads wreathed in the charming fashion of the day, with natural flowers, moved across the shining vista, companioned by the figures of men in uniform, or lay-wear of the latest mode and most fashionable shades of color; or displaying the severe black frock-coat and tricolored rosette of the New Provisional Government of France.

A man thus distinguished was speaking, as the footman raised the crimson curtain and signed to Dunoisse to pass beneath. A cessation in the stream of general chatter had conveyed that the speaker was worth hearing. And in the dignity of the massively-proportioned figure, crowned by a leonine head of long waved auburn hair, in the deep melodious tones of the voice that rose and fell, swelled or sang at the will of the accomplished orator, there was something that fascinated the imagination and stirred the pulse.

"No, Madame, I do not despise Rank or Wealth," he said to a seated lady of graceful shape, whose face, like his own, was turned from the doorway and invisible to the entering guest. "But though I do not despise, I fear them. They should be handled as ancient chemists handled subtle poisons, wearing glass masks and gloves of steel."

No one answered. The speaker continued:

"That Kings have been noble and heroic—that Emperors have reigned who have been virtuous and honest men can be proved from the pages of History. Their reigns are threads of gold in a fabric of inky black. The reverence in which we hold their names proves them to have been prodigies. They, by some miracle of God or Nature—were not as evil as they might have been. . . . For, even as the handle of the racket used by the Eastern tyrant had been impregnated, by the skill of the wise physician, with healing agents; the juice of medicinal herbs that, entering by the pores, cleansed, purified, regenerated the leper's corrupted flesh; so in the folds of the ermine mantle there lurks deadly contagion: so, in the grasp of the jewelled truncheon of State there is a corroding poison that eats to the heart and brain."

The mellow-voiced orator ceased, and the silence into which the closing sentences had fallen was broken by the announcement of Dunoisse's name. The recent speaker glanced around as it was uttered. Only to one man could that pale, close-shaven, classic mask belong; only one brain could house behind the marble rampart of that splendid forehead, or speak in the flashing glances of those gold-bronze eagle-eyes. It was Victor Hugo; and the thrill a young man knows in the recognition of a hero, or the discovery of a demigod, went through Dunoisse, as amidst the rustling of silks and satins, the fluttering of fans and the agitation of many heads, curled, or ringleted or braided, that turned to stare, he moved over the pale Aubusson carpet towards the seated figure of a lady, indicated by the footman's whisper as the mistress of the house.

How soon the demigod was to be forgotten in the revelation of the goddess. . . .

As the writer of the lilac-colored note rose up, with supple indolent grace, amidst a whispering purplish-gray sea of crisp delicate silken flounces,—held out a small white hand flashing with di-

amonds and rubies—murmured something vaguely musical about being charmed;—as Dunoisse, having bent over the extended hand with the required degree of devotion, raised his head from the ceremonious salute, a pair of eyes that were, upon that particular night, hazel-green as brook-water in shadow, looked deep into his own. . . . And the heart beating behind the young soldier's Algerian medals knocked heavily once, twice, thrice!—as they knock behind the curtain of the Théâtre Français when the curtain is about to raise upon the First Act, and the strong young throat encircled by the stiff black-satin-covered leather stock, and the collar with the golden Staff thunderbolt, knew a choking sensation, and the blood hummed loudly in his ears.

A flame, subtle, electric, delicate and keen, had passed into him with the look of those eyes, with the touch of the little velvet hand that was fated to draw, what wild melody, what frenzied discords from the throbbing hearts of men. . . .

And the gates of his heart opened wide. And with a burst of triumphant music Henriette passed in,—and they were shut and locked and barred behind her.

XXXII

Ah! Henriette, what shall I say of you? How with this halting pen make you live and be for others as you exist and are for me?

There are men and women born upon this earth, who, walking lightly, yet print deep, ineffaceable footprints upon the age in which they live. The world is better for them; their breath has purified the atmosphere they existed in. . . . Ignorant of their predestination as they are, every word and act of theirs bears the seal of the Divine Intelligence. They are sent to do the work of the Most High.

And there are men and women who appear and vanish like shooting stars or falling meteors. Their path is traced in ruin and devastation, as the

path of the tornado, as the path of the locust is. And having accomplished their appointed work, they pass on like the destroying wind, like the winged devourer; leaving prone trees and ruined homes, wrecked ships, stripped fields—Death where there was Life.

Think of Henriette as one of the fatal forces, a velvet-voiced, black-haired woman, with a goddess's shape and a skin of cream, such little hands and feet as might have graced an Andalusian lady,—with mobile features—the mouth especially being capable of every variety of expression—and with great eyes of changing color, sometimes agate-brown, sometimes peridot-green, sometimes dusky gray. Shaping her image thus in words, I have conveyed to you nothing. No sorceress is unveiled, no wonder shown.

XXXIII

IT seemed to Dunoisee that he had always known her, always waited for her to reveal herself just in this manner, as she rose up amidst the crisping rustle of innumerable little flounces, outstretched the white arm partly veiled by the scarf of black flowered lace—shed the brilliance of her look upon him, and smiled like a naughty angel or a sweet mischievous child, saying in a soft voice that was strange to his ears and yet divinely familiar:

"So we meet at last?"

He found no better reply than:

"You were not at home, Madame, when I paid my visit of ceremony."

"I detest visits of ceremony," she said, and her tone robbed the words of harshness.

"Do you then turn all unknown visitors from your doors?" Dunoisee queried. Her smile almost dazzled him as she responded:

"No, Monsieur . . . I turn them into friends." Adding, as he stood confounded at the vast possibilities her words suggested: "And I have wished to know you. . . My husband has told me much. . . But in these time of disturbance, how is it possible to be

social? One can only remain quiescent, and look on while History is made."

"I have been quiescent enough, Heaven knows! — for nearly a week past," said Dunoise, "without even the consolation of looking on."

Her shadowy glance was full of kindness.

"I know! . . . Poor boy!" She added quickly: "Do not be offended at my calling you a boy. I am twenty-five nearly! . . . Old enough to be your elder sister, Monsieur. . . . Have you sisters? If so, I should like to call them friends."

"I had one sister," said Dunoise, his eyes upon a night-black curl that lay upon an ivory shoulder. "She died very young—a mere infant."

"Poor little angel!"

Henriette de Roux rather objected to children—thought them anything but little angels. But her white bosom heaved and fell, and a glittering tear trembled an instant on a sable eyelash. And so infectious is sentiment, that Hector, who dedicated a regret to the memory of the departed cherub on an average once a year, echoed her sigh.

The silver-coated roach, contemplating the dangling bait of the angler, is quite aware that for the innumerable generations the members of his family have succumbed to the attraction of the pill of paste that conceals the barbed hook. Yet he deliberately sucks it in, and is borne swiftly upwards, leaving in the round-eyed family circle a gap that is soon refilled.

That tear of Henriette's was the bait. When her sigh was echoed, it was to the feminine fisher of men significant as the slow, deliberate curtesy of the float is to the angler for the slimy children of the river. Variable as a fay in a rainbow, she smiled dazzlingly upon the young man; and said, touching him lightly upon the arm with her Spanish fan and leaning indolently back in the fauteuil that was almost hidden beneath the rippling wavelets of her purplish-gray flounces:

"Look round. Tell me what flower is most in evidence to-night?"

Thus bidden, Dunoisse turned his glance questingly about. A moment gave the answer. The corsage of every lady present, no matter of what costly hothouse blooms her bouquet and wreath might be composed, had its bunch of violets; the coat of every man displayed the Napoleonic emblem. His eyes went back to meet an intent look from Henriette. She said:

"You do not wear that flower, Monsieur!"

He returned her look with the answer:

"My military oath was of allegiance to a King. And though the King be discrowned and the Republic claims my services, I know nothing of an Empire—at least, not yet."

The irony stung. She bit her scarlet lip, and said, with a bright glance that triumphed and challenged:

"Unless the winds and tides have conspired against us, the Emperor will be in Paris to-night."

"Indeed!" The reports bandied, the bets made at the Club, came back upon Dunoisse's memory. He said:

"Then Prince Louis-Napoleon has determined to risk the step?"

She answered with energy:

"He is of a race that think little of risking. The son of Marshal Dunoisse should know that. . . . Ah! how it must grieve your father to know you indifferent to the great traditions of that noble family!"

Hector answered her with a darkening forehead:

"My father congratulated me upon good service rendered to the cause of Imperialism—only yesterday." He added as Madame de Roux opened her beautiful eyes inquiringly: "He is of the comprehensive majority who hold me guilty of that deed of bloodshed at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He——"

Dunoisse broke off. She had become so pale that he knew a shock of terror. Deep shadows filled the caves whence stared a pair of haunted eyes. There were hollows in her cheeks—lines about her mouth that he had never dreamed of. . . . A broken whis-

per came from the stiff white lips that said:

"Do not seem to notice. . . . It is the. . . heat! . . ."

Hector exquisitely distressed, forced his gaze elsewhere. Long seconds passed, during which he could hear her breathing; then the voice said:

"Thanks! . . . You may look at me now!"

He found her still pale, but without that bleak look of horror that had appalled him. She tried to smile with lips that had partly regained their hue. She asked, averting her gaze from him:

"Your father. . . . What did you answer to him when he—said that—that you had rendered good service to the Imperial cause?"

"I told him," Dunoisse answered her, "that I could testify to my innocence of that guilty deed before Heaven. And that I should assert it before the tribunals of men."

She murmured in a tone that gave the impression of breathlessness:

"There will be an official inquiry?"

Hector returned:

"This evening when I returned to my quarters to change my dress, I received a summons to appear before a Court-Martial of Investigation, to be held at the Barracks in three day's time. Perhaps with this cloud hanging over me I should not have accepted your invitation? but I thought. . . I imagined. . . you could not fail to know!"

She said, with a transient gleam of mockery in her glance, though her eyebrows were knitted as though in troubled reflection:

"Husbands do not tell their wives everything. And I am an Imperialist like your father. . . . How should I blame you for an act that counts to us? But we will speak of this later. . . . Here is Colonel de Roux. . . ."

Dunoisse's eyes involuntarily sought and found de Roux. The Countess made a signal with her Spanish fan. And as if a wire had been jerked, the purple-haired, blood-shot-eyed, elderly,

rouged dandy, the centre of a knot of ladies to whom he was playing the gallant, excused himself and crossed to his wife's side. He had been all cordiality and civility that morning in his office at the Barracks in the Rue de l'Assyrie; he was cordial and civil now, as he insinuated his arm through Dunoisse's and led him this way and that amongst his guests, presenting him to ladies, introducing men.

The gathering in the de Roux's drawing-room represented all ranks and classes of Society, severely excepting the exclusive circle of the Faubourg Saint Germain. There were Dukes of Empire creation with their Duchesses, there were peers of the Monarchy now defunct. Politicians, financiers, editors, and dandies rubbed shoulders with stars of the stage, and comets of the concert-room; painters great and small, and fashionable men of letters. And above all towered the massive figure and leonine head of the man who had been speaking when Dunoisse had been announced.

Free from self-consciousness as he was, Dunoisse, with the taint of the blood shed upon the Boulevard des Capucines hot upon his memory, was not slow in awakening to the fact that the majority of the women present regarded him with peculiar interest; and that many of their male companions turned eyeglasses his way. Several of the ladies curtsied . . . some of the gentlemen bowed low; more than one feathered dowager styled him "Serene Highness" and "Monseigneur." . . . And with a rush of angry blood to his temples and forehead, darkening still further his tawny-reddish skin, and adding to the brilliance of his black-diamond eyes, the young man realized that the fact of Paris being in the throes of Red Revolution had not deprived, in such eyes as these, the newspaper mooted question of the Widinitz Succession of its vulgar charm. And

that, on the strength of the hateful episode at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in combination with the intrigues of the Marshal, Sub-Adjutant Hector Dunoisse had become a personage to fawn upon and flatter, to invite and entertain.

The band of crape about his sleeve began to burn him. The now overcrowded drawing-rooms seemed suffocatingly hot. Madame de Roux had become the invisible, attractive nucleus of a crowd of civilian coats and blazing uniforms. . . . Dunoisse, alternately tempted by the thought of escape, teased by the desire to join that magic circle, was enduring the civilities of a group of ogling ladies and grinning exquisites with what outward patience he could muster, when he encountered, through a gap in the wall of heads and shoulders, the gaze of a pair of gold-bronze eagle eyes, glowing beneath a vast white forehead crowned with pale flowing locks of auburn hair.

For an instant he forgot his boredom, his desire to regain the side of Madame de Roux, or to escape from the perfumed, overheated rooms. He was grateful when a surge of the ever-thickening crowd of guests brought him within touch of the plainly-dressed, perfectly-mannered gentleman who was the elected chief and generalissimo of the Free Lances of Romance. But, as Dunoisse gained the Master's side, the tall rounded shape of Madame de Roux swept by, leaning on the arm of a white-haired general officer in a brilliant Staff uniform ablaze with decorations. . . . A knot of purple blossoms had fallen from amongst her laces as she went by. They lay close to his foot. He stooped and picked them up with a hand that was not quite steady. And as he mechanically lifted the violets to his face, still looking after the swaying, smoothly-gliding figure, he started, for Hugo spoke. The deep melodious voice said:

MacLean Magazine

Vol. xxvi

Toronto, July 1913

No. 3

“Am I a Whig or a Tory? I forget. As for Tories, I admire antiquity, particularly a ruin; even the relics of the Temple of Intolerance have a charm. I think I am a Tory. But even the Whigs give such good dinners, and are the most amusing. I think I am a Whig. But then the Tories are so moral, and morality is my forte; I must be a Tory. But the Whigs dress so much better; and an ill-dressed party, like an ill-dressed man, must be wrong. Yes! I am a decided Whig.

“And yet—I feel like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.

“I think I will be a Whig and Tory alternate nights, and then both will be pleased; or I have no objection, according to the fashion of the day, to take place under a Tory ministry, provided I may vote against them.”

This racy passage on party allegiance appearing in a now forgotten novel, “The Young Duke,” was quoted by Lord Cromer in his article on Disraeli in a June contemporary.—Editor.

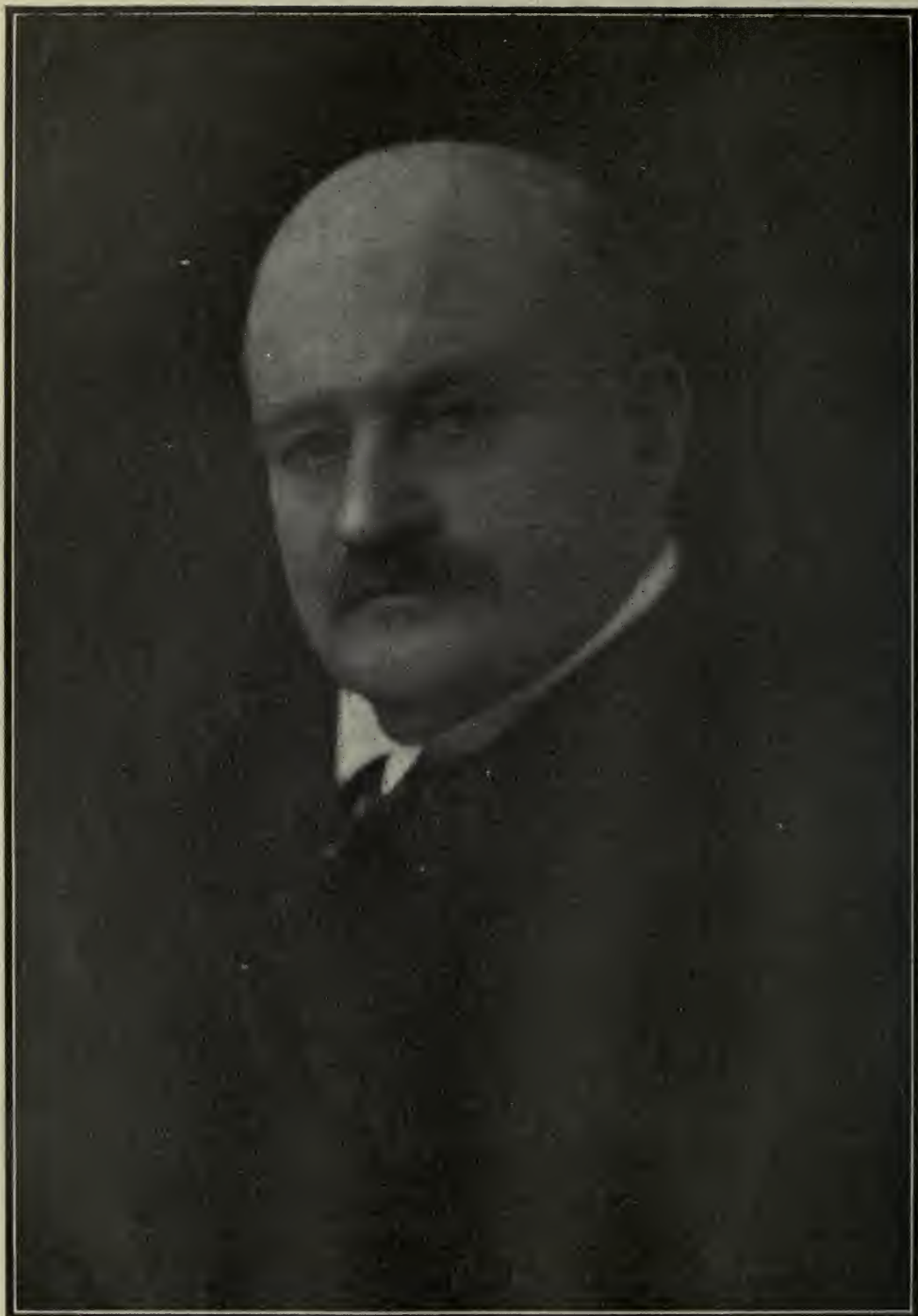
The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

Contents Copyright, 1913



COL. A. D. DAVIDSON,

“ His grandfather was a banker in the North of Ireland, and the tendency to dabble in finance seems to have jumped from him into the second generation.”

MACLEAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVI

Toronto July 1913

No. 3

The Story of Colonel Davidson

The majority of us who know the Canada of yesterday, to-day realize how fast the country has come to the front in the matter of material development through the past two decades. Looking at the previous decade when affairs moved with less acceleration, the observer is liable to moralize to the disadvantage of men of those days. In this sketch the author has shown us the vigorous and progressive qualities of a Canadian, personified during periods of depression and prosperity. Colonel Davidson's career in more ways than one typifies the opportunities in the pathway of the average Canadian youth.—Editor.

By Edward J. Moore

ONE afternoon last August when the C. N. R.'s Saskatchewan Express was sweeping along in the sunshine through miles of wheat and oats in a favored section of the West a well-to-do tourist, evidently from the Eastern States, was making rather complimentary remarks about the country.

"It knocks our own West to bits," he said, and a moment later: "Who made this country, anyhow?"

Replies to his previous questions had been given by a prosperous-looking farmer who had boarded the train a few stations back and who seemed to be familiar with the district. Two or three others who had been listening awaited his answer.

"Well," he said, slowly, after a moment's thinking, "I guess God put in the first licks, but it looks as if He'd called on Colonel Davidson to come out and finish up the job."

Putting irreverence aside, and surely none was seriously intended, in the light of what we now know, that farmer's answer seems to apply with remarkable aptness.

A good deal is said and written to-

day about the men who undertake big things. How does this strike you as a suggestion for an undertaking: To get a vision of worthwhileness in regard to a section of country about three times as large as the British Isles, which has been widely maligned as a place of no possibilities and without a future; to prove to your own satisfaction by a vast expenditure of personal effort that your vision was justified—that the country had glorious possibilities if properly treated; to tackle the materialization of that vision in a practical way; to bring into that country in justifying your personal judgment a million settlers of a type guaranteed to fit it—and to do all this, when mixed up in a host of other big things, *inside ten years*.

That surely is a man's job!

And yet this is but a mere outline of what Colonel A. D. Davidson has done for one section of Canada. Doesn't it really look as if Providence, in the peculiar way it frequently exercises, called him to it? He's doing work to-day as well, in several other spots in this country which will likely open our eyes—when we wake up to its importance

—as much as his achievement in the middle West has done.

Most of us wonder, when we hear of such things, what put the "do it" qualities into the man who did them and what those qualities are. This sketch aims to attempt to uncover at least a few of these points of character as well as to tell the story of a mighty interesting life.

How much Col. Davidson's forbears and bringing up had to do with it all, is rather problematical. He himself credits them with a great deal. Certain it is, at least, that they provided a staunch foundation and were the means of inculcating the basic qualities which when developed led the way to success.

A NATIVE OF GLENCOE.

Born in the little settlement of Glencoe, in Middlesex County, Ontario, nearly sixty years ago, of that admixture of Scotch and Irish blood which has provided so much of the virile and constructive human element in America's history, his early years on his father's farm seem to have been spent much in the same way as fell to the lot of the average country-born boy of that decade. His father, a Canadian pioneer, was a man of high character, keen intellect and imbued with a love for hard work. His mother seems to have given him his capacity for visions and she as well took care to lend her influence as to good habits, for the Colonel has told that when he left the home farm she made him promise *that he would never drink whiskey and never smoke*. That good mother rests easily in her grave so far as these promises are concerned. They have been steadfastly kept.

Those who remember young Davidson in this period give good reports of early characteristics which must have had a good deal to do with later results. Whatever he learned or undertook to do, he did *thoroughly*, whether it was caring for horses or piling wood, and, like his father, he displayed an early avidity for plain, hard work.

At nineteen a vision of bigger things than were provided by the Scottish settlement called him, and he decided to

look into the outside world. At that time the Canadian exodus was at its height, and when young men looked around for opportunities, there was thought to be only one place to turn to—"the States." Following the call, young Davidson landed first in the pine bush in Wisconsin. And here, it seems likely, he got a knowledge of the lumber business which afterward stood him in good stead.

Most of us who amount to anything have a peculiar time in our lives which we look back to as a stress period, and which was probably a season of testing. Andrew Davidson's seemed to come then. But he was equipped for it and won out. And the way the young Canadian conducted himself at this time is surely another index to what brought him later success.

LEAVES HOME WITH \$800.

In the fall of 1873, with \$800 cash in his pocket, the proceeds of a strenuous year in the bush, pursuing the call to bigger things, he entered a school of business and telegraphy in Janesville. . . . His get-ahead spirit is well evidenced in the incident other people tell as to how he kept that \$800 intact, depending on what he could do out of school hours to provide for his board. On graduation from this institution he made his first railway connection as agent and operator for the Green Bay and Minnesota Railway at Blair. During four years there he not only put his heart into his railway work, but he also put his balance at work among the farmers in buying produce. This latter investment led to the opening of a general store, grain and lumber business, and later of a bank, in Minneota, Minn.

Here again we get traces of his father's people. His grandfather was a banker in the north of Ireland and the tendency to dabble in finance seems to have jumped from him into the second generation. Three of Col. Davidson's brothers are bankers, and he himself still retains rather large interests in the same line of business.

A good story, which should be helpful as strongly illustrating the fact that



"With a spade, the principal item in his equipment, he rode back and forth through millions of acres of the questioned territory . . . and when in section after section he turned over the overlying layer of loam to find underneath the subsoil of clay . . . his faith was justified."

whatever one learns will come in useful some time. It seems scarcely likely that when he was exercising conscientious principles in the piling of wood back in Glencoe—as old residents there say he did—he thought such practical knowledge would come useful later. But it did.

HOW TO PILE WOOD.

During his occupancy of the railway position at Blair, the president of the road made frequent trips over the line, which was scarcely so extensive as the roads we are familiar with in Canada. On one of these, he is said to have evidenced some surprise at the small size of the woodpile at the wayside station. This, of course, was before the days of the use of coal and oil for locomotive fuel. The operator, seeing his opportunity, made it a point to explain to his superior why the supply seemed to disappear so rapidly, and incidentally demonstrated how wood should be piled. The Wisconsin farmers, it appears, just as they used to do in Canada, split

their cord wood in triangular section, and by piling it bark side down left considerable air space, "cat holes," all of which, of course, helped to fill out the cord measurement. Davidson's explanation and plan for providing against this imposition so impressed the president that the young man was "raised" on the spot to be official wood inspector for the road. Unfortunately, the new job was not particularly attractive, since it still included attention to his former duties at Blair.

Other interesting things happened in "the States," with which, however, we are not specially concerned, except as they affect his future dealings in Canada.

Amid ups and downs—and he has always had his fair share of both—he began to largely extend his business affairs. One of the big things in which he showed something new to the native Yankees was the buying and reclaiming of cut-over timber lands. Sections which had been looked upon as waste were treated intelligently, filled up with

the right kind of settlers, and are to-day among the most valuable agricultural property in Minnesota. In schemes of this kind he seems to have blazed the way for the infinitely larger projects of the same kind which followed a few years later. He continued also to widen his banking interests and became interested in iron deposits in the Lake Superior country.

Besides assuming these large business interests, Col. Davidson made himself a good citizen in other ways. While offered many civil and political offices, some of them as high as could be awarded in the State, he modestly turned these aside, accepting only the mayoralty of his own city, Little Falls. The versatility of his public interests is shown by the fact that he held a commission in the Minnesota National Guard, and was here given the rank of Colonel, a title which has been used familiarly since.

It is not surprising that with the breadth of Col. Davidson's operations, some of them should stretch across the Canadian border. Deep down in his heart, too, there had been working at times a spark of love for British soil and institutions which all the success and good things his adopted country could offer could not extinguish. He had been well treated over there. He had acquired a host of good friends and more of this world's goods than most of us even aspire to, but that patriotic spark kept on burning and eventually grew into a flame which inspired movement. Col. Davidson was under no necessity to leave Minnesota. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men would have stayed. But he had another of his visions, greater opportunities, greater power, perhaps, as well as the satisfying of that overpowering patriotic flame, and he decided to come back to Canada.

PATRIOTISM SHAPES ENDS.

It seems to have been with something of an inspiration of the theme with which this article is introduced that at a banquet given in his honor in Winnipeg about this time he gave utterance to a remarkably fine thing:

"After an absence of twenty-five years," he said, simply and modestly, as is characteristic, "I have come back among my fellow-countrymen to devote the rest of my life to settle and develop my native country, and if in the end it can be said that Canada is better off because I have lived, then my mission shall have been fulfilled."

How he set about to make good the promise of this speech makes a story of daring, astuteness, self-confidence and the unceasing application of that herein-much-referred-to factor, hard work, such as has been seldom seen in the history of this or any other continent.

The first part of the story is somewhat familiar. Most of us remember fairly well how, previous to 1897, after repeated failures by settlers who had used Eastern methods of farming, the larger part of what we now know as the great Canadian West was condemned as unfit for agriculture, or for that matter, for anything else. How that word was spread far and wide in this country, in England and on the continent, and how the West was maligned as a country without a future, without a hope.

In the face of all this, Col. Davidson, the man of visions, went to work. He had seen what he believed to be similar soil during his residence in the States, had seen it under proper treatment blossom almost as the rose, and he had an innate energy which urged him on to accomplishment.

ON HORSEBACK WITH A SPADE.

The story is somewhat familiar, too, of how, starting out from Winnipeg, to prove reasons for the faith that was in him, and with a spade as the principal item in his equipment, he rode on horseback back and forth through millions of acres of the questioned territory. Here another factor of his early training came into use. He had learned a good deal about soil on his father's farm back at Glencoe. He had added to this knowledge in his experiences in the States, and when in section after section he turned over the overlying layer of loam to find underneath the subsoil of clay—a combination he knew to be unbeatable for the growing of grain when properly han-



A typical homestead in the Rosthern district along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway.

dled—he was assured that his faith was justified.

He came out of the country and back to civilization to give the statement to the world that the soil of the Saskatchewan Valley and Western Canada in general was as suitable for wheat growing as any in the world.

Nor was this all. As a proof of his own belief this statement was backed up by the offer to buy any considerable quantity of land that might be put up. Nor was *this* all. He promised to settle this land with men who knew how to handle it, and going even further he forecast the assurance of the development of the country along the lines that ultimately have been followed.

Can you see what this meant to Canada—to the British Empire? Wasn't it the addition of a new empire, which had lain, as it were, behind a veil, with the addition at the same time of half to three-quarters of a billion of dollars in wealth?

One's brain evinces some little tendency to reel when confronted by the immensity of these things.

Col. Davidson, with his brother, A. R., one of the bankers, Mr. A. D. McRae, who was at that time and has

been ever since closely associated with him in his largest enterprises, and one or two others, bought his land—a million and a half acres of it—and was up against his promise to develop and settle it.

He knew where his settlers were. He had been sure of that before he made the promise. With the influx of immigrants into the mid-western States the value of land had risen. The farmers who owned this land had grown up learning how to handle it, and a large percentage of them were men who were ready to take reasonable chances for what promised big. Col. Davidson knew his people. The problem was to get them moving and to get them quick and in numbers. And here again the vision and the applied energy came into play.

A JOKE THAT ENDED DIFFERENTLY.

In June of that year, 1902, Col. Davidson was in Chicago, and was one day enjoying luncheon in the Union League Club with half a dozen banker friends. Quite incidentally, it seems, the question of his recent land purchase came up, and more as a joke, it appears, than seriously, the suggestion was made by

one of the bankers, that they might have been "let in" on some of these good things. The Colonel, joking also, said he had no objections, but that he was not drumming for partners. Then, as the story goes, the first man suggested that they, the members of the party, go up north and look over the proposition.

"All right," the Colonel said. "Come as my guests."

The query came back like a shot, "When are you going?"

Just about now the Canadian, with one of his flashes of inspiration, seemed to see a light. Probably he has formed other plans just as quickly since though they can scarcely have had so large results. He hadn't been thinking of the matter seriously and answered, "On the twenty-fifth. I've a private car with plenty of room in it."

With pleasantries about the trip the talk turned along other lines. The Colonel, however, continued to develop his plan and after luncheon walked over to the bank with his first questioner and put the matter to him seriously.

As a result those six and a dozen others—all of them bankers, of more than ordinary influence—took the trip, starting on the twenty-fifth, as at first jokingly proposed. The eighteen were enamoured of the northern country and on their return the plan was worked out on a larger scale. These men were so well treated and had so thoroughly enjoyed the outing that they were glad to extend similar invitations to their correspondents, friends and acquaintances in outside towns. In addition the Davidsons themselves got into it.

Mr. A. R. Davidson, who was a large factor in the enterprise, told the story to the writer the other day:

"We tried to reach," he said, "every man of known financial standing in the adjacent states and in consequence in the second excursion we had men from almost every city in Illinois, Michigan, New York, Ohio, Missouri, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, and I can scarcely tell where else.

DIPLOMACY WITH BANKERS.

The outing,—and it was planned to be such in actuality—was arranged first

on a basis of five carloads, but left Chicago with a full train of eleven cars, and another quota of excursionists was added at St. Paul. That year, too, the Western Bankers' Association was meeting at Crookston. Col. Davidson extended the same offer to the members of this organization as he had done to the Chicago men and a little later got into touch, with the same end in view, with the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce. When the excursion left Winnipeg the five cars had grown to three train loads and as a result 670 of the brightest and brainiest business and moneyed men of the continent, 600 of them bankers, men who knew a good proposition when they saw it, were taken through Manitoba and into the Davidson-discovered lands of Saskatchewan and Alberta. And they were well looked after. The firm had a corps of representatives along—not to sell lands, but to see that their guests had the time of their lives.

That excursion saw the use of many new ideas which have been adopted on similar occasions since. For instance, the cars were decorated with streamers bearing the legend, "Bound for the Saskatchewan Valley." Another feature was a quickly-organized press agency, the members of which sent sheafs of telegrams to their home papers every time the train stopped. One of the newspapermen was a correspondent of the London Times who happened to be in Canada at the time and his cables to England spread the story of the trip and its result there. This same man, by the way, is said to have coined the phrase, "The American Invasion," in one of his later cables.

Such conditions were incubative of enthusiasm. It had to get out somewhere. And alongside that enthusiasm in these hard-headed business men went a thorough interest in and appreciation of what they saw.

In all this lay one of Col. Davidson's frequently-exercised strokes of genius. These men saw the possibilities of the country as he himself had done under vastly different circumstances. There could be only one result. Inside of three days, so the story tells, the members of those excursion parties purchased with-



American home builders who had sold out their high-priced Iowa lands moving into the Kindersley district with their lumber and supplies.

out a word of solicitation 180,000 acres of Canadian land. The "*American Invasion*" had begun.

This, however, was only the beginning. The enthusiasm generated on that trip stuck after the excursionists got home and practically every man became an active agent, and the best kind of an agent, in his own city.

What followed? The firm saw how matters were moving, hastily organized a huge selling force covering all the likely section of the States of the Union and including at least 3,000 agents, and within seven months after the possibilities of the plan had struck Col. Davidson's mind at that club luncheon in Chicago, 1,200,000 acres of the firm's holdings had been disposed of.

THE TREK OF AMERICANS NORTHWARDS.

Big records were made at this time in the Davidson business. That was one of them, and one that may never again be equalled. Another was set when immigration commenced shortly afterward. The stream of farmers from the Western States to their homes into the new empire grew rapidly and kept on growing. In 1909 the stream was made up of about 100,000. In 1910 this figure crept up nearly to 300,000. Last year the number grew to 500,000. Within the past, ten years two million people, over half of them Americans, have trekked into the once-despised Western provinces. This is

Sig. 2.

characterized by those who know as the greatest movement of people and homes ever seen in this or any other century.

One exceedingly remarkable feature about it has been that these newcomers, practically all of them, were specially fitted for the conditions they were to meet—hand-picked fruit, so to speak—and to this more than anything else may be attributed the great success which has followed the "*American Invasion*" of the West.

But let us shift the scenery. What Col. Davidson did for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, he is now doing for British Columbia. A visit to the Coast in 1905—possibly inspired by Providence again—so enamoured him of the industrial possibilities of the province that he spent several weeks "looking over the ground," and during that time took up option on various enormous propositions. Since then he has seen to the investment of millions of dollars in these and other enterprises and is still developing. His interests here are many and various, running the gamut from coal mining to whaling. Two of the most notable, in both of which, by the way, he sits in the president's chair, are the Canadian Western Lumber Company, whose mills at Fraser River, near New Westminster, are the largest in existence, and the Columbia River Lumber Company, of Golden. Lists of other interests might be interesting to some, but to assure their com-

pleteness would be practically impossible.

COUPLES UP WITH THE C. N. R.

Colonization and railways naturally go together. It is not at all suprising then that Col. Davidson's colossal projects in the former attracted the attention of Canada's native-born railway magnates, Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, and that close relations were entered into with mutual benefit. In 1905, he was appointed Land Commissioner of the C. N. R., and since then he has had a good-sized finger in most of the pies baked up by this influential corporation. One of the later forms of Col. Davidson's work as Land Commissioner has been the inception and development of the Model City at Montreal and the new Leaside town-site at Toronto in connection with Canadian Northern extensions, and these have been accomplishments which would be considered extraordinary by most men. They are different, however, from the development of the Western lands as related above. That was an achievement such as comes to one man in a century. The others are more in the nature of coups, where astuteness and finesse, rather than long-sustained effort, brought the result.

Col. Davidson tells the story of these recent transactions as if they were quite ordinary occurrences.

"When the proposal to get the C.N.R. into Montreal came up," he began, "the other railways said 'Let 'em come. How'll they get in? Where will they get their terminals?' In discussing the matter with the Executive, I said: 'How are you going to get in?' When they said 'Tunnel,' I saw the way to pay for the right of way and the terminals. Shortly afterwards," the colonel went on, with a smile, as if still pleased at the way his scheme had worked out, "I went to Montreal, established myself in rather an obscure corner of the city, kept away from the hotels and clubs, and working quietly, got hold of the whole of that property behind the mountain without the public knowing anything about it. The same plan worked out at Leaside. When we started in there the buying was attributed to the C.P.R. Then after we got the whole business practically closed up the real estate men woke up and the papers were full of it."

"I had an interesting experience a little while ago out in Vancouver," the Colonel goes on. And here follows another story of the successful surmounting of obstacles. Out there the C. N. R. was face to face with practically the same difficulty regarding terminals.

After seven months of negotiation with the municipal authorities the plan has been worked out of reclaiming a large area of tide flats behind a breakwater. Of this reclaimed land the city will get from ten to twelve acres on Main Street with a value of several millions. Part of the new land will be used for park purposes and on the remainder will be placed one of the finest stations in Canada.

So much for achievement. What about the man himself? Suppose we try to get a little more intimate with him.

Such an acquaintance is not difficult to accomplish for, in spite of close devotion to his large interests, which naturally make his time exceedingly valuable, Col. Davidson is most approachable.

A PERSONAL TOUCH.

His appearance does not belie his achievement. He is in height slightly above the medium, sturdily built and with a body and movements showing no traces of the strenuous life he must have lived. His head is of the constructive type with strong features, of which the chin, is particularly noticeable, and character and virility are evident in abundance. Clean living—remember that promise regarding smoking and drinking made to his mother in Glencoe forty years or more ago—has left him with a color which many a maiden in her teens would envy. The only visible physical indication that the years are passing is a slight tendency to grayness at the edge of his decidedly-scanty supply of hair. The neatly-trimmed moustache still preserves most of its early dark brown. Three deep wrinkles on the high brow, which have been retouched from the photograph accompanying this article, might seem to give some indication of the marks of the years, but, peculiarly enough, these same wrinkles, furrowed almost as deep, are clearly seen in a tintype taken at the time he first left home.

Colonel Davidson dresses well, neither ostentatiously nor carelessly, but in such a way as befits his position and affords him comfort. Altogether he would



A 960-acre farm on land sold by the Davidsons to Yankee capitalists in 1902, and later sold by them to farmers from Minnesota.

impress a stranger anywhere as being the type of man he really is.

One is impressed by his career, by his own stories, by what his associates tell of him, as a man who gets his fun out of his work. He may have other hobbies, but if so, they are kept well in the background. On second thought there isn't much chance for hobbies to occupy even a minor place, for he has no time for them. One is told that the best time to see him is around eight a.m. He is nearly always in his office by that hour or very shortly afterward, and if special matters press, he makes it seven or even five. His business day ends when he gets through, usually some time after six.

WHY HE WAS SUCCESSFUL.

But when he does finish his business he leaves it. That, according to his friends, is the secret of his remarkable freshness and cheerfulness. He does not worry, and if matters do go crooked he leaves them in his office to look after themselves. Other outstanding characteristics are his modesty and his simple straightforwardness, rather unusual qualities with a man of his worldly experience.

Probably another reason for Colonel Davidson's preservation is the happiness

of his home life. He married, early in his career, Miss Ella F. McRae, of London, a daughter of one of the old Glencoe families, and to Mrs. Davidson's continual help and sympathy in his struggles and successes he pays heartfelt tribute. At the present time they are occupying Sir Donald Mann's house in St. George Street, Toronto, but Colonel Davidson has in contemplation in the near future the erection of a new home, which will also be in Toronto.

An earlier paragraph tells of the military honors which came to Colonel Davidson for service rendered in Minnesota. His "colonel," is, however, of Canadian as well as of American bestowment, one of the titles he values highly being an Honorary Colonelcy on the Headquarters staff of the Canadian militia.

Col. Davidson sits comfortably in his chair at a neatly-appointed table in the Board Room of the offices of Davidson & McRae in King Street East, Toronto, and turns a little aside as he formulates answers to one's questions. Then, having given the reply, he turns quickly to meet one's eyes, as if to see whether his idea has been grasped.

"What effect will the great movement of United States farmers into the West have on our future relations with Great Britain?" he was asked.

"Well," after a moment's thought, "the children

of these Americans are just as much Canadians as you and I. Eighty-five per cent. of their fathers have taken out their papers. They want to have a hand in running the country. Isn't that a pretty good index of how the future will work out?"

"How were you able to influence these people, apparently so easily, to leave their homes in the States and come to Canada?"

"The primary reason," comes the answer, "lay in the difference in the price of the land. When these men, most of them fairly young, in the Dakotas and Iowa, say, were able to sell their farms for \$100 an acre and could come to Canada and pick up virgin soil of about the same quality as they left, at \$5 an acre—though now it's \$15 to \$20—the proposition looked good. Coupled with this is the fact that perhaps thirty per cent. of them were expatriated Canadians. These men talked of the old home, got letters from their friends here, brought up their children to think of it as home, and when the opportunity offered they started back, bringing a good neighbor or two with them. The newspapers and some people talk a lot of silly hash about the better laws of Canada having been an attractive feature, but there is little in it. The laws are, perhaps, better enforced over here, but that has had little to do with the movement."

"How long will the movement continue, Col. Davidson? Will the supply of desirable American settlers hold out?"

"Just so long," the reply comes back rapidly, having been already thought out for himself, "just so long as we have land to dispose of in the three provinces; so long as good opportunities are offered, and," with a smile, "so long as the country gets good government."

"How did the people of the United States feel about this outflow of farmers? Wasn't there some hard feeling against you in your old home States?"

Quick as a flash comes the answer: "We loaned them two millions in forty years, and did a good deal to develop their middle West. We're only getting our own back." In his modesty Col. Davidson says little regarding his own beneficial work in the States. "Naturally some of them felt a little hard against me at the beginning of the trek."

COULD JUDGE MEN.

There is no doubt but that one evidence of Col. Davidson's genius has been his ability to surround himself with men who could carry out his ideas. His great work, as is manifest, could not be done without a host of such men, and the story of how he has helped hundreds of deserving young men is familiar enough not to need repetition. Particularly interesting to all young men, then, should be his reply to the following question:

"What special characteristics or qualities do you look for in the young men whom you take into your service?"

"That's rather a difficult question to answer directly," he said. "Most of our young men have grown up with the business. If they behave themselves and are willing to work"—one realizes that this latter requirement means something—"they usually get along."

"I can't say that I look for special

characteristics in men," he went on, after a moment's thought. "But when I want a man from outside for any special work I always seem to know where to lay my hand on him. I'll show you what I mean by a story. A few years ago when I was making a crossing on the Mauretania we got into Fishguard in rather bad weather, and I was a good deal interested in watching the attempts of a tender from the harbor to get alongside the steamer for passengers and mails. The man running that tender tried for perhaps an hour and a half before he finally got to us. I inquired then as to who the chap was and a little time later when we wanted a man for the European head of our steamship line he was offered the place, and," continued the Colonel, with what one feels is personal satisfaction in the vindication of his choice, "he took it and has done fine work for us."

"If I run, say, into a railway wreck," he went on, as if such a happening was quite an ordinary occurrence, "and see a man directing matters in a way that pleases me, I remember him, and later on, when a man is needed for a special place, he occurs to me and is brought along."

*And one sees, after all, that it is only the application of these qualities—developing them as he went along—that has assured Col. Davidson's huge successes. And, as he said himself in Vancouver the other day, when being congratulated for his courage and foresight in connection with the completion of the railway deal referred to previously, he has only made a start. One feels that there are many years yet of successful effort in that rugged body and unspoiled brain and one can only conjecture as to the wonderful things the future may see him accomplish.

One of the neighbors of the Davidsons at Glencoe, who saw "Andy," as he familiarly speaks of him in that day, grow up, and who has followed his career with close attention, summed the matter up most ably and succinctly when he said, a little time ago: "*Colonel Davidson is truly a self-made man and he certainly made a good job of it.*"



The Discovery of Canada

By Elbert Hubbard

I once heard Canada described by a high school sophomore as "that tract of land just opposite Buffalo, New York."

Mention Canada to some Americans, and delightful remembrances spring up of a good square meal at St. Thomas, on the line of the Michigan Central. That's about all there is of it.

"They little know of England who only England know," sings Rudyard Kipling. Also, they lit-

tle know of the world who only the United States know.

If the Honorable Champ Clark had ever visited Canada, he would not have made that indiscreet remark about annexation, which was taken seriously by a great political party and blazoned to the world as a sample of Yankee intent.

Theodore Roosevelt knows nothing of Canada. Woodrow Wilson has heard of it.

The average citizen of the States is too busy with his own affairs, too thoroughly immersed in his own interests, to take a good look to the North.

When he thinks of the North, he thinks of Dr. Cook, and before his gaze spring visions of the Ananias Club. And really if you would tell the average Yankee the truth about Canada he would say you were qualifying for the Ananias Club.

In order that the world shall not longer wander in Egyptian darkness concerning Canada, I want to here set down a few facts.

Mark Twain says, "Truth is such a precious article; let's all economize and use it!"

Anyway, we grow as we give. So here goes—starting with a bro-mide. Canada occupies that part of the North American Continent exactly north of the territory owned and duly occupied by the United States of America.

Canada extends from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, a distance of, say, four thousand miles east and west and the same distance north and south.

The Dominion of Canada covers 3,745,574 square miles. The

area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and possessions, 3,026,789 square miles.

Canada has only one-tenth the population of the States; that is, the United States has ninety million, Canada has nine million.

It is estimated that one million of the people in Canada were born in the United States. There is a constant, steady influx of Americans into Western Canada going on all the time, gradually increasing month by month. The reason of this is easy to understand: these Americans in Western Canada are making more money than they could probably make at home. Their exodus has been no error in judgment. If it were otherwise, you would find a tide of Americans going back to the States. But this is not the case. The American going back from Canada to the States is usually going *back to fetch his brother.*

The tide of emigration into Western Canada began to set in, say ten years ago. It is growing surely, little by little, until the immigration into Canada from the States in 1912 was greater than it was any year previous.

North and South, Canada has a territory of about a thousand miles that is arable and productive.

People who prophesy what Western Canada will be fifty years from now are bold to the point of rashness.

The men on the ground who have been here longest, dare not make an estimate.

The growth of the country has exceeded the wildest dreams even of the railroad promoter.

Canada has a greater extent of wheat-producing land than has the United States; a greater grazing ground; greater potential mineral wealth; greater lumber possibilities as yet untouched; greater potential electric water power; greater fisheries and fur industries.

In the year 1870, there was no wheat produced north of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

When the first steamboat was carried across to the Red River of the North in parts—pieces put together—and sent up to Fort Garry, the idea was that there would be traffic for the boat, because Fort Garry had to be fed with supplies brought from the South.

The wheat belt gradually moved north until it was discovered that wheat could be grown clear to Fort Garry, which is now the City of Winnipeg.

But now great crops of wheat, oats and flax are produced five hundred miles north of Winnipeg.

The soil is a black loam—practically the soil of Iowa and Illinois, evolved and produced by the same geologic conditions.

The mighty currents which once flowed over Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and the entire Mississippi Valley, covered the territory north as far as Hudson Bay.

Here and there are sandy streaks, which add to the warmth and the value of the land.

Figuring the hours of sunshine from April, say to September, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia have just as many hours of old Sol's beneficent rays as the people have in Wisconsin, this for the simple reason that as you go north, the length of the summer day increases.

At Saskatoon they play baseball in the evening, calling the game at seven-thirty. In July, you can read a newspaper on the veranda at ten o'clock at night, and at two-thirty in the morning the day dawns.

Nature is a great economist. Also, she is an opportunist, and where the season is short and the day is long, she improves the time, and you can absolutely actually see things grow.

.

The Missions of California were placed forty miles apart, from San Francisco to San Diego. Forty miles was a day's travel by horseback or by stagecoach.

Now the distance between stopping places is a night's ride, as you sleep, safely and securely in your Pullman.

From New York City, you go to Buffalo in a night. From Buffalo to Chicago is a night's ride.

Nobody goes through Chicago. Everybody stops and spends a day there, at least. No trains pass through Chicago. No. 1 and 2 not only hesitate, but absolutely stop in Chicago.

You leave Chicago in a beautiful electric-lighted train in the evening, and land at St. Paul or Minneapolis in the morning.

In the evening, you embark on another beautiful, complete, luxurious train, and reach Winnipeg in the early morning.

No one goes through Winnipeg. Every one stops here. You might stop longer, if you could get hotel accommodations. But while Winnipeg has several excellent hotels, they are filled until the walls bulge. Manitoba hotels are built with future traffic in mind, but when the hotel is completed, it is found to be too small.

Business booms and bustles at Winnipeg. Skyscrapers go up over night. You remain away from Winnipeg six months, and when you come back you have to hire somebody to conduct you around the town.

The one thing that has made Winnipeg is No. One Hard. That is, the discovery that wheat can be produced in big-paying crops.

Wheat is the world's staple food product. It is the one thing that has an intrinsic value—something which gold has not. Gold is only valuable where you can get something else for it. Value lies in things that are necessary to sustain life. When you think of life-sustaining products, just put wheat down as the first item on the list.

Wheat was once a weed, growing wild in the mountains of India. It was carried down into the valleys where the sunshine was warm and friendly. The soil was pulverized, water was applied, and the happy weed bloomed and blossomed and produced six or ten kernels where there was only one before.

"All wealth comes from labor applied to land," says Adam Smith. We add one word, and say, all wealth comes from intelligent labor applied to land.

Wheat was first grown successfully as a business in the valley of the Nile, where the water overflowed, and not only irrigated, but fertilized the land.

.

The story of Joseph and his brethren going down into Egypt in order to get "corn" to fight off starvation is no fairy tale. It is history, and tokens the struggle of the nations to live.

Wheat was raised on the plains of Assyria, and the example of the Nile was repeated along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

Civilization moved on to Greece, and wealth was computed in measures of wheat.

Rome ruled the world as long as she maintained a close and constant sympathy over the interests of the farmers. And when the farming land was devastated and the agrarians grew sick and tired and despondent, the rule of Rome languished and the borders of the Empire contracted until population was driven by the barbarians on the Eternal City, and starvation, pestilence and death followed.

Civilization moved on, and the City of Constantine arose. Little by little Europe increased in population, and always and forever the cities grew and clustered only in that territory where the wheat was brought down to market to feed the teeming population.

.

Fifty years ago the Genesee Valley, in New York, was the greatest wheat-producing district in America. The City of Rochester was called the "Flour City," because there at Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch launched an unforgettable epigram, "Some things can be done as well as others," grist mills grew prosperous grinding the grain into flour, and then sending it up and down the Erie Canal.

The wheat district moved gradually to the West—Southern Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois.

Then from Illinois, the wheat belt moved north into Wisconsin. And by 1870 it reached nearly to St. Paul and Minneapolis, but not quite.

A grain of wheat contains a wonderful intelligence. In its hard kernel life lies sleeping.

Wheat was used as the symbol of immortality by the Egyptians. They worshipped it as the token of life, and well they might, since it was the one thing that sustains life and made Egypt supreme in her day and generation.

The land that produces wheat, holds the key to the situation—and rules the world. If you have the thing that sustains life, you are master of life itself.

When the Canadian Pacific reached Manitoba and Winnipeg became a market for wheat, it ceased to be a trading-post, and became a city.

The C. P. R. carried the people out on to the prairies. They built homes, and tickled the soil with the plow that it might laugh a harvest. The land produced twenty, thirty, forty bushels of wheat to the acre. Of oats, there grew forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, perhaps a hundred bushels to the acre.

The C. P. R., heavily subsidized by the Government, given alternate sections of land fifty miles across the Continent—the whole thing built at a venture and a kind of gamble—soon found that it had a paying business. And yet the railroad men, who knew most about the country, never anticipated the extent to which this country would evolve.

Wheat was carried from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, the shipping port of Lake Superior.

Here elevators were built and the grain stored, and ships with wooden bottoms carried the grain to tide-water.

Soon larger ships were demanded, and we got "whalebacks" that carried ten times as many bushels of wheat as the old-time wooden steamboats did.

.

On May 1st, 1913, I saw the thrilling sight at Port Arthur of sixty steamships laden with wheat, starting southward, as the ice broke up. If these ships had been placed end on end, they would have measured four miles of solid sheet steel.

They carried a cargo valued at twenty million dollars.

The railroads so far have not been able to carry the crop out of Canada within the time when the farmer wanted to ship. The wheat-producing country has grown faster than transportation facilities.

But if one wants to realize the prosperity of the Canadian Pacific, let him remember that the net earnings of the Canadian Pacific in 1903 were eight million dollars; in 1912 they were thirty-eight million dollars. And these figures do not include receipts derived from the sale of land and the natural increase in valuations.

In a single year, the C. P. R. will be able to pay four per cent. on its preferred stock and have a balance left of over thirty million dollars.

The net earnings for 1913 will approximate a total of fifty million. The fixed charges are a little less than twelve million, leaving a surplus of over thirty-eight million dollars for double-tracking, bettering terminals, and making various other improvements.

For let it here be stated that it is the policy of the Canadian railroads to put back into the roads every dollar that is earned. Even the dividends paid come back, and more, too, because the roads are offering, from time to time, opportunities for its stockholders to reinvest.

.

Just here one might preach a little sermon to the lawmakers of the United States. There seems to be a general fear among poli-

ticians that some one individual will make too much money out of railroad building and railroad operating.

The fact is that so-called rich men are simply trustees. All they have, at best, is a life lease on the property.

If these men are producing wealth—digging it out of the soil, cutting it out of the forest, fishing it out of the sea, digging it out of the mines, manufacturing it into forms of use and beauty—this wealth is the heritage of society.

You will remember the question, "How much did the gentleman leave?" and the answer was, "All he had."

The idea of curtailing the production of wealth through vexatious, hampering legislation is something that the United States of America has got to abandon as a financial and economic policy.

Canada knights her big business men; the United States indicts hers.

The Provincial policy of guaranteeing railroad bonds and thus securing a big influx of money, is a very wide policy; and on this policy, practically, the great prosperity of Western Canada has turned.

One can readily understand, on visiting this growing and evolving country, why Canada sustains a great sentimental regard for the mother country.

There is a very tangible reason why Canada's heart should beat loyally and lovingly true to Great Britain.

The mother land is true to her children. There is a continual tide of British gold coming into Western Canada. And while the country itself is producing vast wealth from the soil, say in Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba, British Columbia—upwards of five hundred millions a year from the products of the grain fields—yet British gold is helping build this marvelous chain of cities, extending from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

Business now is based on friendship, and the most valuable asset in the world is good will.

It is necessary that Canada should have the good will of the Mother Country; and Canada, without thinking it out, perhaps, or analyzing it, is true to her instincts, and is carefully guarding her national credit.

She is adding to her good will. And so here come British investors making permanent investments, which are bound to bring them returns on their money, with ample security and dividends beyond the dreams of avarice.

Haldane—Lord Chancellor

In view of the increasing interest that is springing up mutually between Brit-
ishers and Canadians in matters military, social, political, and, let us hope, commer-
cial, the visit of one of the most important ministers of the British Cabinet during
this summer, points Mr. Eccles' contribution as a most timely and interesting one.
The law student will recall some interesting incidents in the Chancellor's professional
life through his association in Privy Council cases under Sir Oliver Mowat as
Attorney-General of Ontario. In the School Funds and Indian Annuities cases he
represented that province in the eighties. Later in 1896, when Sir Oliver was
Minister of Justice for Canada, he was employed as Canadian counsel in the Fisheries
dispute. It is reported that Sir Oliver Mowat remarked on one of these occasions
that young Haldane would yet make his mark in Imperial politics. The average
reader, who is not so informed, will be glad to look through Mr. Eccles' eyes for a
short time.—Editor.

By Linton Eccles

VISCOUNT HALDANE of Cloan, K.C., K.P., F.R.S., and Lord Chancellor of Britain, having asked for and received the king's permission, will visit Canada at the end of August. When his Lordship felt inclined to accept the invitation to be present at the congress of the American Bar Association in Montreal, it was not merely a consideration of consulting his diary and ordering his luggage—luggage in England, if you please!—to be packed. He had formally to ask permission of the King, and he had, not so formally, but more importantly, to consult the Prime Minister and other colleagues in the Cabinet. For, as you must remember, the Lord Chancellor of Britain and the Britains beside is a very important person in London. Without him on the Woolsack the House of Lords would not think of attending to its business, for what the Speaker is in the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor is in the other House, and more. For instance, he can do what no Speaker is allowed to do: he can get down from his elevated Woolsack—which isn't a

woolsack at all, really, but a very comfortably padded bench—and thump the Treasury table as hard and as often as he likes in party controversy. And so he is generally one of the leading debaters on the Government side.

The formality of asking the king's permission to leave England is one of the court traditions that have become inviolable rules, and it would be considered gravely irregular if a Minister of the Crown took French leave of absence without so much as "May it please Your Majesty," or an intimation through the Lord Chamberlain to the King's private secretary, which is as good as the same thing.

Two occupants of the Woolsack—one in the spacious days of King Henry-of-the-eight-or-so-wives, and the other nearer our grandparents' time—had to go on the Royal carpet to explain their journeyings abroad without consent. Great Cardinal Wolsey was the first transgressor. The arrogant church-statesman, who had acquired a habit of consulting his own policy and convenience first and those of his nominal

master afterwards, went tripping into the Low Countries, taking the Great Seal with him. The trouble was he did not keep the Seal in his valise, but used it for the stamping of important writs—a dereliction of duty that spelled into

had the sense not to impress it upon any unauthorized documents. He accepted an invitation to a house party at the Scottish seat of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, and, we are historically told, “romped so familiarly” with



Viscount Haldane as he appears to the man on the street.
From a recent photograph.

dreadful detail, as one of the articles of his impeachment afterwards.

Lord Brougham, who liked his glass and the ladies, was also indiscreet enough to leave the Capital with the Great Seal in his possession, though he

the misses there that in revenge they played upon him a trick that he remembered for the rest of his life. They stole the Great Seal and hid it in a tea-chest in the drawing-room—when tea was a luxury and the tea-caddy an ob-

ject of art. Nor would the naughty ladies confess to their mischief until the scared Brougham had made sufficient apologies for his conduct.

All of which, of course, though interesting tittle-tattle, has no bearing on Lord Haldane's coming trip. He is far too good a Scot to run any risk of this kind, and he certainly will not bring the Great Seal over to Canada. He may not bring even his famous wig, which is the wiggist of all legal headcoverings and a thing of awful wonder to the strangers who are fortunate enough to obtain a ticket of admission to the House of Lords. No, the Right Honorable Viscount will come as a plain-appearing man, but an outstanding personality at that.

GUEST OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

This is not the first occasion upon which a leading lawyer of Britain has been a distinguished guest of the American Bar Association. The able and famous Lord Russell, of Killowen, in 1896, when he was Lord Chief Justice, paid a fraternal visit to the United States. He came at a ticklish period in Anglo-American Diplomacy, when the Behring Sea Arbitration was proceeding, so that a notable address which he delivered at Saratoga on "Arbitration: Its Origin, History and Prospects," was regarded as of great significance. Perhaps Viscount Haldane, who has no constitutional dislike of public speaking, may take occasion at Montreal to add a notable postscript to the recent oration of the Hon. W. J. Bryan before the Hundred Years of Peace delegates.

A STUDENT OF HEGEL.

The man who was born fifty-seven years ago and christened Richard Burdon Haldane is a curious blend of the ideal and the practical. It takes some breadth of view to descend from the cloudlands of Hegelianism to the level of the political party platform. With breadth of view it requires a powerful intellect driven by a strong feeling of sympathy with one's lesser-brained fellows. Lord Haldane's forbears, whilst their earnestness and devotion cannot

be questioned, were too deeply involved in taking sides in Scottish religious controversy to develop overmuch susceptibility to opinions that were opposite to their own. Probably if Lord Haldane had followed the ancestral evangelicalism instead of choosing politics and the law, his sympathies would have been much narrower than they are. Instead of Calvin, he owns the German philosopher, Hegel, as his inspiration.

It took him some time to acquire the art of coming down to the people's level, and, as a point of fact, he never actually accomplished it. But, when in 1885 he started his quarter-century career in the House of Commons, he was sent to the right constituency, East Lothian, whose voters are principally miners and fishermen. He started out to talk at them, a political idealism which these simple-minded men rightly and reasonably considered well over their heads. Then he learned, in time, to readjust his language if not his bases of address. Still — though he is not indifferent to political fame, and cherishes yet large ideas of national regeneration—it must be assumed that Lord Haldane is more at home addressing the House of Peers or a learned or professional body than in talking down to the standard of the ordinary democratic audience.

Hector Macpherson, the able Edinburgh journalist, somewhere in his writings, where he tries to reconcile the Lord Chancellor's perplexing and wavering attitude on certain public questions, presents this summary:—

"His sympathy with the Hegelian view in modern civilization has led him to under-rate the spirit of nationality as against the Imperial ideal. And yet his Scottish blood instinctively draws him in the direction of Nationalism. At the time of the Boer War, the effects of these opposing forces were reflected in Lord Haldane's speeches, in which his sympathy for a small state struggling for its independence, and his admiration of the larger Imperial ideal made his utterances at times somewhat conflicting. The greatness of Germany, in Lord Haldane's opinion, is due largely to the way in which the ideas of her thinkers and statesmen have been translated into practice."

CAPACITY FOR TAKING PAINS—MARK OF GENIUS.

When he was appointed Secretary of State for War many people who did not know Lord Haldane thought this step was a big blunder on the part of

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It was not long before they had to revise their opinion. In addition to the capacity, of which he has a great measure, for taking pains, Lord Haldane has the rare gift of getting to the bottom of the most abstruse questions in about half the time the average smart man would take. It was up to him to find out why the British Army was not in an efficient state, and to attempt its reorganization—a task on which many reputations had been hopelessly broken. Chaos had to be resolved somehow into order, and somehow he accomplished it.

Lord Haldane will be remembered in British history as the father of the Territorial Army, which has superseded the old Volunteer Force. This was his answer to the conscription propaganda, as he summarized it in an introduction to General Sir Ian Hamilton's book on "Compulsory Service."

He must have had to call up all his reserves of philosophy to enable him to withstand the fierce and often unwarranted criticism that he provoked and to go through with his task. And when, just about a year ago, after more than six years of hard work, he was followed at the head of the War Office by the young and brilliant Under-Secretary, Colonel J. E. B. Seeley, his translation to the House of Lords as sitter on the Woolsack must have seemed to him like entering a well-earned rest.

APPRECIATED BY OPPONENTS.

On his leaving the War Office, the Morning Post, which is the mouthpiece of the Unionist Party, published an article from the pen of its military correspondent, who paid this tribute to his paper's political opponent:—

"No Secretary of State for War since the days of Cardwell has left so great a mark upon the army as the distinguished lawyer whom Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman singled out to succeed Mr. Arnold Forster in 1905 has left. He studied our military system for months ere he took it upon himself to embark on those great schemes of reform with which his name has since been honorably associated. By dint of tact and quiet determination he smoothed away the obstacles to progress, and since the day when he entered upon his duties in Pall Mall the general staff has never once looked back. The truth is that no modern British War Minister has done so much to make the regular army ready for war as Lord Haldane."

This postscript is worth adding: "It was well for Britain that, in the troubled times following the Transvaal War, the helm of the War Department was in the hands of a strong peace-lover.

To his personal friends, Viscount Haldane is known as a charming man. He and his predecessor on the Woolsack, Lord Loreburn, are the chief diners-out of the old C.-B. Cabinet. It is said that whilst Mr. Asquith's weakness is to dine with a duchess, Lord Haldane will not dine even with a duke if he knows the meal is going to be bad. He expands and becomes genial in discussing a delectable dinner. He loves good company, good food, good wine, good cigars, and good talk. A Scot by birth, he is a German by temperament, and a Bohemian by taste. He looks Teutonic and thinks Teutonically, and, by the way, speaks German like a Berliner.

A PERSONAL TOUCH.

Physically, always supposing you have the saving sense of humor, the Right Honorable Viscount reminds you irresistibly of the pantomimic Humpty Dumpty. But his large size of brain makes you forget at once the large size of chair it takes to accommodate his rotund person. His face is full and clean-shaven, of an unhealthy-looking paleness. But even the paleness doesn't strike you so much as the calm, clear, wide-open look in the eyes, and massive forehead. He started to think clearly himself for years before he founded the British Science Guild for the propagation of clear thinking — on Hegelian lines. When his form is in repose he always gives you the impression that he is thinking hard, clearly, deeply. When he is on his feet you are in for the full pregnant results. In his speaking he is pronounced, profound, prolix, even prodigal. You have to keep following him, no matter how long he goes on, because he convinces you with every period of the thinking he has first put into what he is saying. He is the long distance orator of British politics, and can go easily on for three hours without tiring; but if you are an ordinary member of his



"HALDANE, THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,"

"who will be remembered in British history as the father of the Territorial Army, which has superseded the old Volunteer Force." This view has been disputed by a writer in a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century, who makes a destructive criticism of the Territorial Force.

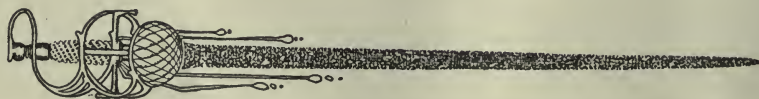
audience you have to keep on listening, and if you are a reporter, you have to keep on reporting, intelligently. When he explained his Army Reorganization scheme to the House of Commons he spoke for three hours and ten minutes, and it was not only a fine feat of endurance, but the matter of the speech was wonderfully marshalled.

He must have started to think and speak his thoughts very early in life. There is a story that when he was a small boy, in his first or second pair of knickerbockers, he was discovered one day busily scooping up a pile of dust. He explained the object of his exertions by, "If God made a man out of dust, why can't I?" At another time he nonplussed his grown-up acquaintances with the poser, "When there was no me, where was I?"

Lord Haldane can appreciate, and repeat with zest, stories against himself. This is one. Going on a week-end visit he reaches the countryside station and found that his host's carriages had left with the other guests. There was left only the station 'bus in which sat a solitary passenger, a lady's maid. Lord Haldane got in, and the girl opened conversation—she was a Cockney. "My

bit of stuff," she informed the supposed man-servant, "hates going to Lady —'s. She's only going because she 'ears Lord 'Aldane's to be there, and she wants him to give her son a billet." "Oh, indeed," replied the War Secretary. "Yes, and she thinks she'll get it, too." At the end of the trip Lord Haldane got out first and was moving away when the lady's maid, holding his sleeve, said, "Oh, no, you don't, not till you've paid 'arf the fare!"

Lord Haldane took his title from his home, called Cloan, which overlooks a tiny gorge in the Ochills in Perthshire and is near his native village of Auchterarder, chiefly noted as a pronunciation stumbling-block for Southern tongues. He is allied to the Duncan family, which produced the victor of Camperdown. In London his home is No. 28, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, a quiet, old-world by turning just far enough from the noise of Victoria Street and near enough to the beauty of St. James' Park. Its presiding genius—Lord Haldane is a "confirmed bachelor"—is his sister—whose devotion to his service is well known to Londoners.



MY WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the only one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

—Henry Van Dyke.

The Divorcing Umbrella

William Hugo Pabke has become known to the readers of the MacLean Magazine through his short stories, which he has contributed from time to time. In this sketch he has well depicted character which will be recognized in many communities. The ludicrous situation that develops after the wedding of the happy couple is highly amusing.—Editor.

By William Hugo Pabke

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN Todd sat down on the plush seat beside his wife of two hours and thirty-seven minutes, pulled down his white waistcoat to fit snugly that portion of his anatomy that it was intended to fit, and peered past Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd into the mystery of the darkening train-shed.

"Huh!" he exclaimed, puffing out his chest proudly. "The folks back home said we couldn't get to N'York City alone; did they? I'll show 'em! Why, Pansy, the worst is over; we're on the right train, anyway."

Pansy looked down lovingly into her husband's eyes. It was one of the best things that Pansy did—to look lovingly—and one of the most becoming. She was such a little bit of a girl, lengthwise, albeit she had two inches on Benjamin Franklin in height, and several more in width, that the irreverent sometimes described her as a chunk.

"They don't know how smart my Benjy is," she averred cooingly. "'Course we'll get there!"

Benjy assumed an expression of vast pride. He was bursting into speech, when a sudden panicky thought forced the glance of his china-blue eyes upward toward the baggage-rack overhead. He made a quick mental inventory of his and his bride's belongings: suitcase, papier-mache, very neat; shopping bag, black net; Pansy's jacket, dark grey; Benjy's overcoat, natty; and——

"Pansy!" The shrill treble held a note of utter horror. "I forgot the umbrella!" he wailed.

A glance at his watch reassured him that the train would not leave for six minutes.

"O Benjy! And it was our wedding present from Uncle Elihu!"

"I'll get it—it's in the lunch room," he declared with importance.

"You'll get left sure!" worried his wife. "Don't go, Benjy! It'd be just awful to get separated so soon!"

"Leave it to me," ordered the young husband. "If you're nervous while I'm gone, just walk to the very last car of the train, and you can see me comin' back."

He trotted through the car and hopped down the steps. Amidst the bewildering noises of the reverberating shed, the jostling of innumerable persons all bigger than himself, his task loomed larger than it had at first appeared. He ran back beside the train, his tiny patent-leather shoes twinkling in the light of the car inspectors' lanterns. It seemed a very long train indeed. When at last he reached the car that was backed plump up to the great steel buffer beside the gate, he paused, irresolute. One precious minute had been spent in dodging and ducking the giants on the way. Before him was the gate leading into the station that was alive with a seething throng. He peered through it into the crowded space, withdrew, looked out once more, and finally turned back, disconsolate, toward his train. He could never make his way through that whirl and return in time!

A boy in a shabby uniform and visored cap passed close by, emitting from one corner of his drooping mouth a doleful whistled melody, from the other, a thin stream of cigarette smoke.

"Say, boy," piped Benjy; "want a job?"

"Don't mind," said the boy, sadly.

"My umbreller' I left it in the restaurant. Up-stairs, you know—across there. It's a weddin'-present! You bring it here an'—an'—I'll fix you up, I will."

"A' right, a' right." The boy turned away wearily. "Wait here," he threw over his shoulder.

Benjy waited obediently, but nervously. When he was sure that the boy had been gone half an hour at least, he looked at his watch. There was still a minute to spare. He grasped the hand-rail of the last car and held on with grim determination. At any rate, the train could not escape him.

A tall, gangling man in overalls, carrying a lantern and hammer passed, regarding him curiously.

"Hey!" called Benjy. "Train f'r N'-York leave on this track?" he queried to make conversation.

"Yep—track thirteen."

The bridegroom shivered; he was naturally superstitious. The next moment, he caught sight of the boy coming through the gate with the precious umbrella in his hand. The old-young person was jostled by a hurrying passenger, and stopped short, the better to indulge in picturesque vituperation. The interval of waiting tore Benjy's nerves to shreds. A certain something in the air seemed to send the crowd beside track thirteen surging along with an added impetus. Far down the shed, an engine coughed hollowly. Benjy, however, did not heed; he was becoming inured to noise and commotion.

"Here y'are!" said the boy, holding out the umbrella, ferule first.

Mr. Todd offered ten cents, which was scornfully rejected, augmented the fee with a quarter, and turned to fly, coming into violent contact with his gangling friend.

"Where ye goin'?"

"To catch my train!" gasped Benjy.

"Too late; it's went," said the tall one, placidly.

The belated bridegroom's hands shot up and clutched the reassuring brass rail again.

"It ain't went! It ain't went!" he shrilled. "I got ahold of it!"

With the contemptuous calmness of his class, the railroad man pulled Benjamin Franklin to one side, and pointed. The hair on the little fellow's head stood straight up, lifting his soft pearl-gray hat perceptibly. His clutch on the brass rail has proved a delusion and a snare! The car had been left. On ahead, the track stretched New Yorkward amidst a bewildering of yard and switch lights. It was empty!"

"My wife! My wife!" shrieked the youthful husband wildly. "She's on that train!" He nearly broke his neck in bending his head back to search the vacant countenance of the towerlike man before him. "Oh, what will I do? I've lost my wife!"

"Yer what?" questioned the other sharply.

"My wife! An' I've only had her f'r about three hours!"

"Quit yer kiddin'; you mean yer mother."

"I guess I know," protested Benjamin, drawing himself up until he reached almost to the shiny buckles that adorned the car inspector's overalls just above the waistline.

"Come with me."

They raced across tracks, through car vestibules, up a flight of iron stairs, and burst into a large room where a myriad telegraph instrument chattered their unintelligible gossip all at once. To Benjy, they seemed to mock his plight in a gay abandon of meaningless sound. The overalls came to a halt beside a young man with a green shade over his eyes, whose fingers rested idly for a fraction of a second on his key.

"Say, mister——" burst out Benjy.

"Shut up! Let me do the talkin', admonished his guide.

"Herb, this kid's lost his mother—I mean his wife. She went out on forty-four. Shoot a message to Clancy, will



"It ain't went! It ain't went! I got ahold of it!"

yer? An' see 'f you c'n get 'em together again."

"All right—catch 'im at Brightside," Herb complied. "Name? Description?" he barked, glancing at Benjy.

"She—she's a big, tall girl," blurted her husband—"about two inches taller'n me, an'——"

Herb snickered. "Go on," he ordered crisply.

"An' her name's Pansy Butterworth."

Herb was calling BS, BS. "Got 'em," he grunted.

Wait! No, it ain't!" cried the forgetful husband. "It use ter be Pansy Butterworth, but it's Mrs. Todd now—Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd. Have you got her on the end of the wire?" he asked anxiously, biting his finger-nails.

"Aw go lay down somewhere!" exclaimed Herb, unfeelingly.

He rattled off a line or two of Morse and snapped the key shut with his little finger.

"I caught Clancy at Brightside. He'll answer from Newville."

"Better come outside," urged the guide. "Be about five minutes before you can get an answer."

Benjy walked out of the stuffy room in a daze, the tall man going off about his own affairs with the promise that he would return shortly. The crisp air cleared Mr. Todd's brain somewhat, bringing a sharp realization of his unfortunate predicament. Of course, Pansy would be found soon; but would he have the nerve to continue that perilous journey to New York after his ignominious blunder? Into his mind flashed stray bits of ante-nuptial boastings.

"Huh!" he had declared to the skeptical group at the post-office. "Pansy and me are goin' to have the time of our lives in the city. I'll look out f'r her all right, all right, once she belongs to me!"

"A nice sample of "looking out" this was! He clenched his pudgy fists and

stamped one tiny foot in impotent anger.

His high friend jogged his elbow. "Time fer yer answer," he remarked.

Again they confronted Herb.

"Anythin' doin'?"

"Got Clancy all right. He says there's no such party on the train." Herb grabbed a pencil and became intensely interested in the dot-and-dash-eds remarks of a man down the line.

"I've lost her! I've lost her!"

Benjy's wail drowned momentarily the brassy voices of the sounders.

A thick-set, iron-gray man strode into the room with an authoritative manner. He glanced sharply at the tiny figure in his path.

"What's the trouble," he rasped.

"My wifel" choked Benjy. "She's alone in this town, an' I ain't with her to perlect her. It's all because the train pulled out on me, an' I had aholt of it all the time, an'——"

"Here! Start that all over again," cut in the thick-set man, bruskiy.

Painfully, Benjy retraced his declamatory steps and recited his tale of woe. The human-interest element of his story met with no response; his hearer was evidently thinking of more weighty practical matters.

"An' there I was," moaned the little fellow, in conclusion, "holdin' on to the last car f'r dear life, an'—an' the train just busted in the middle an' up an' went."

The thick-set man's frown evinced his sudden interest. Here was something worthy his attention. This was more important than interrupted hon-ey-moons—something practical.

"Somebody call Barton and Manning," he ordered in a flintlike voice.

Two men in uniform appeared and fairly groveled before their irate chief.

"Say," he burst out, "that's the second time this week that you fellows have left a dead car on thirteen. What do you think we're running here—a civilized station or a guessing contest—hey? I don't suppose the car was placarded—hey?"

No answer except a confused murmur and the scuffling of feet.

"Suppose you left the doors unlocked, too—hey?"

The gangling car inspector had a perfectly good thought. It flashed forth, sending a look of almost human intelligence across his masklike countenance.

He nudged Benjy. "Be back in a minute," he whispered, as he dived through the door.

Benjamin Franklin had an indistinct impression that he was overhearing two men getting theirs in no uncertain terms. But he had a decidedly more distinct impression of miserably pondering the question of what he should say to Pa and Ma Butterworth when he returned to Bayfield—alone. Pa was not so bad; he was a sort of weak sister himself. But Ma Butterworth! The tears coursed frankly down the bridegroom's round cheeks at the thought, and dripped dolefully on his gala waistcoat.

His grim reverie was interrupted by the reappearance of the gangling one, who thrust his head in at the door.

"Found her!" he announced laconically.

An amazing leap brought Mr. Todd to the threshold; two more landed him at the foot of the stairs. By dint of the utmost effort, he kept the flying overalls in sight, over tracks again, and through vestibules. They came to a final stop beside the fatal car.

"Seen her inside," vouchsafed the inspector and discreetly disappeared.

Benjy flew up the steps—and paused. In the superexalted cerebation with which the next moment was fraught burst into refulgent being the reputation for impregnable strength that would be his forever—so far as his wife was concerned.

He opened the door and entered the car jauntily. There, amongst her various belongings, sat Pansy in the sharp radiance cast through the car-window by an arc-light outside.

"Hello, Pansy," he greeted her easily. "You all right?"

"When is this train goin' to start?" she asked, a bit anxiously.

"The train f'r N'York? Oh, that's

went," said Benjy, in an off-hand manner. "You don't care such an awful lot about goin' there, do you?"

"I don't much care where we are," she glanced at him coyly, "so long's we're there together."

"That's the way I figured it out," said Benjy, his chest swelling perceptibly. "You see, I sent a boy f'r the umbrella—here 'tis—an' he didn't come, an' he didn't come! When it got along about traintime, 'course I

knew that you'd come into the last car like I told you—an' an'—" Benjy gave free rein to his imagination. "I told a railroad feller to uncouple it; I didn't want you to have to change again. He kinder kicked at first, but I slipped him a—a quarter."

"Pansy looked up, admiring, awe-struck. "My! But you're smart, Benjy!" she murmured, adopting, then and there, her lifelong mental attitude.



THE IDEAL IS THE REAL

What do they know of life who only see the form of things,
 And not the heart?
 What do they know of love who merely kiss the lips and cheeks,
 And not the soul?
 What do they know of life and love who hear no angel wings
 Anear them pass?
 What do they know of love or life to whom there never speaks
 The Voice of God?

Tied to the sordid task for self, they see no vision bright,
 And curse their lot.
 Bound by the sickly pride of self they miss the only prize
 There is to gain.
 Sunk in the slush and dirt of lust, bereft of truer light,
 They grope their way.
 Lost in the cave of hell's despair, they have no open eyes
 To see their God.

Be wise—and turning from the shape and size of earthly things,
 Oh, seek the heart!
 Be true— and never merely kiss the rosy lip or cheek,
 But kiss the soul!
 Be calm—and living in the deeps of life, the angels' wings
 Shall round you come!
 Be good—and knowing well both life and love, to you will speak
 The Voice of God!

—Eric Ross Goulding.

Excursion Joys in a Morris Chair

Travel, says the moralizer, is one of the best means of education. Yet if the common people were to depend upon this way for their deliverance from the bondage of ignorance, economic conditions would prevent the great majority of people from knowing much outside their own street or city. For the thousands who have to remain at home during the summer months there is happily a way out. It does not take a very lively imagination to reap all the benefits of modern travel. How this is done will be welcome news to many readers. If you are skeptical, get your folders and try the plan.—Editor.

By Edward Jamieson

PROBABLY you felt rather envious the other day when you heard that Charlie Smith was going off down South the following week for a look at the Panama Canal "before they let the water in," or when you met Billy Simpson and he told you he had just got back from a trip to the "Coast" with a side trip up to Prince Rupert.

We all think—at least those of us who have not been able to any extent to gratify the desire—that *we'd like to travel*. The lure of it gets us early. Most of us got our first longings when in our early years in the country we hung around the blacksmith shop and heard the men talk about "the North West" or "Noo York." And with the passage of years the lure of the thing becomes intense. Books, plays, lectures, travellers' stories—one constantly runs across things that increase the longing to see unfamiliar places and people. Even the old stay-at-homes, who really wouldn't be happy for a single night away from the bed with a special self-fitting depression in the mattress, dream dreams and see visions of where they would go should by any happy accident their long-looked-for share in the family's English fortune be realized.

Most of us look forward to some day making these dreams materialize. But will we? While there is no doubt that the percentage of Canadians who travel

widely is rapidly increasing, even yet, since we have not up to the present at least, in Canada, achieved a leisure class, the number who do travel—according to the common acceptance of the term—is exceedingly small and the probabilities for some of us realizing our desires to any considerable extent are decidedly meagre.

Travel, too, so those who profess to know tell us, is the most rapid road—sometimes it seems almost to be the long-thought impossible "royal" one—to education. And we are all desirous of education, the more the better.

In the light of all this the writer believes he has made a discovery. He's not patenting it either, but from the beneficence of his heart is handing it out for the general advantage of fellow would-be travellers.

Here it is:

A TRIP FOR EVERYONE.

You *can* travel, anywhere you like, almost, and in even greater comfort than the multi-millionaire — for you won't be pestered regarding the tipping —and regardless of time and expense.

Isn't it a discovery? So keep on paying off the house mortgage and don't plan to ask for more than your usual fortnightly holiday this summer. We submit the recipe.

The next time you are passing a

ticket office—it doesn't much matter what variety, rail, steamer or hotel, for they all have about the same—drop in and look over the assortment of illustrated time-tables and travel booklets which are displayed on a side table or in a time-table rack. You will find a bewildering array of shapes, colors, sizes and types, from the plainly-printed folder of some new railway in the wilds to the volumes de luxe of the metropolitan hotels and trans-oceanic steamship lines.

Now for the method. Pick up what applies particularly to the trip you'd like to take, or perhaps even better, pick up everything that looks interesting for trips to be planned at leisure afterward. Then after dinner that evening settle down by a grate fire in a Morris chair with an open mind and with the armful of booklets beside you and let yourself go.

The enchanted carpet of the old Arabian Nights wasn't a patch to this, so far as comfort is concerned anyway.

Suppose, for a good example as to method, you decide you'd like to begin—remember you can keep on almost indefinitely—by taking the trip to Cuba and Panama with Charlie Smith. The fact that just at this time of the year it is intolerably hot in the equatorial regions need play no part in the considerations.

ON THE OBSERVATION CAR.

Very good. Half a dozen railway lines run trains de luxe from Niagara Falls to New York, the first stage of the journey. Any one of their booklets shows a photograph of the train. Not only this, it gives you pictures of the interiors of the new electric-lighted compartment cars, \$7 to \$25 per night, where at the latter price you may repose on a brass bed with a bathroom in miniature, (also illustrated), tucked away somewhere just beyond your toes. You sleep peacefully, being undisturbed by the roar of passing flyers or the bunting around which always comes in reality at divisional points. awake at Albany or Poughkeepsie, pick out an enjoyable breakfast in the cafe

car, (also illustrated), from the a la carte menu, (also suggestively printed in the time card), enjoy the scenery along the Hudson in the bright sun of a new morning, (also illustrated and voluminously described), and roll into New York, on time to the second, into the new Grand Central Terminal, (also illustrated and described in detail.)

Sounds pretty fair so far, doesn't it?

That's another advantage about this new travel method. It's really always better than the real thing. For instance, the trains and steamers are always on time, the porters and stewards are invariably attentive, the cafe car is always well supplied—when ever I travel they seem to have just run out of grape fruit or California figs or my coffee comes in cold—and the scenery, ah, there's a splendid point. One supposes that the fellows who write the scenic descriptions for the booklets must have travelled over the road at least once. Probably they did — on a dark night. One reads, for instance, majestic paragraphs descriptive of the grandeur of the lower Hudson as seen from the windows of the . . . line. The reality shows an outlook of mile after mile of cattle and freight cars on adjoining tracks with an occasional space through which one gets glances at a truck farm or a muddy-looking factory town. Further proof, you see, of the superiority of the Morris chair method.

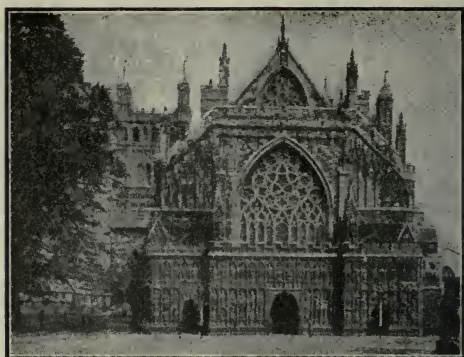
If by any possibility you have never been in New York, pick up a booklet of any one of the hundred or so hotels which cater especially to tourist business. (They scatter their advertising matter from Rio Janiero to Dawson City.) You will find, in almost any one of them, a comprehensive map of the city, a description, profusely illustrated, of the theatres, stores, notable buildings, parks, etc., and the remaining half of a fairly substantial volume telling with photographs the advantages of this hostelry. It needs little imagination to place oneself in one of the "moderate priced suites"—\$50 to \$100 per day—drinking filtered water, breathing filtered air, seeing by filtered

light and hearing the "roar" of the metropolis through noise-filtering windows. And all this, remember, without price, better yet, without even the bore of tips.

SEEING THE CITY FROM A TAXI.

After getting settled at your hotel, jump into a taxicab ("always waiting at the door and fares are moderate"), and see the city. The other day a young Montrealer who was celebrating over some big orders, did this — with a young lady friend. His taxi fare at the end of the evening was \$57. However, we escape all this worrisome detail.

But to get along. Having picked a special private cabin, with bath, electric fans, et al., in any one of the dozen or more fine steamers running to the Isthmus—and remember, you will have no difficulty in getting just the cabin you want. No danger, as usual, of the choice ones being all taken and of your having to bunk in a stuffy inside room with four or five others similarly-unfortunate fellow-travellers. You go aboard an hour or two before sailing and get settled down, with the aid of a valet, if you wish, in your cabin. Your steamer is described minutely, with chart of cabins, plan of decks, captain's name and numerous photographs of exterior and interiors, in the booklet of any one of the first-class lines. Dropping down the East River and New York harbor you see (also illustrated and profusely described in glowing let-



"You have time to study the charms of some of the fine old British cathedrals."

terpress terms), the city's remarkable sky-line from the water-front, Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty and even the different steamers you pass en route to sea.

ARRIVING AT THE BIG DITCH.

Ten days at sea, spent in luxurious life in the saloons, smoking rooms, gymnasium, swimming tank, and in shuffle-board and other sports on deck (all remarkably well described and illustrated), bring you to Colon at the eastern entrance of the great ditch. Other booklets, also supplied by the steamship companies, give quite comprehensive descriptions of the \$375,000,000 canal, with photographs of its various features and of the towns in the district. One can even see a huge steam shovel on one of the slopes of the Culebra cut in the act of scooping up a ten-ton mouthful of clay. The railway journey-by-booklet allows ordinarily an hour's stop in Panama, the interesting city at the western terminus. You may stay as long as you please, a week, if you wish, and the steamer will be waiting just the same when you complete your examination of the Canal zone.

The return journey is, of course, a duplicate in comfort and luxury of the southern trip. Your steamer has provision for both heating and cooling its cabins and saloons. Its bilge keels absolutely prevent and rolling and the cuisine—note the word, invariably applied to steamer service—is delightful with its large use of delicious tropical fruits, which, of course, are a large



An interesting town in the Panama Canal zone.



One of the Bras d'Or lakes and the squatting village by its margin.

part of the vessel's cargo. The writer's experience has been that tropical fruits on the actual journey are very little in evidence. They are, of course, picked and shipped green and only arrive at the edible stage after some clever treatment in the cold storage houses of the Canadian produce men.

Ten days of this delightful and restorative living—accomplished by the new method in from ten to sixty minutes, as the spirit moves one and as one's imagination is good—brings you back to New York, whence you return, as fancy dictates, to your own fireside.

Such a trip, if taken with accommodation and surroundings as suggested, would cost for the three weeks' outing from \$300 to \$400. According to the Morris chair method it can be nicely done in an evening, and the only outlay at all advisable is a quarter for say some of the tropical fruits in reality, to aid the senses involved in imagination through the real one of taste.

This trip is only one of a thousand which may be taken as circumstances attract, in the same way and at the same relative expense.

CANADIANS OFF FOR EUROPE.

For instance, a party of well-to-do Canadians left last week for three months in Southern Europe. They go direct via Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, to Naples, thence to Rome and Florence, north through Switzerland for the Rhine trip and back through France.

A judicious collection of travel literature covers the itinerary of the party quite comprehensively, and any one who cared to spend a few evenings digesting this, particularly with the aid of a couple of well-indexed volumes on ancient and mediæval history from the loan library could doubtless pick up even more educational material than the majority of the members of the party, who will spend from \$800 to \$1,000 each, at least. Most of these well-to-do travellers come home with a heterogeneous collection of information in which the height of the leaning tower of Pisa is mixed with the number of pinnacles on St. Mark's, or the names of the old Roman emperors jumbled up hopelessly in their memories with the mountain peaks of the Alps or the streets of Paris.

If one cares to intensify the home travel method by investing in a set of Baedeker and spends an hour with these and the maps and illustrations of the transportation companies' booklets for each day their friends are abroad, the chances are that they will be able to tell the latter, on their return, hosts of information regarding interesting sights and facts which the money-spending travellers, in their more or less hurried tour, failed to notice or were forced to pass entirely.

The scheme is an intensely interest-



"You select a bedroom from one of the moderate priced suites."

ing one, also, for studying the geography and history of one's own country.

Are you an Ontario man, for instance, and have never visited the East? A score of delightful evenings await you. You may travel in the utmost comfort by rail or steamer at any time of the year to Montreal or Quebec, spend what time you care to in the best hotels of each of these cities with all their historical wealth laid before you gratis in picture and story. And going on, you may familiarize yourself with the quaint French villages on the Upper Saguenay, spend a week-end with aristocratic United Statesers at Murray Bay, or if your fancy wanders further, you may take a sample of an ocean trip by the Black Diamond Line on the much discussed Reid railways to Newfoundland, travel from end to end of that interesting colony. Study the old-British character of its people and spend a week hunting or fishing in the matchless sporting regions offered in the wilds of the sparsely-settled interior.

If you suspect your sea-legs are not good—for if one enters into the thing in the proper spirit and sees in his mind's eye, concurrently with the reading, the "tempestuous gales which at certain seasons sweep over the Gulf," the trip might be somewhat uncomfortable—travel by Intercolonial or C.P.R. to the Maritimes. One may study at leisure all the features, see the famed Metapedia Valley, the Bras d'Or Lakes, the tide coming in on the Fundy shore and, as a rest, spend a week at golf and surf bathing at quiet old St. Andrews.

THE GLORIES OF THE ROCKIES.

Or do you fancy the West? One can get by lake or rail to Winnipeg, with stops at all interesting points intervening. From there, other descriptive timetables will carry you with interest anywhere, whether you desire to see the Rockies, the Okanagan Valley, the "Coast," or witness the wonders of a Western harvest scene. If one's imagination is vivid—the information is plentiful enough—one may even take up a homestead in the Peace River district and hold it till a small fortune can be

realized. In any event, without trouble at all, one may take the side trip up the coast to Prince Rupert, visiting the salmon canneries on the way. You may do it, too, in a thoroughly modern steamer in a private stateroom, with brass bed and bath to boot.

Or are you an Easterner, a bluenose, mayhap, with friends in Ontario you would like to visit. Come to Toronto by the booklet method at Toronto's "Exhibition time" and take in a few of the side trips which are so accessible. For instance, after seeing the city-by-booklet, provided gratis by the city itself—run down via C. P. R. for a day at Ottawa, where one may be quartered most delightfully at the new Chateau Laurier, and from there down to Kingston through the Rideau. A booklet on this latter trip even shows photographs in colors of the fish one may catch at the various resorts en route. From Kingston sail through the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence Rapids on an R. & O. steamer on to Montreal. Your excitement in reading of the passage of the rapids, as per booklet, will be quite superior to the sensations of the real trip, which, after all, is rather disappointing, or at least, scarcely up to description.

Of course, when in Toronto you'll see Muskoka—the ten thousand islands of Georgian Bay, the Kawartha Lakes, New Ontario with its magnificent Lake Region, and its silver deposits. One can by booklet catch big "lunge" in Lake Temagami or see a few of the uncovered veins of bloom in Cobalt.

Notwithstanding the first of the foregoing examples, which, as will have been seen, have been used because they were particularly illustrative of the advantages of this method, the writer advocates seeing Canada first. Two factors favor this, one, sentimental, that of patriotism, the second, practical, because the necessary literature is most readily at hand.

After one knows Canada the field is open. Go where you will—the Irish Lakes, or the Hook of Holland, Egypt or Japan. Wherever the tourist ordinarily tours there the Morris chair method and its advantages hold good. It



“As you journey through the Lowlands of Scotland you view the agriculturists at work with their splendid horses, and note the happy social life of the men, women and children who work together.”

may be to reach some of the earth's out-of-the-way corners a small amount of postage will be necessary in inquiry at British and European booking agencies, but the return will repay the outlay—a thousand fold.

Like all other good things, the new method must be tried to be appreciated. The ordinary man will probably smile at the thought of benefiting to the extent of the pleasant passing of time, not to speak of downright education, from the perusal of a “bunch of tire-

some timetables.” But timetables are no longer tiresome, and he who thinks thusly is grievously mistaken. Timetables are no longer mere timetables. The transportation specialists have in recent years been wise enough to add an artistically strong stimulus to anticipation to the formerly severely practical and exceedingly uninteresting adjuncts of travel, and we who may not wander all we wish to, benefit accordingly. In any event, the idea is worth trying.



Feather For Feather

By John G. Neihardt

An Omaha Indian Legend Tremulous With the Echo of the Tom-Tom and Drum

TUM-UM-UM, tum-um-um, tum-um-um, went the drums beaten by the hands of the old men—too old for wars, but now grown momentarily youthful with the victory of the young men who were returning from battle.

Tum-um-um, tum-um-um! So sang the drums—great, glad buckskin drums, exultant beneath the staccato blows of the old men's drumsticks. Tum-um-um, tum-um-um! Now the women, dressed in their gayest garments of dyed buckskin, radiant in beads, with the spirit of song upon their painted faces, came forth in a long file from a lodge and approached the center of the open space about which were grouped the mud lodges of the village.

There, in the center, sat the old men. The drum were singing a glad song, in sullen tones, in this hour of victory, for a runner, breathless with his speed, had brought the good news when the sun was half-way down the sky, and now the slowly setting sun was blazing on the evening hills.

Soon the whole victorious band, fresh from their fight with the Sioux, would come over the hills like an eager, dusty wind, clamorous with glad tongue and thunderous with the driven hoofs of captured ponies.

So the drums sang and the women came forth and circled about them, peering, beneath hands raised brow-ward, into the deepening shadows of the valley down which the band would sweep.

They swelled the song of victory, the song of welcome to the victors, and the look of welcome was already upon their faces as they searched the deepening shadows.

There came a rumble over the hills as of a hidden storm in time of drouth, thundering mockingly in the rainless air. The drummers lifted their sticks with trembling hands and listened—with one accord they all listened for the shouts and the hoofbeats.

Now the faint treble of distant shouting pierced the growing rumble of the thunder. It was the braves! They were returning with much glory and many ponies. The drumsticks fell snarlingly upon the taut buckskin, but the sound seemed only a whisper, for the entire village was shouting with a tumult that made the grazing ponies snort upon the hillsides and gallop away with ears pricked wonderingly.

"They come! They come!"

The villagers thronged upon that side of the village that looked toward the hills from whence the thunder deepened. A dust-cloud gathered behind the hills. It grew until it caught the horizontal sunlight and seemed a scintillating tower of victory. Suddenly the hill above the valley was thronged with mounted braves, waving their weapons above their heads and shouting, and a sunlit cloud of glory seemed about them.

The band swept down the hillside and down the valley, and the dust-cloud thickened under the impetuous hoofs that beat the parched and yellow prairie. When they drew near the opening in the circle of lodges, the foremost hurled his panting pony back upon its haunches and the others reared and halted behind, champing at the restraining thongs.

"A-ho!" shouted the foremost, holding his weapons above his head. "We

come from the Sioux! We have many ponies and also scalp-locks! Sing! For we have fought a good fight and we are not ashamed!"

A great shout went up from the village, and the drum snarled. Slowly, majestically the circle of women began moving about the drums, keeping time to the rhythmic beats with a sideward shuffling of their feet in the dust. In a monotonous minor key the singing of the women began — at first like the crooning of an Indian mother to a restless child when the camp fires burn blue and all the braves are snoring in the dark.

Then it rose into the mournful wail of a wife looking upon a dead face — a wordless, eloquent song. Then, with a burst, it rose into a treble cry, and words became dimly recognizable amid the ecstasy.

"We come, we come, and we are not ashamed!" sang the women to the snarling of the drums. "Let the fires roar and the bison meat be cooked, for we have fought, and now we wish to eat!"

"Let the women dance and sing that we may be glad after our fighting! A-ho! A-ho! We traveled far — one sleep, two sleeps, three sleeps, but we slumbered not! We came upon our enemies. They were hidden in the grass like badgers. They were dressed in yellow grass that they might hide. We saw them and we shouted with joy, for we were not afraid! The enemy trembled like wolves who have come to the end of the ravine and the hunters follow behind!"

As the women sang, shuffling about the circle, the braves rode in single file into the enclosure of the village and formed a circle about the dance.

"I saw a big man among my enemies," sang the women, for so their song ran. "He was strong as a bear and terrible as an elk. His head was proud with eagle feathers, for many men had he killed. I did not tremble when he rushed at me; I raised my club and struck him, and he fell with his eagle feathers. He whimpered like an old woman when she becomes a child again. He said 'I have many ponies for you,

and my children will cry if I do not go back. Spare me!' But behold! I have his scalp-lock!"

"His scalp-lock! His scalp-lock!" shouted the braves, as the words of the song were drowned again in the minor drone that followed the snarl of the drums. And they waved scalp-locks above their heads—the locks of the fallen Sioux.

Out of the droning the song of the women grew again. It became more ecstatic, running the gamut of human passion—from the shrill shriek of defiance to the mournful wail for those who had fallen in the battle. And then the shuffling stopped; the song died away into a drone and ceased, like the song of a locust at the end of a sultry evening. The drums snarled no more, a great silence fell, the sun had sunk beneath the hills.

Then, in the silence and the shadows of the evening, one came forth from among the circle of braves, and, with a slow, majestic bending of the knees, danced in a circle about the women and the drums, that began again as an accompaniment to the song that he would sing.

Round and round the circle he danced, improvising a song to the rhythm of the drums, in which he sang his prowess, and the whole village shouted when he reached the end of his song, for he told of a good fight and a strong arm, and he had been great in battle.

Then, amid the shouting, another came forth to dance and sing, for he, too, had done great things. It was White Cloud, and he was great among his people. Round and round the circle he danced to the tune of the drums, dodging imaginary arrows, leaping upon imaginary foes, striking huge blows at the heads of warriors hidden in the shadow.

"See!" he shouted in his song, and his voice was loud and masterful, for a murmur of praise had passed among the people. "See! White Cloud brings the scalp-lock of a chief. He took it alone with his strong hand. The scalp-lock of a big Sioux chief! Who has done a greater deed than White Cloud?"

Then let the old men place the eagle feather in his hair that he may be known among his people."

Once again the dancing stopped and the drums ceased their droning. White Cloud approached the old men, who slowly placed the eagle feather in his hair.

But one among the assembled braves did not give his voice to the shout that ensued.

His gaze narrowed with hatred as he looked upon White Cloud, and his body trembled as a strong tree that stands alone in the path of a tempest.

Then as White Cloud strode proudly to the inner rim of the circle of braves, with the tall eagle feather in his hair, another came forth bearing with him his bow and his arrows. It was he who had found no voice in which to celebrate White Cloud's valor.

He was tall and sinewy, and he had the clear-cut, cruel face of a hawk, now dark with a darkness deeper than the shadow of the evening. It was Little Weasel.

Erect, quivering like a strong bow in the clutch of a mighty warrior, he walked into the open space, and the drums once more began their wailing. But Little Weasel raised one trembling hand and commanded silence.

"Fathers," he said, and his voice was low, vibrant, with the growl of a wounded beast in it, "Little Weasel needs no drums to help him fill the stillness."

The people bent forward, hushed, because there was something deeper than shadow in the face of Little Weasel as he turned his hawk's gaze upon the bowed head of White Cloud.

"Little Weasel has words to utter, but they are not song words nor dance words. Let the women and cowards sing and dance!"

Still the head of White Cloud was bowed, and Little Weasel laughed a strange laugh.

"Who took the scalp-lock of the big Sioux chief?" shouted Little Weasel. "I, Little Weasel, took it! One sleep, two sleeps, I kept it close beside me; for I am a young man and I wanted to hear the shouts of my people. But in the

third sleep a great heaviness came upon me, and when I awoke my Sioux scalp-lock had been stolen from me. Now I know the badger who crept upon me in my heaviness and stole my honor from me. Look! You have placed the eagle feather in his hair!"

In the hush that filled that shadowed place naught but the heavy breathing of the people was heard. Little Weasel fitted a feathered arrow to his bow.

"See!" he cried. "I do not cry about my stolen feather. I give another!"

The bow-thong twanged, the arrow sang, and lodged deep in White Cloud's breast.

"Let White Cloud wear that feather in his breast so that the black spirits will know him! For look! Already he is among them!"

White Cloud had fallen upon his face. Little Weasel dropped his bow upon the ground, and, raising his hands above his head, he shouted into the stillness: "Fathers, I have given feather for feather!"

Then a great cry broke from the assembled braves and the women shrieked. But Little Weasel shouldered his way through the throng and went to his lodge, laughing bitterly.

That evening the fires of the feast did not roar upward into the night. There was no song; there was no babble of glad voices; there was no bubbling of kettle nor scent of meat.

For a member of the tribe had been murdered by a tribesman, and the murderer, according to an ancient custom, would be driven forth that night from the circle of the lodges into the prairie. And the people sat speechless at the dark doors of their lodges awaiting the signal.

After a long and wordless waiting in the dark, the people saw the door-flap of the big council lodge swing open, and they held their breaths, for the time of the casting forth had come.

Through the hush of the starlit night came Little Weasel, pacing slowly about the circle of the village, and the fathers of the council, slow with age, followed behind.

Three times the outcast made the

rounds, and when he began the fourth and last circle (for four is a medicine number) the old men who followed raised their faces to the starlit sky and breathed these words into the quiet:

"Let the people look upon Little Weasel, our brother, for he has killed a brother and must suffer. Four times shall the bears bring forth their cubs, four times shall the lone goose fly; four times shall the frogs sing in the valleys; four times shall the sunflowers grow; and he must wander, wander. Then shall Little Weasel return and his deed shall be forgotten. Wah-hoo-ha-a-a!"

Then when Little Weasel came the fourth time to the opening in the circle of lodges, looking toward the place of sunrise, he saw one standing in the dark who held a pony by a thong. And Little Weasel leaped upon the pony, laughed a loud, unpleasant laugh, and urged it southward into the night.

Throughout the night the people in the village heard strange sounds. For, at times, somewhere in the darkness of the hills, something laughed a loud, unmirthful laugh.

"Do you hear it?" the people whispered. "It is a wolf. For sometimes in the lonesome nights they laugh so." But the people muffled their ears in their blankets, for it is not good to hear a wolf laugh almost like a man.

All night long Little Weasel wandered upon the hills, holding his grazing pony and looking down upon the starlit village of his people. He laughed loudly at times, for he was not one of those who sadden with trouble.

"How can I get revenge upon my people?" he asked himself. And as yet he could not answer.

The pale dawn found him sitting upon the hills. Then he arose and mounted his pony and the three went southward—the pony, the man, and the question.

A light wind blew upon his back.

"How can I get revenge upon my people?" he sang aloud in endless variation until his question wove itself into a song—a battle song, for Little Weasel had not eaten, and hunger feeds anger. But the light wind sighing at his back made no answer.

"I will go to the country of the Pawnees and make them angry with my people," he said to himself, and this seemed the answer to his question until the sun had reached its highest in the sky and the wind had fallen and the yellow prairie had become parched and bare.

In the afternoon he stopped in the glare of the sun and held one wet finger above his head that he might learn the source of the wind.

There was a faint breath from the south. As he stood it increased, coming in little puffs, hot and fitful and dry. Suddenly it came with a great puff and boomed in the gulches of the arid hills.

Little Weasel shouted with joy.

He had heard his answer in the booming of the sudden wind. He dismounted, and, with a flint and some dry grass, lit a little fire.

The great wind fed it and it grew. Then Little Weasel collected a bunch of grass, lit it and rapidly set fire to the dry prairie.

Long, yellow flames leaped up from the sun-cured buffalo grass, howled in the wind that grew stronger and stronger, and raced northward toward the valley where the circled lodges of the Omahas lay.

"Now I will go back," said Little Weasel, "and the fire shall go with me." He kicked his pony in the ribs and pointed its head northward. The wave of flame preceded him, skimming the surface of the grass with great leaps, gaining strength and fleetness as the dry wind lashed it from behind.

"Aha-ha-he-ha-ha-ha-ha!" sang Little Weasel, and the pony, straining its wiry limbs to keep pace with the yellow giant that ran before, wheezed and coughed an accompaniment to the song, for the ashes were in his nostrils.

Over hills, through valleys, across gulches the pony ran, with the wall of flame ever a strong man's bow-shot ahead of him.

Now the Omahas, who had been deprived of their feast of victory the evening before, had made the feast fires roar upward throughout the village that day and much meat had been eaten.

Weary with much dancing and sing-

ing and heavy with meat, the evening twilight found them sleeping heavily. And the night deepened and still they slept.

But there was one upon whom the feast had laid but a light hand, and who awoke suddenly in the night with a smell in his nostrils, a roaring in his ears, and a great light in his eyes. He marveled, for the feast fires were dead in their ashes.

He arose, and when he reached the door of his lodge he gave a cry that woke the sleeping village and brought the people clamoring into the open air.

Half the earth and half the sky were aflame. The stars had fled before the great burning. Booming in the strong wind, a wave of flame was coming over the hills and reaching long, spiteful arms toward the village in the valley.

Spellbound, the people gazed. Then of a sudden a cry ran among them, for they had seen, through a momentary rift in the flame and smoke, high upon the eminence of a peaked, fire-blackened hill, a man standing upon a pony's back, with his arms above his head. He looked prodigiously big and seemed to ride upon a flood of fire.

Then the flames closed in, the smoke hid the peaked hill, and, frantically, the people fled from their village to a nearby creek, where they huddled in the stream, and where the loud flame

passed over them, booming on into the north.

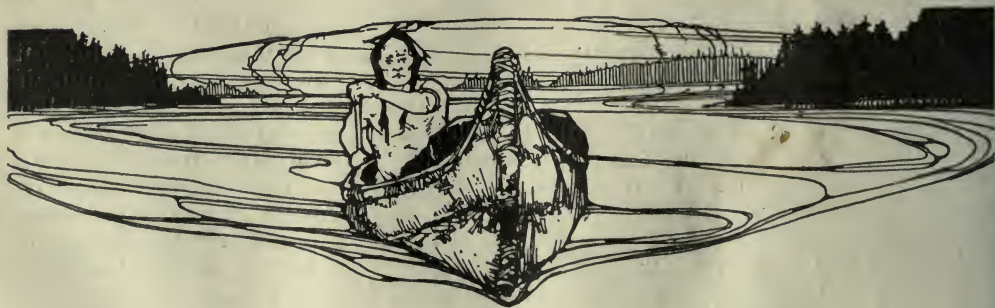
When the gray of morning fell upon the blackened prairie the people returned to their village. But at the opening in the circle of lodges stood a mounted man. Both he and his pony were blackened as with fire. It was Little Weasel.

As his people drew near he raised a wheezing voice and said: "Behold Little Weasel, whom the fire-spirits love! All day I rode across the hills, thinking of my people's unkindness. In the evening a great fire grew up about me. It was not a common fire; it was a medicine fire. It grew up about me and my pony, and lifted us like the waters of a flood. And I was frightened till I heard a voice that thundered, and it said: 'Little Weasel has been punished by a foolish people. The spirits of fire will take him back and his people will take him in again.' And lo! here I am, Little Weasel. I want my eagle feather."

And the people, believing many strange things, took him in with a great feasting.

And from that day they called him by another name—Paeda-Nu, the Fire-Man.

And he was great among his people.



Two-Ninety-Four, Plus Luck

A true Canadian story growing out of the United States panic of 1907, whereby a dismissed employee from Chicago lands in Toronto with his wife and less than a hundred dollars, is well told by the author, who is a member of the Women's Press Association of Canada. The interest grows as the success of the little manufacturing venture unfolds.—Editor.

By C. M. Storey

DOWN in the heart of the city where the smoke is thickest, where the whirr of factory wheels and the noise of traffic render one deaf to all lesser sounds; where the buildings are lean and grimy and life seems sordid—there it is that the Spirit of Commerce wages war with humanity. Silent and bloodless the battle goes on year after year, till one wins and the other is vanquished—till a man or a woman conquers or is conquered. These are the battles that are seldom recorded in history—yet, what worth-while battles they are and what “copy” they would make if the historian could only get at them. It was while waiting on the “battlefield” one day for an electric storm to pass, that I heard the following story from one of the contestants. It was the story of the fight of a man and a woman for victory over misfortunes incident upon the financial panic of '07 and '08.

Business took me to an unpretentious garment factory on the third floor of one of the most modern—and none too good for all its modernity—buildings in the factory district. The worst storm of the season was on in all its splendor and awfulness. Street cars were stalled and sewing machines were motionless with the operators sitting idly by, waiting for the passing of the storm when the current would be on once more and work could be resumed. Near one of the windows, sat a woman I judged might be the forewoman; something in her attitude denoted authority; she seemed different from her associates.

The wind veered and the rain began to come in through the window by which she sat; the owner and manager of the factory, to whom I have been talking, went over to close the window, and stood by the woman's side talking to her. When he beckoned me to join them, I did so, little guessing what I was to hear. He didn't go through the formality of an introduction, but I soon found that not only was she the forewoman, but a working partner—she was his wife, and together they were struggling on this humble and unglorified battlefield to build up a business manufacturing children's garments. They had fought a good fight, or rather they were fighting and they were winning too; there was justifiable pride in the man's voice as he told me the story.

“You remember the panic of '07 and '08? It was bad enough in this country, but you didn't begin to feel it anything like we did across the border when it struck. Over there money is easily made and recklessly invested. When a panic strikes the States, everyone from the multi-millionaire to the garbage man gets it kerplunk in the neck. I tell you it's tough seeing the work and all it means vanish before your reach if you happen to be poor, such as I was.” For an instant he paused reflectively as if living over again some trying period and the woman turned her head to look out of the window. Then he resumed his narrative.

“Well, when the panic of '07 struck Chicago, the wife and I were both work-

ing in a garment factory; she was assistant designer and I was head cutter. Good money in both over there I can tell you! But, when the slam came it was all off with little Johnnie," he said, concealing seriousness with a feeble attempt at jocularly. "Employees were being lopped off the payroll by tens, every week; then our turn came, the wife's one week and mine the next. We had been married nearly two years, and like every other young couple, we meant to begin the next season to lay away a bit for a rainy day—or to be exact, a nest egg for a factory of our own, about which we both had dreamed ever since our courting days. But we hadn't begun yet. We had lived up to almost every cent—hadn't more'n a hundred when the axe fell. Gee! it was a blow I can tell you," he exclaimed reminiscently.

The woman followed the telling of the story closely, but took no part in it, although she did not seem to mind her husband telling it.

"Of course, you know there are usually dull periods when factories do not run full capacity. The boss is usually glad to let some of the hands lay off for a while if they want to, so every summer we took a trip off somewhere and got rested up a bit, besides seeing a little of the world. We both like to travel. You people who don't have to hold your nose down to the grind every working day in the year, and long hours at that, don't know what a holiday means to us who do; so if we have the spondulix we don't begrudge spending it for a holiday.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

"When we found ourselves out of work there didn't seem to be any use trying any of the other factories; but just as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I joined the long procession of operators, who almost daily made a pilgrimage of the factory district, and being unsuccessful, finally drop out and are swallowed up, by no one can tell what in a city like Chicago. They say 'faraway fields are green,' and those who could tried other manufacturing towns

with what success no one will ever know."

Having had some personal experience due to the stringency of the money market during this period, the story was doubly interesting to me, and it was with a good deal of concern I watched the breaking of the clouds, lest the storm should be over before my friend got to the end of his story.

"After a little," he went on, "we gave up tramping Chicago in quest of work and I thought we too might as well try elsewhere. Occasionally I had come in contact with buyers from the Canadian stores, and they would sometimes say to me, 'Why don't you come over to Canada and have a try at manufacturing for yourself. The garment industry is only in its infancy. If you come soon you'll be in on the ground floor,' or words to this effect. When things got so bad with us, I began to think what these men had said to me, and the upshot of it was that we stored our belongings and boarded the Limited for Canada, and here we have been ever since, though I won't deny that for the first few months, there were plenty of times when I wished I was back in old Chicago.

WE GAVE UP TRAMPING CHICAGO.

"When we got over here, of course you know we found things just about as bad as they were back home, so far as money and employment were concerned; I began to think that perhaps we might better have stayed where there seemed to be at least more opportunities. But, to be honest, we hadn't the price to get back so here we had to stay. Day after day, for weeks I prowled around, first the factory section, and after that anywhere that I thought there was any chance of a job at anything. Occasionally I earned a stray dollar, but what I earned wasn't enough to keep us and gradually our money was getting down to low water mark, though we were doing our best to save it. But all the time we kept the best side out; even the landlady didn't know just how bad things were, or if she did, she didn't let on.

"One day I came home from a fruit-

less tramp, just desperate enough for anything. You couldn't imagine anyone with a more down-and-out feeling than I had that day. It gives me a cramp to think of it this minute. The wife had a little lunch fixed up in our room ready for me when I got in, for we had given up going out to even the cheapest eating houses, trying to make our funds hold out until something should turn up; but they were going down fast. We had often talked of the time when we should have a factory of our own, what we should do and how we should do it, and lately we discussed it oftener, more to keep our spirits up than with any notion that we should really have one in the near future.

"I could see that the wife had something on her mind that day, but I was too weary and disheartened to find out what it was. It didn't seem as if there was any way out. After we had dined, she said, 'Let's see how much money we have.' We went over it together, stooping to pick up a penny that rolled to the floor, and found that all told, we had just three dollars, less six cents.

WOULD YOU TAKE THE CHANCE?

"'For about two dollars we could buy enough material to make up three or four little dresses; we might be able to sell them, or better still, get an order for some more.' She looked me steadily in the face while she spoke. 'What do you say to taking a chance?' Well, I didn't realize it then, but I guess I must have thought she was crazy to want to spend two-thirds of our capital on such an unpromising chance. But she seemed so convinced that it was the right thing to do that I soon began to think more favorably of the proposition. I sat up and we began to talk of the possibilities and the probabilities till it really began to look quite feasible. Something certainly had to be done right off and there didn't seem to be anything else to try. I remembered what the department store buyer had told me and took heart. So that very afternoon we went down town and bought the material and that night on the floor of our room I cut out four lit-

tle dresses from the patterns which the wife had drafted before she said anything to me about the scheme. Then she got them all ready to stitch up the next morning on the landlady's sewing machine, and by night they were all finished—four of the niftiest little garments you would want to see. I was certain that if we could get anyone to look at them, an order would be sure to follow. Of course it would be a small one—at the outside, not more than a dozen or two. But even that would be something, and of course the material would be supplied. During the day, more for something to do than with the expectation of needing large estimates, I had made estimates on various quantities, both in the matter of prices and quantities of material.

"Next morning as early as we thought there would be any chance of an interview, we called on one of the buyers of a department store, who happened to be successor to the one I had met in Chicago. He said he didn't need any more stock very bad and the goods would have to look pretty good to him if he placed an order. I trembled like a girl. Say you should have seen my hand shake! I was ashamed of myself, but to save my life I couldn't steady it. Well, to make a long story short, he gave us an order for two hundred dollars worth, which was the largest quantity I had made an estimate on, one-half to be delivered in a month and the balance in sixty days, with cash payment on receipt of each delivery. But he didn't offer to furnish the material and we didn't ask him. In fact our heads were in such a whirl that we didn't think where the material was to come or where the dresses were to be manufactured. We didn't think anything about either of these difficulties till we got outside on a quiet street and took the order out to make sure it was really true and no dream. Two hundred dollars was the amount of the order! And by this time, we had less than one dollar on hand. What was to be done?

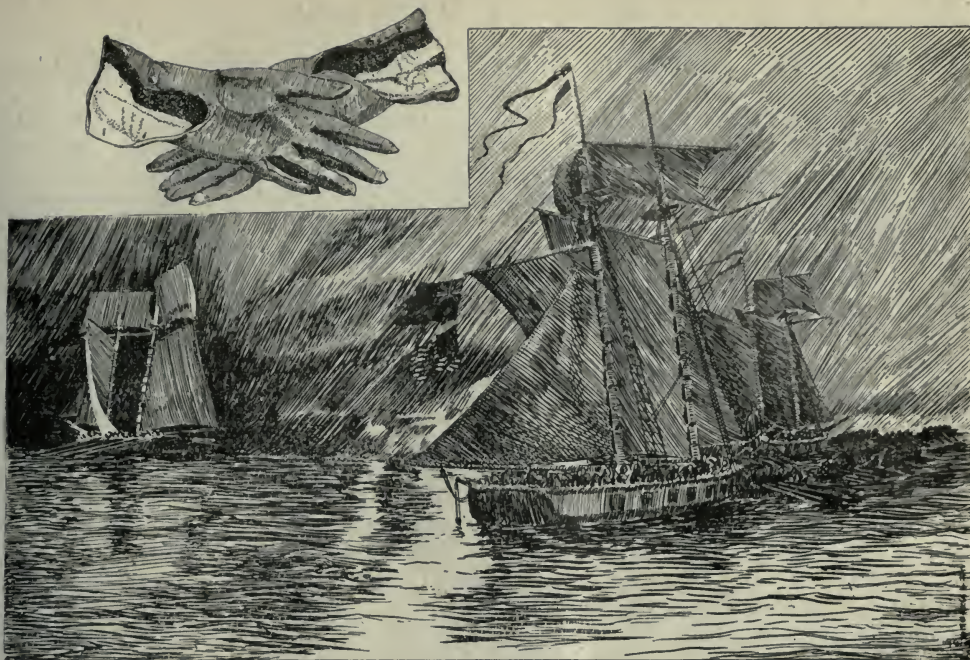
"'We'll have to try some of the wholesale houses,' the wife said. She

always was a corker at riddles. 'We don't know any of them, let's try the biggest, they're likely to be the best fixed at such a time as this.' We acted on this suggestion and inside of half an hour we were telling the manager of the fabric department all about the order and asking if he would advance the material. He was a pretty shrewd looking fellow who was always on the look-out for sharpers, and at first he didn't seem inclined to take much stock in what we told him, but when he saw the signed order, he began to take more interest and finally he consented to let us have enough to make up the first lot, on promise of payment when the goods were delivered. I confess now, that I am surprised that he took such a chance, but I suppose he deals with so many different people that he can do some character reading. Anyway, we selected the goods we wanted and left promising to let him know next day where to send them. That was one of the biggest day's work I ever did. But it wasn't finished yet by a long shot. We couldn't make up that many dresses on the landlady's sewing machine, we would have to rent a factory machine some place. The wife was pretty tired, so she went home while I went to interview two or three manufacturers whom I knew had some machines idle, taking with me that magic order, which was the only bond of good faith or credential I had to present. I turned down into the factory district once more. It didn't look nearly so dreary and hopeless a place as it had the last time I was down there. It seemed to me that the very factory wheels were singing more cheer-

ily and that the general aspect of things was brighter, but I don't suppose there really was any difference in anything but myself. I visited two or three factories making up cotton goods where in my rounds I had noticed some idle machinery, and on the strength of that blessed order, I got two very good offers, which I went home to consult my wife about before deciding upon. Well, the outcome of it was that by noon the next day we were at work—we were actually manufacturers, starting on a capital of *less than three dollars*. Forced to become manufacturers in the dullest part of a panic year, all because we had to live and no one would hire us that we might earn bread by which to live. It makes me dizzy now to think about it.

"Well, that's about the end of the story. We got the garments out on time and received settlement out of which we paid for the material, our factory rental, board and lodging (also arranged for by means of that magic order), and other little incidentals. To be sure we hadn't much to the good, but we had paid expenses and had lived and in the meantime, picked up a few more orders so that we could keep going. As we became known, more business came our way, and then the money market began to get a little easier, and now, you see what we have here—five machines of our own, all that we have room for. Soon we expect to move into a larger place for our business has outgrown these quarters—but see, the storm is over." The current was on again; the woman turned to her machine and the man to his cutting.





"The moon heaving up like an aerial fire-ship showed the Porcupine under sails and sweeps fleeing for the safety of the lake while the Ohio and the Somers stood down the river."

The Captain's Gig a-Glove Hunting

This is the second incident recorded by Mr. Snider in the new book, "Fresh Water Fights," that is shortly to appear from a London, England, press. The story deals with an episode that occurred in the war of 1812.—Editor.

By C. H. J. Snider

"PASSENGERS lately, etc?"

The gaze of Lieutenant Alexander Dobbs, R. N., bored its way through the blue tobacco haze to a dainty Spanish leather glove, meant for a slim, left-hand, tacked against the cabin carlins overhead.

Copleston Radcliffe, seated opposite, failed to flush, but his merry eyes twinkled.

Dobbs had the Charwell, Radcliffe the Netley. Their two brigs lay rubbing sides in the swift Niagara current at Queenstown, while their commanders "visited" in the Netley's cabin, and talked long and earnestly. Things had

gone well enough on Lake Ontario, but since defeat on Lake Erie in 1813 British naval power above the Falls of Niagara had been almost extinct. At this very moment an express was begging Lieutenant General Drummond for succor for the last British armed vessel on the upper lakes, doomed shortly to perish under the guns of an American squadron in the Nottawasaga. Drummond was besieging Fort Erie, where the American invader, four thousand strong, had entrenched himself. Before the fort lay three armed American vessels, the Porcupine, Somers, and Ohio, part of Perry's squad-

ron which had destroyed the British fleet the year before. The young British officers, ambitious for honors above their narrow lieutenantcies, buoyant with the enthusiasm of under-thirty, were discussing the possibilities of "cutting-out" these vessels. (The old man-o'-war-men coined that familiar phrase generations before the slangsters picked it up.) Dobbs' discovery of the glove broke the thread of talk.

"Yes," Radcliffe answered, heartily, "an Oswego lady and her niece. They'd come down Lake Erie in the United States war schooner Ohio, and taken passage in a sloop at Niagara for home. Sir James Yoe captured their vessel and told us to give them passage to the foot of the lake. They were well-bred people, and the niece as trim a packet as ever flew the Stars and Stripes. Lots of ginger in her make-up, too. As she went down the gangway she dropped that glove. 'Keep it, sir,' said she, with the deepest of curtsies, when I hurried after her, 'That is,' she went on, with a toss of her brown curls, 'if you can. I mislaid its mate in the Ohio, and her commander may be looking for this to keep it company one of these days!' So I laid it by for him."

"The left hand—nearest the heart! You're not in love with her, Rad?" Dobbs asked with sudden earnestness.

"The lass I love," answered Radcliffe with equal earnestness. "Won't be so careless of her finger-gear. For all that, I'd like to send the complete pair back to that saucy minx, just the same."

"Well, then, we'll have to cut the Ohio out," laughed Dobbs, "and while we're at it we might as well take the other two. By gad, it would be a prime joke to clean 'em off the very moorings where we lost the Detroit and Caledonia, first year of the war!"

"But how?" pondered Radcliffe.

"Boarding by night, of course,—but we're at it we might as well take the falls of Niagara between us. There's not a British punt afloat above the Falls, they say—and we can't wade out to them. 'Let's ask George Hyde,' suggested Dobbs. "He marched up with Collier from Halifax to Kingston

in the dead of last winter. He'll know a wrinkle."

George Hyde, gentleman volunteer by condition, midshipman by rank, and mate by occupation aboard the Charwell, fulfilled their expectations. Horses were not to be had for love or money, but within an hour a little company of bluejackets and marines, seventy-five strong, was stumbling through the dark up the steep ridge road from Queenston. There was something in the middle of the troop that moved slowly, something that changed bearers frequently; but the group of panting men vanished among the windings of the road before the keenest American scouts could make out who they were or what they carried.

Dawn lighted them into the hollow where Frenchman's Creek flows into the Niagara River—a tired troop of sailormen, sore of foot and sorer of back—for, though marching itself was a penance to men confined to the hundred-foot walk of a brig's deck, they had carried on their shoulders, all the seventeen up-hills miles from Queenston, the Charwell's captain's-gig!

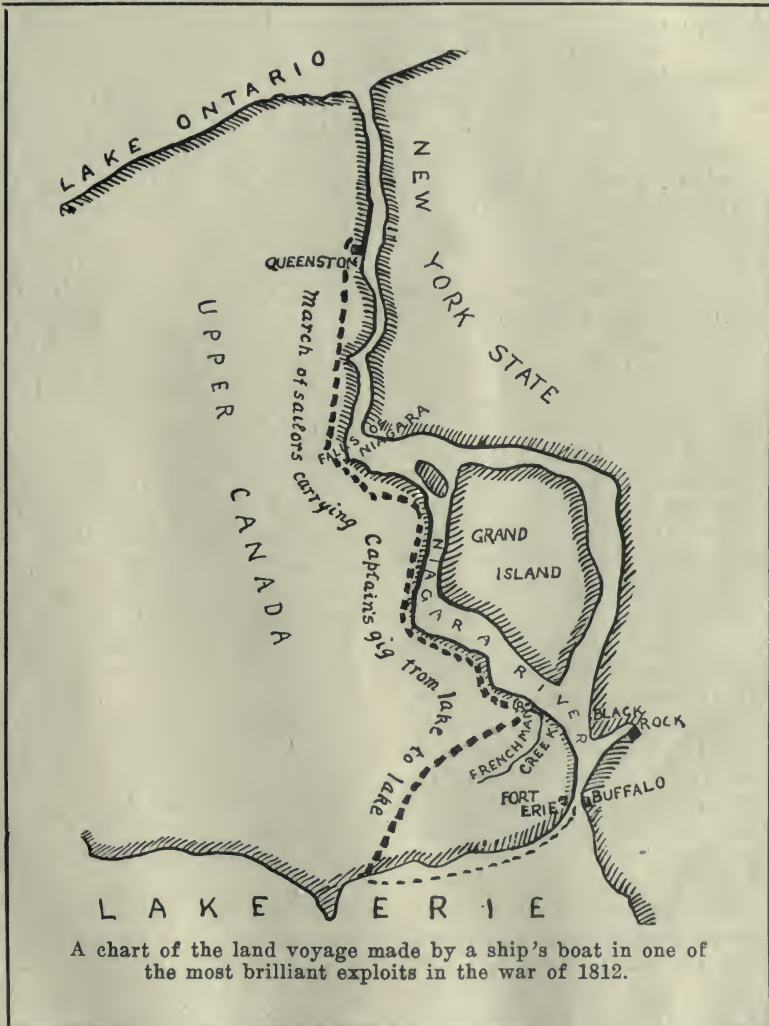
Halting for breakfast at Frenchman's creek they made discoveries, good and bad. Five flat-bottomed bateaux had been hauled up on the bank—enough, with the gig, to carry the whole party comfortably. Erie's waves danced, dark-blue, in the distance, but it was impossible to reach them by the river, for sentries from Black Rock to Buffalo watched it night and day. Fort Erie could only be approached from the Lake—and to reach the lake meant nearly three leagues of heavy going, through the woods. Hyde spent the morning preparing slings and shoulder-pads, and a certain Lieut.-Col. Nicol, quartermaster general of the militia, proved a good angel. He lent enough of his merry men to pick the bateaux up and walk off with them, though it was eight miles of hard bush-trail scrambling. It was killing work; but when the twilight of the eleventh of August faded into the velvet dusk, the British once more had a flotilla on Lake Erie!

Dodds led, in the Charwell's gig, with a pair of bateaux completing his division. Radcliffe was the proud commander of the remaining trio of leaky flat-boats. Just before midnight they turned from the lake to the river. Floating quietly down stream the flotilla neared

Radcliffe, posing as a blundering waterman, stuttered out:

"Pup-pup-pup-provision b-boats with s-s-sup-pup-plies for the schoo-schoo-schooner S-S-Somers. Is that the S-S-S-Somers?"

"Naw," mimicked the sentry, "this



the out-lying American schooner and made ready for a swift pull for all three vessels simultaneously.

As the oars dipped a watchful sentry hailed:

"Who goes there?"

"Steady, lads," hissed Dobbs, and

is the Pork-pork-pork-you-porcupine. Choose a ship with fewer s's in her name, matey, or you'll bust! Try the Ohio."

"We-we-we will!" answered Radcliffe, with such conviction that his shoulder-galled messmates, huddled

there in the shadow of death, couldn't help tittering.

By this time they had drifted past the first schooner. To have turned on her now, with a sentry watching, would have ruined the whole enterprise, so the trail of boats floated on towards the other schooners. The conversation with the Porcupine's anchor watch had allayed the suspicions of the Somers' sentries, if they had any, and the first intimation they had of danger was the swish of a British cutlass severing their cable.

Next second a mob of bluejackets, flashing muskets, pistols, cutlasses and boarding pikes, swarmed over the bulwarks, cut down the anchor watch, and seized all the deck-openings.

"Try the next schooner, Rad," shouted Bobbs, "she may cut her cable if we wait till we're masters here!"

"This one's drifting towards her, so we'll help you if you need it. Good luck, Alec," returned Radcliffe, and back to his boat leapt the brave lieutenant. His oars thrashed out, and, followed by two bateaux, he disappeared in the direction of the Ohio. A flash and roar of musketry showed that her crew had been aroused by the uproar.

"Pike and cutlass, lads!" shouted Radcliffe, snapping his pistol and tossing it aside as he leaped to the bulwarks. His figure was outlined against a flame of musketry, and plunged forward, inboard. His men followed, hacking, hewing, thrusting, stabbing, and the schooner's deck at once became a pit filled with writhing men, fighting hand to hand.

Now the batteries along the river began to roar excited interrogations. But the moon, heaving up from behind Buffalo like an aerial fireship, showed the Porcupine, under sails and sweeps, fleeing for the safety of the lake, while the Ohio and Somers stood down the river towards Frenchman's Creek — their canvas, mastheaded by British sailors, swelling in the night breeze and lightening the labors of the towing bateaux. Ere the Black Rock batteries could find the range the newly hoisted British ensigns had passed around the bend in the river.

It was one of those small fights which mean a great victory. The prizes, with their 32 and 24-pounder guns, were precious; cannon on Lake Erie were worth their weight in silver; but more precious still was the smashing blow to Yankee assurance and the restoration of British prestige involved. And this had occurred on the very anchorage where, two years before, the Americans had "cut-out" the British brigs *Detroit* and *Caledonia*!

"What luck, Rad?" hailed Dobbs, as the Somers, making sail faster, ranged up on the other schooner.

There was an ill-boding silence, then Hyde, the midshipman, hailed from the Ohio.

"He's dead, sir,—killed just as he leaped the rail. How's it with you?"

"Poor Rad! Poor old boy! That spoils it all! And us with nobody hurt, except two Yanks hit in the first rush! Hyde, I'm coming aboard. I'm sorry it wasn't me."

The Charwell's gig brought the Charwell's surgeon and the Charwell's captain. The latter plunged at once into the cabin of the Ohio. There lay, groaning in agony, the schooner's late commander. There lay, stiffening in death, the body of Copleston Radcliffe. Dobbs flashed the lantern on the face, and involuntarily followed the stare of the dead man's eyes. Tacked on the carlins above him was a dainty Spanish leather glove, meant for a slim right hand.

Honest Alexander Dobbs, master now of two American schooners, with sixty or seventy prisoners in their holds, cannon on deck, and provisions, arms and ammunition under hatches—Lieutenant Alexander Dobbs, R. N., who was to be hailed as Captain, and publicly congratulated by General Drummond before all the forces on the morrow—this gallant, powder-blackened seaman stared and stared at the dainty bit of leather as at a heaven-blazing portent. Suddenly he tore it from the carlins and strode out on deck, rending the glove in fragments.

"Damn the women!" cried he bitterly, strewing the last shred into the purling wake.

The Print of the French Heel

For its mysterious charm and romance, there are few short stories by this well-known author that appeal to the general reader as will "The Print of the French Heel." The scene is laid in the Northern part of Canada. A young man just out from college, in making an exploration, partly for the love of adventure among the many lakes and rivers of the north, meets with a mishap that loses him his friend and his provisions. After struggling bravely towards civilization, he faints from exhaustion. His awakening in comfortable quarters in those uninhabited regions reveals a strange story of resentment and intrigue. The story will be continued during August and September.—Editor.

By Robert E. Pinkerton

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST PRINT.

WHEN Willson opened his eyes it was to see water slapping directly in front of his face.

He felt strangely helpless.

Dimly he remembered Hardy's "Yip!" just before the big wave had tossed the canoe into the air.

A twist in this wave had determined that Willson should live, for he had been thrown into an eddy that swirled him toward shore.

Hardy had been carried directly into the rock-filled torrent.

Willson's first clear thought was of his companion, and he called his name. But to each cry the only answer was a faint echoing "Jerry" from the rocky wall of the opposite bank.

Stiffly he dragged himself from the water. Numbed by the cold of the icy river, his legs were powerless.

Once clear of the water, he began moving his arms and legs to restore circulation and remove the stiffness. When he could get to his feet he hobbled slowly to the shore.

Around the first bend he saw the canoe, lodged against a big rock in mid-stream. One end was crushed in.

That had been his only hope, the recovery of the canoe. Now the knowl-

edge that he was more than four hundred miles from civilization, and perhaps one hundred miles from the nearest human being; that he was without food, without a firearm, without even a fish-hook, brought a picture of his own death under circumstances far more cruel than the quick snuffing out of the life of Hardy.

Weakened physically, it was only natural that he should consider his own death inevitable and not consider plans for his possible escape.

But this fit of depression soon passed, and Willson took stock of his possessions.

In one pocket were thirteen water-soaked matches. In another was a heavy knife. A third pocket held a pipe, but there was no tobacco. On his feet were the *botte sauvage* of the Canadian woods.

He was wearing heavy underclothing and woollen trousers and shirt. His hat and heavy stag-shirt had gone with the canoe.

Willson knew that he was on the east bank of the Severn River, and that the nearest settlement was on the Canadian Pacific two hundred and fifty miles south in a straight line, and more than four hundred miles by canoe.

He knew that somewhere east of him, perhaps one hundred miles, was a Hudson Bay Company post on Trout Lake.

North-west, and still farther, was another. Severn Lake, he estimated, was more than fifty miles north and down stream, perhaps one hundred miles following the river.

It was for this lake that he and Hardy had been bound, expecting to work from there northwest through the network of rivers and lakes to the Nelson River.

Willson had spent three summers and two winters in the Canadian woods around the headwaters of the Albany River.

The previous summer Hardy had come from Chicago to join him, and the present trip was a long-planned journey into the practically unexplored country lying to the west of Hudson Bay.

They had snow-shoed to Osnaburg house, on Lake St. Joseph, in the winter that they might get an early start in the spring.

Before the ice went out they had hauled their canoe and outfit over the lake to the mouth of Cat Lake River, and with the first break-up had started north.

After reaching the river's source, Cat Lake, they had made the portage into the headwaters of the Severn, and had passed more than one hundred miles down that stream when they met disaster in the rapids.

The son of parents who had been divorced when he was a child, and having lost his mother, with whom he had elected to go, Willson's life had been lonely, and he turned, after graduation from college, to the Canadian woods.

A liking for adventure and for the vastness and solitude of the great forest had converted a midsummer fishing-trip to Nipigon into a three months' stay and subsequent penetration of the wilderness lying beyond the outposts of civilization.

The relentlessness and savagery of the woods had appealed to the young Chicagoan, and had aroused the fighting spirit of some forgotten pioneering ancestor.

It was this fighting spirit that roused him from his despondency as he sat on the bank of the Severn that bright May

noon and made him determine that he would not die of starvation until he had exhausted every possible means of reaching aid.

With a stick he drew in the mud a rough map of the country as he remembered it from prints lost with the outfit. There was no chance in the many miles behind him, he saw at a glance.

Penetration of the big stretch of forest and swamp between him and the Hudson Bay Company post on Trout Lake to the east was out of the question.

The only chance lay in making his way down the Severn River to Severn Lake, in the hope of meeting a family or a band of Indians who might be traveling to one of the posts lying either east or west.

This decision made, he arose at once and started down stream. For two miles he watched the banks closely, hoping to find Hardy's body.

Failing in this, and realizing that his slow progress was endangering his own chances, he struck out more quickly.

The story of the next four days would be only a repetition of many similar stories of a man struggling on and on, forcing himself continually, in a fight for survival in which all the relentlessness of the wilderness was arrayed against him, in which hope never more than flickered, in which courage that does not flinch and determination that does not waver compelled his exhausted and tortured body to renewed effort.

It was such a fight that Lawrence Willson made.

Only once did he eat, and then it was a sucker that had wandered into a shallow basin in the rocks and could not escape before the starved youth's fingers had seized its gills.

He built a fire with one of the precious matches; but, so great was his hunger, he began eating the fish before the outside had been more than seared by the flames.

The nights were cold and demanded constant replenishing of the fire, and consequent broken rest. Twice light snows fell, and one day it rained for hours.

Seldom was the bank of the river possible for walking, and he was forced to make detours around swamps, climb high, rocky ridges, shove his way through thick growths of balsam, spruce, cedar, and alder.

The morning of the fifth day found him barely able to rise from the scanty bough-bed beside the dead coals of his camp-fire.

The sun was high before he hobbled stiffly down a rocky ridge to which he had been forced by the narrowing walls of the river bed.

Twice the day before he had fainted, and once had been delirious for more than an hour.

He knew when he started in the morning that night probably would see the end of his journey, for his condition would not permit another day of the terrible toil.

He stumbled frequently. Once he was forced to remain where he had fallen until he could gather sufficient strength to rise.

The resumed toil brought delirium, and he wandered along the ridge, muttering of his former life in college and in Chicago, of his mother, and of Hardy.

When consciousness returned he was lying on his face in the deep moss. He gained his feet, got his direction by the noise of the tumbling river, and went on.

Again delirium came, and, muttering and stumbling, he struggled feebly on.

Willson had forgotten that he was traveling farther and farther from civilization; that his course was leading him on and on into the arctic wilderness.

He seemed intent only on reaching Severn Lake, five hundred miles from the nearest settlement. He knew vaguely that he must be near the lake, might reach it that night.

The man's condition was pitiful.

His face was grimy, unshaven, his hair tangled and matted. His clothes were shredded by the brush and soiled.

Fingers were blackened by handling

camp-fire wood, and his hands were gaunt as his cheeks.

His eyes were alternately staring wide or nearly closed. His step was shuffling, stumbling, weak, and uncertain.

Lawrence's delirium vanished as suddenly as one awakens.

He had been stumbling down the end of a ridge, over rocks and through brush.

Suddenly he felt his feet treading a smooth path, and he became conscious of an absence of the brush which had been tearing at his face and clothing. He was as dazed as one who awakens from a sound sleep and finds himself in a strange place.

He looked downward.

There, in the packed earth that had been softened by the rain, was the unmistakable print of a French heel.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE RESCUE.

LAWRENCE was awakened by the *tap, tap, tap* of a pair of French heels on a hardwood floor.

So faint was the tapping, it seemed to his worn-out mind more an impression than a sound. Instinctively he turned to put more wood on his camp-fire.

His groping hand felt cool, smooth sheets, and the edge of a bed. It was so dark he was unable to see where he was.

His first thought was that he was in his rooms in Chicago, that the last few days had been a nightmare.

So strong was this impression he dismissed the whole subject and immediately returned to slumber.

His second awakening was like the first, except that there was no tapping of the tiny heels, nor was the room dark.

He was startled to look past the lace curtains that bordered the window into the green wall of the spruce forest, to hear the tumbling of water over rocks.

A glance around the room brought further surprises. The window casings

were of dressed and painted lumber, the walls of a dark-green plaster-board.

Three good lithographs, hunting and fishing scenes, were framed on the walls. His bed was a home-made affair, but neatly dressed and painted.

Above it hung an electric light. Two chairs and a table were also home-made but not as one finds such articles of furniture in the woods.

And surely he was in the forest, for there was the sound of the rapids and the solid wall of spruce. But the room was not that of a forest home, nor were electric lights possible five hundred miles from civilization.

He lay back, too worn out even to try to solve the riddle, and was just about to drop off to sleep again when a squaw entered the room.

Silently she placed a cup of broth to Lawrence's lips, and he drank. The cup drained, she turned to the door, nor would she stop when Lawrence cried:

"Wait! Come here! Tell me where I am!"

He lay staring out of the window, and again he heard the tap, tap, tap of the heels passing his door, and then, a moment later, sounds of a piano accompanying a voice, indistinct but unmistakably a girl's, in the air of a popular musical comedy song which had not been whistled in Chicago for two years.

He sank back upon the pillows and tried to piece together the conflicting bits of evidence. But the strain was too much, and slowly he drifted off to sleep.

Lawrence was awakened by the light from the shaded electric bulb in his eyes and by the closing of the door.

He looked around, did not see any one, and was about to return to his slumber, when the door opened, and a man in evening clothes entered.

He looked at Lawrence through a pair of gleaming glasses, and Lawrence, too astonished to speak, stared back.

The man was of medium height and well-built, although there was a slight droop to his shoulders. Mingled with the coldness of his stare was a little of the look which is seen in the eyes of a hunted animal.

The man's hair and mustache were

almost white, although he did not appear to be more than fifty years old.

In curious contrast to his gleaming, spotless linen, his white hair and his black clothes, were the weather-hued skin of his face and neck and the roughened, swollen hands of a man who spends much time out of doors in the cold.

Lawrence had time to wonder at these details before his visitor finally broke the silence.

"Perhaps you do not know," he said, stiffly and with evident repression, "that you have reached your destination.

"Despite the distaste which you must know your presence has for me, because of your condition, I am willing to declare a truce until you are well.

"I cannot take advantage of your weakness, no matter what your intentions toward me are, and I will be fair, but not because I expect fairness from one of your name and breeding.

"I think I have made myself plain. In the mean time, while you are regaining your strength, you must feel that everything possible is being done for you, and that everything I have here is at your disposal.

"Despite my opinion of your father, I am willing to make allowance for your youth and carry the truce so far that I will ask you to dine with me on the night preceding the day you feel that you can leave. I will not see you again until then. Ask for anything you wish."

Lawrence did not recover himself until the white-haired man had gone. Not only the man's words, but the hatred that showed from behind the bright glasses, the difficulty with which he repressed himself, were incomprehensible.

And then, when the invitation to dinner had been extended, there was a softening of features and voice that seemed to indicate more accurately the man's true nature, and which seemed to promise affability and geniality toward one favored by his friendship.

The man's attack did not seriously discomfort Willson.

"He has made a mistake and thinks

"I am some one else," he thought. "I never saw nor heard of him before, and surely never did anything to merit such hatred as he seems to bear toward me.

"And I never had his home as my destination, although I surely would have done so had I known such a place was up here in the wilderness."

This led him to wondering whether he were still so far from civilization, and whether it might not be possible that he had been delirious so long he had been moved to the settlements far to the south.

His wondering was only momentary, however, for all conjecture as to his whereabouts, his host, and the place in which he was being cared for vanished before a hunger more keen than any he had felt in those five long days during which he had struggled down the Severn River.

So great was this hunger, so acute was the desire of his stomach for food, he was about to call out, when the door opened, and the squaw entered with a tray from which arose the vapors of several dishes.

"Nee-bua bock-i-tay?" asked the squaw, smiling.

"You bet I'm big hungry," said Lawrence, smiling not only at the sight of the food, but because the squaw was an Ojibway, the language of which tribe he understood fairly well.

On the tray was boiled moose meat, boiled rice, and bread. There was a generous pot of tea.

Lawrence sat up in bed, and the squaw grinned as she watched him eat.

"Tib-isch-co my-in-gen," she laughed as the young man ate like a hungry wolf. In less than five minutes he had finished the meat and rice and had drained the tea-pot.

He asked for more, but the squaw shook her head, picked up the tray and left.

Lawrence did not know that he had been given a cup of broth, the stew of boiled grouse, every two hours since his arrival twenty-four hours before, and that the squaw was adopting the only safe method of appeasing his hunger.

His experience had not resulted in

any serious physical injury. He was starved and suffering from exposure and from pain in his bruised legs.

His sleep of almost twenty-four hours, the many cups of broth and finally a good meal of solid food accomplished wonders in reviving him.

The feeling of languor vanished, and only the stiffness in his thighs restrained him from rising.

Four hours later the squaw returned with a tray laden as was the first. He ate as ravenously, and at the end of the meal the hunger pangs had almost vanished.

The second meal had been served at noon, and at three o'clock he slowly pulled his legs from beneath the covers and hobbled to the window.

He could see little to enlighten him as to his whereabouts. The cabin was built on a high point formed by the river flowing into a lake, the distant shore of which was just visible.

The river roared and tumbled down a rocky bed, and beyond it extended an unbroken forest.

His room evidently was in a corner. From the window he could gain no idea as to the size of the cabin.

No one appeared on the level, cleared space between him and the lake, and, after fifteen minutes, he returned to bed.

The remainder of the afternoon he lay there, trying to determine from the little he had seen the nature of the forest home in which he had found himself, conjecturing as to the character of his host, his reason for living there and the inexplicable hatred he seemed to bear for his unbidden guest.

But in all that time he did not again hear the tapping of the French heels on the hardwood floor, nor the sound of the piano, nor the girlish voice.

At five o'clock another generous meal was served by the squaw. Soon afterward Lawrence fell into a sleep that lasted until late the next morning.

When he awakened he found his boots, freshly oiled; his underclothing washed and neatly folded, and a new woollen shirt and trousers lying across the foot of the bed.

A few minutes later the squaw came

with his breakfast. It was the most generous meal he had been allowed.

He felt so strong when he had finished that he immediately arose and dressed.

Again he went to the window.

Coming from behind the house he saw an Indian, an evil-looking native, evidently not a full-blood.

The man saw Lawrence, glanced sharply at him, and then went on.

The door opened, and instead of the squaw, a little-shriveled-up man, clothed in a business suit, white linen, and wearing a black tie, entered.

His deferential manner and his "Good morning, sir!" at once proclaimed him a body-servant.

"Would you be shaved, sir?" he asked as Lawrence turned and stared.

The young fellow's hand went to his face, where the growth of ten days was stiff and bristling.

"I guess I do need it," he said; and then, to himself: "A valet up here in the Hudson Bay country! I wish the old fellow did not hate me so. Then I could find out something about the why and wherefore of all this."

If Lawrence thought that he might learn something from the valet, he was mistaken.

The man deftly shaved him and trimmed his hair, which had not been under a barber's care for months, and departed, the only information he imparted being:

"You may go to the library across the hall, if you wish, sir."

Lawrence immediately did so.

Opening the door, he found himself in a wide, long hall, the walls, like those of his rooms, of plaster-board, and the floor of hardwood.

He opened the door opposite his own and entered a long room. The sides were filled with books to the height of four feet.

At one end was a huge fireplace built of native stone, while at the other was a broad window looking out, as had his own window, upon the cleared point between the lake and the river.

The walls, above the bookcase, were covered with mounted game-heads, pictures, both photographs and oil-paint-

ings, and pieces of Indian bead-work.

In the centre of the room was a long table on which were scattered magazines, none less than a year old.

On the floor were two bear skins. Lawrence had never seen anything like it in the woods; and he turned to look at the tumbling river, the spruce forest, to reassure himself that he was not in a city.

"You are to go for a stroll on the point, if you wish, but not behind the front of the house, sir," said the valet as the door opened behind Lawrence. "Luncheon will be served to you here, sir," and the man bowed himself out.

Lawrence immediately availed himself of the opportunity to look at the exterior of this building, which, though in the centre of a vast wilderness, contained the comforts of a city home.

He went into the hall, and out a door at the front to a broad, screened verandah, on which were several easy chairs and a small table.

In one of the chairs lay a delicate bit of fancy work.

No one was in sight; and Lawrence walked over to the chair, looked down at the dainty bit of fabric, and thought of the heel-print he had seen on the path in the forest, and of the tapping of the little heels in the hall.

A vague feeling that the owner of the heels had had something to do with his rescue, and the mystery which surrounded the establishment, prompted a desire to see the girl, for girl he knew she must be.

He walked out through the screen-door and across the cleared point toward the lake. Half-way across, he turned to look at the house.

It was built of logs, one-storied, and different than any log structure he had ever seen.

The low, flat roof was of split cedar shingles; the walls of big spruce, peeled and squared on all sides except the outer.

Wings on either side of the main building prevented a view of the rear.

There was nothing in the surroundings to give a clue as to where in the wilderness the house was situated. On

one side was the forest, untouched, primitive.

On the other side was the lake, a typical far northern body of water, lying placidly in the sunshine. From behind the house a long point ran out, cutting off a view of the shore to the rear.

Willson sat down on a log near the edge of the steep bank and looked out over the water, trying once more to evolve a theory which would fit the strange circumstances.

A step behind him was followed by the valet's voice pronouncing his name. It was the first time it had been used, and he turned, startled.

"Mr. Burt would like to know, sir, if you feel fit to travel in three days," said the man.

Lawrence hesitated, looking from the valet to the house.

He remembered the hatred that had blazed out from behind the bright glasses, and that he was accepting the hospitality of a man who had plainly said that his presence was distasteful.

"Tell Mr. Burt, if that is the name of the gentleman who owns this place, that I will be ready to leave to-morrow morning," said Lawrence.

Looking again out over the lake, he saw a canoe shoot out from behind the point.

In the bow of the long, low, birch craft, which was headed out diagonally across the lake to the west shore, knelt a girl, swinging a paddle as skilfully as the Indian in the stern.

Her light-brown hair was caught up loosely beneath a gray felt hat. She wore a gray woollen shirt, and, from his position on the high bank, Lawrence could see a pair of tiny moccasined feet thrust back from beneath a short skirt, and resting, soles upward on the floor of the canoe.

Between her and the Indian were two pack-sacks.

For several minutes the girl paddled swiftly and steadily, the water swirling from her paddle, the canoe leaping ahead at every stroke.

She stopped suddenly, and, looking back, saw the man on the point. Her gaze lingered for a moment, and she

returned to her paddling.

A moment later she looked back over her shoulder, and, as she recovered for the next stroke, Lawrence thought that she gave a slight flicker to the paddle.

She did not look again, and the young man watched the canoe until it became a speck on the surface of the water, and then until the speck gradually merged into the distant shoreline.

CHAPTER III.

HEADED FOR HOME.

THE remainder of the long day Willson spent between the point and the library.

He was impressed by the careful selection of books upon the shelves; for an examination showed nothing lacking, nothing superfluous.

One familiar volume caught his eye. It was the alumni register of his university. Quickly turning to the B's, he sought the name Burt.

There were several. The first two were the names of old men, one of whom was dead. The third was of a young man only six years out of college. The fourth read:

"Burt, Franklin E.; '82, banker, Chicago. M. '85, Harriet Bascom (d. '92); one daughter, Uarda (b. '90).

"(Ed. Note.—Mr. Burt went to Europe in 1905, taking his daughter with him. Last seen in London in July. World-wide search by business associates and relatives fruitless. Believed both he and daughter murdered. Had closed all business operations before leaving Chicago. Said he intended to spend several years abroad. Reputed worth several millions.)"

"That tells the story, all right," thought Lawrence; "although it fails to explain why he should be living here. I remember the fuss that was kicked up when he disappeared.

"Every one thought he had skipped with the bank's funds until it was discovered that everything was shipshape when he left.

"And it seems to be my father that he hates. Perhaps he has good cause. It's a mystery how he learned my name.

There was nothing in my clothes to tell who I was.

"I suppose I might straighten things out by telling him that I haven't seen my father for fifteen years. Wonder if he's at the bottom of Burt's exile?"

Lawrence looked out over the lake to the opposite shore where the canoe had disappeared.

"I guess I'll explain about my father and myself," he mused.

And then came the vague thought that, subconsciously, he had always been true to the father his mother had painted, despite his own child-formed picture of a selfish, flint-hearted parent and husband.

"I guess I'll leave to-morrow, and let him think what he pleases about me," he thought, gazing regretfully out over the lake.

"But I would like to see my lady of the French heels again," he said aloud.

Lawrence was in his room at six o'clock that night. Except for his glimpse of the girl in the canoe, the evil-looking half-breed before the house, and the valet, he had not seen any one all day.

The door opened and the valet entered, carrying a suit of evening clothes and the necessary linen.

"I have prepared your bath, sir," he said. "I am sorry, but you will have to go down the hall to the bath-room, sir. It is the only one we have."

Lawrence was given a bath-robe and directed to the tub. It was a large one. Seams showed that it had not been pressed from one piece, like ordinary bath-tubs, and the enamel was not so smooth and even.

"Brought in in sections," thought Lawrence as he turned the faucets and found hot water in plenty. After he had returned to his room he was shaved and dressed with the valet's aid.

"These are generally used here, sir," said the valet, placing a pair of beaded moccasins on Willson's feet. "We could not fit you with patent boots."

"Do you keep evening clothes for all your guests?" asked the young man.

"We just happened to have this suit, sir," was all the valet would say.

Lawrence was left to himself for ten

minutes. Then the valet announced dinner.

"They double up and make a butler of him," thought Lawrence as he followed the servant down the hall.

If Lawrence had been surprised by the house, by the library, by the electric lights, the bath-room, the warm water, the dining-room proved even more marvelous.

First he was shown into a large living-room, in which were a piano, more game-heads, more rugs, more pictures and books and a room-wide window that looked out over the lake. Lawrence, open-eyedly astonished, walked to the middle of the room.

He was recalled to his senses by hearing his name called. Turning, he saw Mr. Burt.

His host did not offer to shake hands, but the hatred was gone from his eyes, and his spoken greeting was cordiality itself.

"Dinner is served, I believe," said Mr. Burt, and he led the way to the dining-room, passing through a wide connecting door.

The room was much like the living-room, a broad window looking out over the lake, pictures and game-heads on the walls of plaster-board, the ceiling large beamed, the floor of hardwood and covered with the skins of animals.

But the table! None in a city could have been set more correctly or invitingly.

It glittered with cut glass and silver. There were early spring flowers in vases on table and sideboard, and there was a cocktail at each of the two places set.

In striking contrast to the richness of the setting, to the attire of the two men, was the meal itself.

Following the cocktail came bean soup, then a baked lake-trout garnished with a sprig of parsley.

Then roast moose, rich brown gravy and boiled wild rice. At the end came stewed raisins, and then coffee was served, and cigarettes.

This story will be continued in the August issue of this magazine.—Editor.



"The First Furrow—Saskatchewan." C. W. Jefferys.

Jefferys—Painter of the Prairies

None of the Canadian Art studies that have appeared from time to time in MacLean's Magazine, will carry a more general appeal in every province than does the story of Mr. Jefferys, whose work not only has established for him an enviable Canadian reputation, but has added to the artistic wealth of the Dominion. Earnestness and faith always give point to the productions of man, whether those productions are in speech, music or paint. In this case Mr. Jefferys' love of Canadian scenery and his faith in and hope for his country are almost a passion with him.—

—Editor's Note.

By J. Edgcumbe Staley

"BLACK and white work is as good as any other preparation for the career of a painter. It gives one the power of easily committing to any ready medium what one sees daily all but one. Almost unconsciously the youth, who takes up his pencil and his pen diligently, grows accustomed to the rendition of feature, form, and fact in the progressive ratio of incidents and inspiration. To be sure this method throws one more or less under the influence of the Press, to the exclusion of a strictly academic system:

and one is apt to get into mannerisms, which may be fatal to the free treatment of color. Colorwash, however, is distinctly a palliative in this declension, and black and white artists are able to produce attractive work in this direction, which leads into the orthodox water-color. I consider that in no other medium can the manifold expressions of human life be so vividly and expeditiously reproduced."

These words express something of the opinion, which Mr. C. W. Jefferys,

A. R. C. A., holds with respect to the personal outfit for the career of the painter.

The cathedral city of Rochester, in the "Garden of England," Kent, was the birthplace, in 1869, of Charles William Jefferys. His parents—Charles Thomas Jefferys and Ellen Kennard—were in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Jefferys was an architect and builder, and for many years acted as Clerk of the Works to the late prominent architect, Sir Gilbert Scott. There was not only artistic instinct in the family, but martial spirit, too; one of the hero Wolfe's subalterns was a Thomas Jefferys, who was a painter to boot. Till the age of nine the boy Charles William schooled and played with other boys of his own age, in the historic neighborhood of *Gad's Hill*—Charles Dickens then is quite naturally the inspirer of much of the early work of our painter.

In 1878 the Jefferys family came to America, and after a brief sojourn in the United States lived, for a time, at Hamilton; but in 1881 they settled in Toronto. Young Jefferys' general education was thus attained mainly in Canada, and he first gave serious attention to artistic study after his arrival in the "Queen City." There was then certainly very little to encourage a budding artist in Ontario, but young Jefferys persevered, and he joined the Art Students' League—an association for mutual encouragement and help. Mr. Reid, R. C. A.—now Principal of the Ontario College of Art—most generously opened his studio, on King Street, for young men who desired to improve themselves in draughtsmanship. The Life classes were held in the evening, where Mr. Reid gave his services quite gratuitously. When he went to Europe, to work and gather laurels in Paris studios, Mr. C. M. Manly, A. R. C. A., permitted the members of the League to use his painting room for study and friendly intercourse. Many of the younger painters of Ontario have much for which to thank these two members of the "Old Guard." Meanwhile, Jefferys had been apprenticed to a lithographic firm, where his work consisted

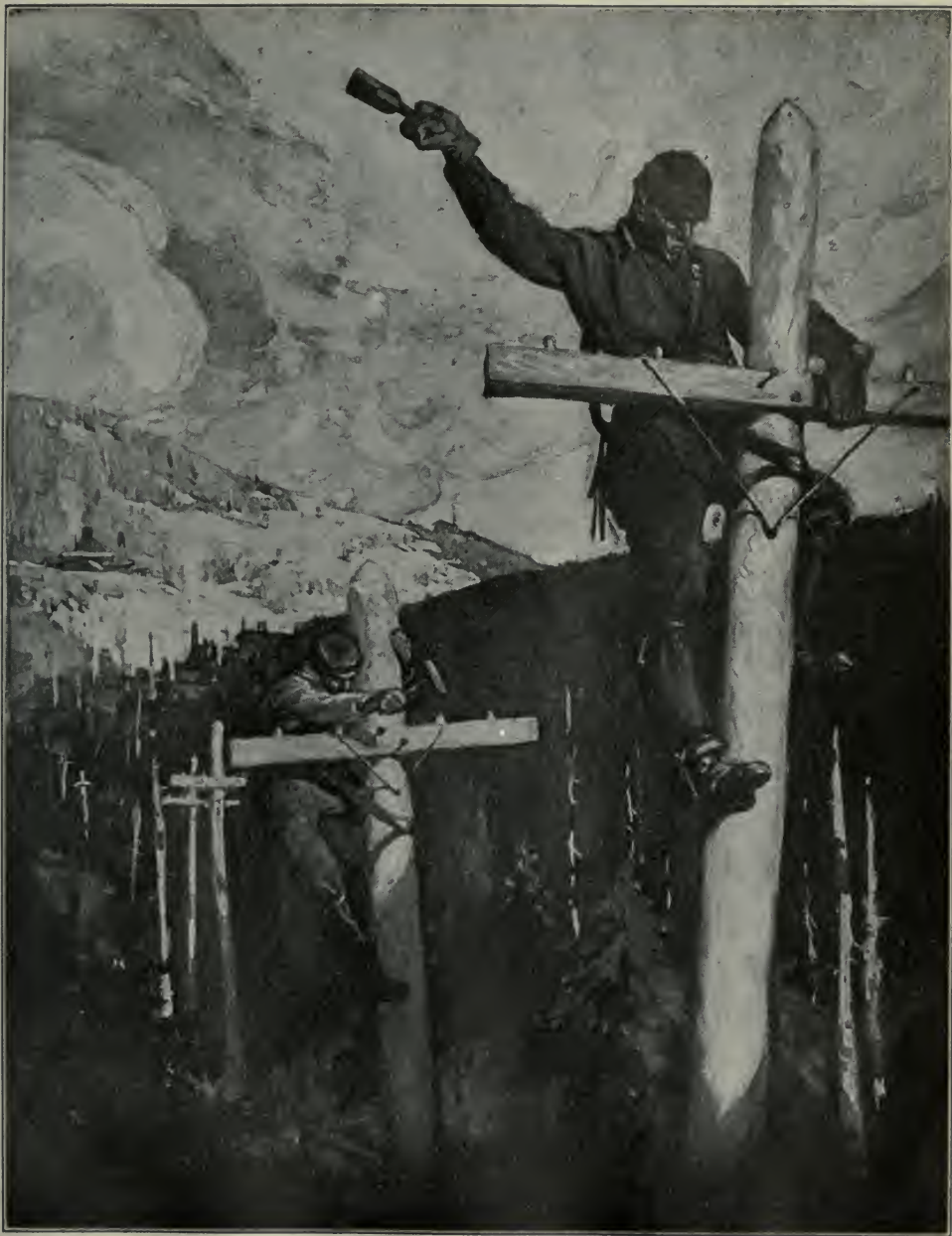
of sketches for reproduction in printer's ink, drawings for engravers' cuts, and studies in black and white with color wash for advertisements and posters.

GOLDEN AGE OF NEWSPAPER ART.

Soon after his twenty-third birthday Jefferys found himself in New York, upon the staff of the "New York Herald." This was the golden age of newspaper illustration, when skilful draughtsmanship with excellent materials led to admirable results. Each man had to discover and develop the technique of his special art. The work was hard, but keen rivalry smoothed the way to success. Still in the service of the "Herald," Jefferys was despatched hither and thither to sketch matter for illustration. Spectacular episodes were entirely in his way, and he made his mark by the spontaneity of his work during the Democratic conventions of Mr. Bryan's first Presidential election. Then Chicago claimed him to picture the uproar and the humor of the great Pullman strike. "Here," our artist says, "as well as in my pen and pencil saunters in the slums of New York, I became the target for playful crowds (?). The impressions I drew of human character were, as often as not, hammered in with the pleasant application of a rough hand or a rough brick!"

During eight years' work in the United States, where he exhibited studies and paintings in both water colors and oils at many picture shows, something kept on pulling at Jefferys' heart, and there came a loud cry from Canada,—the "Land of the Free and True"—where everything was possible for the man of good will and energy, which could not be gainsaid. The new century, therefore, saw Jefferys once more down-town in Toronto—his experienced hand fully occupied with work for the Ontario press. He had all along kept up his connection with the land he loved by displaying his work at principal art exhibitions of the Dominion.

The year of Jefferys' return to Canada was red-lettered by the State visit



"Linemen in New Ontario."—C. W. Jefferys.

Purchased by the Ontario Government
This picture was shown at the Royal Canadian Academy's special exhibition held
at the Festival of Empire, in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, in 1911.

of the present King and Queen—then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Jefferys was ordered off to Quebec to represent the "Toronto Globe," and he joined the little army of newspaper correspondents, who followed in

the Royal progress. "My first sight," he relates, "of the country, which was to exert such an important influence in my career, was, when after crossing the more cultivated wheat-belt of Manitoba, the wonders of the Prairies flashed upon

my eyes in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Some men of the party compared the lay of the land to that of the Transvaal. Air and sky and soil and vegetation were all so very similar, they said. At Calgary they cried, "Why, that's Pretoria!" The swelling prairie was just like the rolling veldt.

"Words fail me," Mr. Jefferys goes on to say, "to describe my impressions of that amazing land. Limitless horizons extend over endless sweeps of virgin soil. The roll and run are broken here and there by sunken narrow water courses — 'Coulees' — running dry in summer. Along them grow the only tree-life—the buffalo willow—scrubbily enough, but wonderfully sheeny; the scintillating leaves of grey green and silver, ever mingling in color with the varying light—as do the olive trees in more southern climes. Like some gorgeous oriental carpet woven in a Gargantuan loom, spread miles and miles of vivid tufting grasses and brilliantly hued flowers — the brambles are rose-ramblers, laden with the sweetest bloom. This kaleidoscope of colors stretches out as far as eye can see, and then the light tints of rose-pink and sky-blue mingle with the deeper tones of purple-red and brown-gold in a fawn-grey harmony of land and sky. The cloudless deep cerulean sky is shot-silked with prismatic reflections of Nature's galaxy of color. It would tax a Whistler to voice and paint in silver "Nocturnes" and golden "Harmonies" the pageant-like magnificence of it all—pigments fail the ordinary colorist."

THE MYSTIC QU'APPELLE.

Qu'Appelle Valley, perhaps, is Jefferys' chief beauty-spot. He has painted "bits" of it many times. And has rendered in his "Approaching Storm, Qu'Appelle Valley"—shown at the National Canadian Exhibition in 1912—something of the wonderment of Nature's destructive mood. A blizzard on the prairies is an extraordinary spectacle: the brilliant hues of soil and flora refuse to be discharged and the driven snow piled up in wreaths is turned to gold—a magic transformation!

"An expedition on the Prairies," continues Mr. Jefferys, "is an experience



C. W. Jefferys, A.R.C.A. Pres. O.S.A.

forever to be remembered. Everything must be taken with one for day and night, and for food and drink. One drives off from some modest inn-shack or friendly homestead, in a country wagon, bearing all one's wordly goods. Summer trekking is the time of one's life, wherein to the full health and happiness are combined, and there is no aftermath of disappointment. But the painter-trekker must fill his paint-box with many tubes of the brightest colors: pinks, blues, grass-greens and yellows soon run out, whilst purples and browns and all the deeper tones are rarely touched—this, of course, applies to the Fairy Prairie's summer dress. Painting in the open has its drawbacks even in this terrestrial paradise. Noontide heat and glare—the hot shimmer of the sky, tinted like the opal hues of snow flurries and sea-foam—are almost unbearable; but once the sun sinks beneath the dome of earth, the blood is instantly chilled, and the last strokes of the brush are cramped by hands benumbed. Pinks and blues and greens

are then transfigured, and everything is gold and black—yes, black—for the afterglow has no crimson. This sable strain is most manifest in Manitoba where the soil is black—black with the decay of vegetable life, the earliest concomitant of coal."

"In my prairie wanderings," chats on the prairie-painter, "I am unaccompanied save by my wife, who shares my enthusiasm and hardships. We meet with adventures of many kinds and witness many stirring scenes. I remember very well a very interesting episode out in Saskatchewan. Upon a ridge, where East met West, was an Indian encampment, full of "braves." Some miles or so away was the outspan of Bulgarian Gipsys—each settlement a rare subject for the artist's brush. Horses were the staple article of merchandise, and in a hollow of the land we had a mimic 'Derby.' Each animal was sent to show his pace—ridden by Indian and Bulgarian in turn. Much animated finger-play was a prelude to the exchange of dollar-bills, and all departed peacefully to smoke the pipe of peace and drink the fire-water of the gods. A modern note was struck, however, in this racial harmony, and it came as a burlesque interlude. Peacefully surveying this characteristic scene, and making many little studies, my ear was assailed by the hoot of an automobile, and, presto, a cry reached me — 'Hello, Jefferys! What are you doing here?' It was an enterprising Toronto comrade of the press out seeking copy!"

No one can be on the prairie domains many days before he is interviewed by one of the *North-West Police*—the finest body of mounted men in the world. What one lone member of that Force can do, cannot be presaged; he has complete confidence in himself for any emergency. He, youth though he may be of no more than four and twenty years, goes single-handed into camps of outlaws and takes thereout the man that is wanted. This is not the only bold thing the North-West Mounted Police can do. "My host," Mr. Jefferys relates, "at one of the prairie shanty-inns, told me that the wife of a Dutch settler, near at hand had run away from home. Two

days afterwards a North-West Policeman rode up, the matter was explained, and off he trotted there and then, and, next day, came back with the errant woman! I have seen a poor fellow who had succumbed to the nervous madness of the Prairie solitude, most tenderly cared for in a wagon, lying in a North-West Policeman's arms, and being conveyed to the nearest asylum." Surely the North-West Police Force is a revival of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table!

Mr. Jefferys' first Prairie landscape came out like a strip of silk, shot with yellow, pink, and blue—a bar of gold linking soil and sky. It was called "Autumn in the Prairies," and it was



"Belfries of St. Denis, Quebec." Watercolor—C. W. Jefferys.



"The Round-up—Alberta."—C. W. Jefferys.

purchased by the Ontario Government. His "Western Sunlight" is at Ottawa. At the late Canadian National Exhibition were "The Valley"—rich in corn, with a mounted farmer surveying the riches of his land; and "Flight of Wild Ducks on the Prairie." A list of his "bits" of the Prairies would fill many columns; his work is widely known, and its quality generally admired—in fact, no other painter comes near him in exact portrayal of the virgin soil of Canada.

Still in chatty mood, he goes on, "Another direction to which I have turned my attention is the pictorial delineation of the history of Canada—a field full of wonderful possibilities for the painter, and as yet untouched. I have made considerable research for data, upon which to reconstruct representations of the past. Although very much

has disappeared beyond hope of recovery, diligent search will, I am sure, reveal valuable material. I have made a number of illustrative sketches in black and white and also in color, picturing phases of the earlier periods of our country, and I hope to find opportunities for the rendition of other historical matter."

Mr. Jefferys is Instructor of Freehand Drawing and Water-color Painting in the Architectural Department of the University of Toronto. Since 1908, Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists he has, this year, been unanimously chosen to fill the Presidential chair. He has, moreover, lately been elected Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. These honors fitly come where they may be fitly worn—for plodding is akin to genius, and Mr. Jefferys bears goodly tokens of both.

The Sin of Tired Nerves

There is, perhaps, no feature of MacLean's Magazine that is more popular with its readers, than its exclusive Canadian contributions of Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the editor of the late Success Magazine. His inspirational articles have been a source of strength to all who have carefully read them. That this should be the case with Canadian readers is not surprising. More than a million of his books have already been sold. Twenty have been published in Germany, twelve in India, and for the last two months he has average a book a week, translated into some foreign language. This contribution will be found to be especially timely.—Editor.

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

A GREAT many well-meaning people, both men and women, are great "nerve sinners." They allow themselves to become exhausted and so depleted physically that they lose the power of resistance. They cannot control themselves and are the victims of their nerves.

There are tens of thousands of women in this country who, much of the time, are in a chronic state of fatigue, and who seldom ever get rested. Many of them do not get sleep enough, are constantly interrupted by the children, and their great load of mental care, together with their hard work and monotonous lives, are enough to wreck the health and ruin the disposition of all but women of extraordinary poise and strength of mind and body.

Men who have their regular hours of work and are then free, little realize what it means for their wives to work nearly twice as long as they do, and often with a great many more things to irritate them. Most women would be cheerful and kind if they lived perfectly sane lives. Most men would be nervous wrecks in three months if they were to exchange places with their wives.

Women often get extremely nervous, and their husbands blame them for their irritability, when the whole trouble is the result of mental and muscular fatigue, which may be caused by long hours of work, the monot-

ony of their lives, and the presence of all sorts of vexations which tend to keep them in a constant state of semi-exhaustion.

The friction in many unhappy homes is largely caused by overwrought, tired nerves. A large part of the mental suffering which many of us cause is wholly without intention. The cutting things we say, our criticism, our unkindness often come from kindly hearts but irritated nerves. We say cruel things even to our best friends and those we love best when our nerves are on edge from fret and worry; things we would not have said for the world but for the irritation, the sheer exhaustion, that robbed us of self-control.

How many people carry cruel wounds for years, perhaps for a life-time, which were thoughtlessly inflicted by a dear friend in a moment of anger when their physical standards were down! How often we hurt those whom we love dearly and whom we would help, when we are tired and jaded and things fret us!

The sins of the exhausted nerves, caused by vitiated blood or cell poisoning through lack of proper exercise or recreation, loss of sleep, or *vicious thinking*, are responsible for much of the world's misery and failure.

Take for example a man who is suffering from insomnia. Hard times and

financial panics may have completely demoralized his business; and being of a highly organized, nervous, sensitive temperament, accustomed to worry even when comparatively well, he is completely upset when his physical vitality is at a low ebb. His powers of resistance have become so reduced that his will-power is perfectly helpless to master the situation, and he then becomes the victim of all sorts of trifling annoyances which when normal he would not have noticed. He is unreasonable with his employees, cruel to those dependent upon him, and he says things for which he afterwards despises himself. In other words, the brute in him has usurped the throne and rules, while he finds himself the slave to passions which he has been trying all his life to conquer.

There is only one thing to do when you are not sure you can control your acts; that is, to stop whatever you are doing, retire to some quiet place, get out of doors, if possible, or get by yourself for a few minutes—long enough to restore your balance, get your bearings, assert your manhood.

The sunlight is as necessary for happiness as it is for peaches. Many a worried, discouraged, melancholy, despondent person would become vigorous and happy by merely getting out into the sunshine.

The victims of tired nerves should be very regular in their habits and take special care of their health. They should eat foods which will nourish the nerves.

There is nothing which will take the place of a great deal of outdoor exercise and a cheerful, harmonious environment. Worry, anxiety, and fear in all its phases are deadly enemies of the nerves. So is overwork.

OVERDREW THE BANK ACCOUNT.

Not long ago I had a letter from a rising young lawyer who is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. He had, at the start, a strong constitution, but was so ambitious to make a name for himself that he had undermined it by working much of the time more than fifteen hours a day. He had

the insane idea, which so many have, that the man who keeps everlastingly at it, sticks to his task year in and year out, has a great advantage over the one who works fewer hours and takes frequent vacations. He thought he could not afford to take frequent trips to the country, or even an occasional day off to play golf, as other young lawyers did; that he must make a name for himself while others were playing. So he kept on *overdrawing his account at Nature's bank*, and now he is going through *physical bankruptcy*.

Just when he should be in a position to do the greatest thing possible to him, when he should be most productive and vigorous, when his creative ability should be at its maximum, he is compelled, because of his mental breakdown, to relinquish his profession, perhaps for ever.

It was never intended that man should be a slave to his work, that he should exhaust all his energy in getting a living, and have practically none left for making a life. The time will come when it will be generally acknowledged that it is possible to do more work, and of a better quality, in a much shorter day than our present average working day. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The fact that we have such strong instinct for fun indicates that it was intended we should have a good deal of it in our lives. But a great number of employees are obliged to work too many hours a day, simply because their employers have not yet learned the magic of a fresh brain and vigorous physique.

No matter how healthy or capable a person may be, the brain cells and faculties which are constantly used, like the bow which is always tightly strung, lose their elasticity, their grip and firmness, and become jaded, dull, and flabby.

A SHRIVELLER OF ABILITY.

The brain that is continually exercised in one's occupation or profession, with little or no change, is not capable of the vigorous, spontaneous action of the brain that gets frequent recreation and change. The man who keeps everlastingly at it, who has little fun or

play in his life, usually gets into a rut early in his career, and shrivels and dries up for lack of variety, of mental food and stimulus. He destroys his capacity for happiness. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental or physical worker than frequent change—a fresh viewpoint. Everywhere we see men who have gone to seed early, become rutty and uninteresting, because they worked too much and played too little. *Monotony is a great shriveler of ability, and a blighter of happiness.*

The great majority of people do their work mechanically, and regard it as unavoidable drudgery, whereas all work should be a delight, as it would be if all workers were in the right place and worked only when they were fresh and vigorous. Then the exercise of brain and muscle would give a sense of well-being, and work would be a tonic, not a grind; life a delight, not a struggle. Work, like religion, "*never was designed to make our pleasures less.*" Work is essential to health, every faculty, contributes to one's efficiency, gives a keener edge to all of one's sensibilities, and health is the foundation of happiness.

It is a strange fact that many people cannot appreciate the infinite difference between working when the brain and muscles are up to the highest standard of efficiency and forcing them to work when they are fatigued. No one is himself when his nerve centres are exhausted, whether from excessive use or from lack of proper food. The quality of one's thought, ambition, energy, aims, and ideals, is largely a matter of health.

IGNORANCE OF LAW MAKES CRIMINALS.

Who can estimate the tragedies which have resulted from exhausted nerve cells? Many crimes are the result of abnormal physical conditions consequent upon exhaustion. Men do all sorts of strange, abnormal things to satisfy the call of these exhausted tissue cells for nourishment. They try to restore them by drink and other kinds of dissipation.

If it were possible for the people of this country to follow the laws of health

for six months, it would change the entire condition of our civilization. The unhappiness, misery, and crime would be reduced immeasurably, and the general efficiency would increase marvelously. Ignorance of the laws is responsible for a large part of the ills we suffer, and for discouragement and unhappiness.

It seems strange that we should spend so much time and money learning about a hundred things which we shall never use practically, but which are, of course, of great value as discipline, and almost wholly neglect to find out what we are ourselves. It is really an insult to the Creator, who has fashioned us so marvelously, that we should not spend as much time studying the physique which it has taken Him a quarter of a century or more to bring to maturity as we would spend upon a single dead language which we know we shall never use except indirectly.

I know a young lady who has very marked ability, and when she is in good health, and her spirits are up, she accomplishes wonders; but much of the time she is in poor health, and then her ambition is down, she is discouraged. The result is that she will probably never be able to bring out ten per cent. of her real ability, or to find the satisfaction her talents should warrant.

Everywhere we see people doing little things, living mediocre lives, when they have the ability to do great things, to live grand lives, if they only could keep their health up to standard.

The first requisite to success and happiness is good robust health. *The brain gets a great deal of credit which belongs to the stomach and the muscles.* Health is the fire of life which spurs us on to efforts which lead beyond mediocrity. Physical weaknesses of all kinds minimize our effort, belittle us, cripple us; no industry or will power can compensate for their evil effect.

Vigorous, robust health doubles and quadruples the efficiency and power of every faculty and function. It tones up the human economy; it clears the cobwebs from the brain, brushes off the brain-ash, improves the judgment,

sharpens every faculty, increases the energy, freshens the cells in every tissue of the body.

A person with a weak, half-developed physique, puny muscles, a low state of vitality, fractious nerves, cannot have that buoyancy of spirits which are the offspring of robust health.

The ambition partakes of the quality and the vigor of the mental faculties; and a brain that is fed by poisoned blood due to vitiated air, to over-eating or bad eating, or to dissipation, or a lack of vigorous outdoor exercise, can *never do great things*. It is pure blood that makes pure thought and wholesome enjoyment of life, and pure blood can only come from a clean life, strong, vigorous outdoor exercise, a great variety of mental food, and an abundance of sound sleep.

RADIATING VIGOR.

We all know the advantage the man has who can radiate vigor, who has a robust physique. Great achievement is the child of a strong vitality. It can never come from a weak constitution or vitiated blood.

What a sorry picture is a weak, puny, half-developed youth, starting out in the race for success, with an ambition to keep pace with his robust companions! What are his chances compared with those of the youth whose vitality and power emanate from every pore? How unfortunate to be thus handicapped on the very threshold of an active life! But oh, what a satisfaction to stand upon life's threshold, vigorous, fresh, hopeful, with the consciousness of physical energy and power, equal to any emergency—master of any situation!

Abounding health not only increases self-confidence, but the confidence of others; and this confidence is credit, is power. With rare exceptions the great prizes of life fall to those who have stalwart, robust physiques. One who has health possesses the greatest magnet-making force and can compel success to come to his call.

Robust health not only raises the power of and multiplies the entire brain power many times, but it also increases tremendously the power to enjoy life.

In the last analysis happiness is located in the microscopic cells of the body and the integrity of everyone of these billions of tiny cells is essential for perfect happiness. Anything which interferes with this integrity, which causes discord, deterioration, poison, or pain, affects the well-being, the happiness, by just so much.

The study of happiness must learn how much our happiness as well as our character depends upon *sound* health. He will find that there is no lasting unhappiness with sound health, and no real happiness without it. He will find that upon the integrity, not only of cerebral cells but of every cell in the human system, happiness depends. He will find that every feeling of comfort or discomfort, high spirits or low spirits, hope or despair, cowardice or bravery, depends chiefly upon active nutrition of the tissues, strength of heart-beats, vigor of nerves, in fact, upon the harmonious working of the entire physical organism.

Few people realize that the cultivation and improvement of health is really the cultivation and improvement of the entire individual, for every degree of every mental faculty. Improving the health increases the courage, lifts hope, raises self-confidence, initiative, indeed lifts every quality in one's nature, every mental faculty, heart quality. Physical deterioration means a corresponding depression in all the emotions. It means a little less courage, a little less heart for our work; it means a little less endurance, less powers of resistance to ward off the disease enemies, the enemies of our efficiency and happiness.

Robust health and optimism produce happiness. The power of a sunny soul to transform the most trying situations in life is beyond all power to compute. *The world loves the sunny soul, the man who carries his holidays in his eye and his sunshine with him.* The determination to be kind and helpful to everyone, to be cheerful, no matter what comes to us, is a great happiness producer. "When a man does not find repose in himself it is vain for him to seek it elsewhere."

The Rising Market

This peculiar story depicts a scheme to make money out of convict labor during the floods that were damaging the property of the town merchants, and the story ends in as equally peculiar a manner.—Editor.

By Charles E. Van Loan

THE long freight train rattled and wheezed as it came to a standstill; the overworked engine sent forth a series of melancholy hoots, and Vestibule Slim, traveling man, cautiously opened the side door of his private car and looked out upon a wet world. To the eastward, the broken Colorado landscape melted away into a leaden horizon; and to the west, as far as the eye could reach, until the vista was closed by a distant line of mountains, there was nothing but water.

"Oh, you Noah!" said Vestibule Slim irreverently. "This is your weather, all right, and this ark's stranded here for the present."

To the north a lowering smoke-pall marked the smelters of Granada.

"It can't be more'n three miles—or maybe four," thought Slim. "This train may be here a week; and, with all this water in the Arkansas River, there'll be something doing in Granada to-night."

Being a man of action, Slim wasted no time in thought. Lowering himself to the ties, he splashed on his way, and the hardened train-crew jeered as they watched him skip through the puddles.

Slim was right; there was something doing in Granada. The spring freshets had brought disaster. The yellow Arkansas had broken its banks, and the business section of the town was under water. A steady tide rolled down the main street. Boxes, barrels, oil-cans, and small buildings rode slowly through the town. On the sidewalks the merchants watched the desolation, which they were powerless to stay.

Through this lively scene moved Vestibule Slim, noting everything with the quick glance of the trained observer. He had seen spring floods before, but never one so large.

Late that night a statue of a man, done in rich yellow mud, stood at the door of Granada's city jail, one hand on the bell-cord. A surly, black-bearded man in blue overalls unlocked the heavy door and peered out.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the night turnkey savagely.

The statue planted one yellow boot inside the door.

"I want the main guy, and I want him quick—understand?"

The surly man laughed.

"What do you think he is? A porpoise? Do you think a city marshal lives in the jail?"

"I don't care where he lives," said Slim. "I want to see him. You get him for me, right now, if you have to bring him on your back. I ain't going to be responsible if you don't."

The last sentence was delivered so impressively that it rather staggered the turnkey. He wavered.

"All right," said he at length. "I'll go after him; but it better be important or he'll half kill you for draggin' him out a night like this. I ain't sure he won't do it, anyhow."

The mud on Slim's clothes was dry and caked before the city marshal appeared. He was a big man; but in a rubber coat and hip boots he seemed a giant, and there was a suggestive bulge at his hip as he sat down. The city marshal of Granada had to be a gun

man; and, in order that none might misunderstand this fact, he wore his yellow hair long and sported an immense black slouch-hat.

"Send this flunky away," said Slim, waving his hand toward the indignant turnkey. "What I've got to say ain't for anybody but real people."

"I like your nerve!" said the marshal. "Better beat it, Bill."

Bill dripped away down the corridor, grumbling under his breath. The marshal, after one look at Vestibule Slim, was vainly trying to identify the face as one on his collection of posters.

"Well," said the city marshal amiably, "I suppose you want to give yourself up and split the reward. How much is it that's offered?"

"It's a gold-mine," said Slim. "It's a United States mint!"

There was a deep glint in the marshal's eye as he leaned forward, and he shot his question like a bullet:

"Bank or train robbery?"

"Nothing like that," said Slim. "I ain't done nothing. This is a legitimate business proposition."

"Well, of all the—" The marshal's vocabulary failed him. "Have you got me out a night like this just to—"

"Just a second," interposed Slim. "Gimme a chance to get my bets down. Marshal, this town is under water. Every business house on Main Street is going to be flooded before morning. Everybody's so busy saving his own stuff that the merchants can't hire help to go into the cellars and basements, and the storekeepers stand to lose a fortune."

"Tell me something I don't know," growled the marshal.

"In a minute," pleaded Slim. "Do you know how much money they're offering men to-night to work in those flooded cellars? Five—dollars—an—hour! And they can't get 'em at any price. The only way they'll ever get men into those cellars is to *drive* 'em down there. You could drive 'em if you had the men, and I know where you can get 'em!"

"Git somewhere!" said the city marshal venomously. "Git somewhere! Quit ravin' and come down to cases!"

"I suppose you keep a register here at this hotel," said Slim pleasantly. "You'll probably know how many hoboos you've got in here to-night?"

"About thirty," said the marshal. "Why?"

"And I know where you can grab thirty more," said Slim quickly. "There ain't a wheel turning on any of these roads; there ain't a way for any man who's in this town to get out, unless he's a good swimmer, and the swimmin's bad this time of year. You've got these 'boos dead to rights. You can give 'em a spiel about the law allowin' you to press 'em into service, same as you can grab any citizen to make him fight a forest fire. Any 'bo knows that. Now, then, you don't have to appear in this thing at all. You furnish the hoboos, and I'll handle the storekeepers, make all the contracts, collect the money, and we'll split it up. Are you on?"

The marshal hesitated, and Slim fired the deciding shot.

"Sixty men at five dollars an hour—ten hours a day," said he softly. "That's worth trying for, ain't it?"

The marshal brought the front legs of his chair to the floor with a bang.

"Where did you say I could get the rest of those tramps?" he asked.

"I thought you'd see it that way," said Slim. "Now, I'll go out and rustle around among the storekeepers. I'll contract to deliver so many men to each store, as far as they'll go. It might not be a bad idea to give these fellows some money. That'll keep 'em quiet."

"Leave that to me," said the city marshal. "I'll treat 'em white. We can arrange to get 'em out at work before day-light in the morning, and bring 'em back here after dark. If there's any holler from the merchants, you square it without lugging me into the thing. Now, where can I find the rest of these fellows?"

II.

THAT night the freight-yards were scientifically and painstakingly raided. The victims, protesting bitterly, were haled through deep water to the bastille.

"I been to jail a many a time," complained Boston Red, "but this is the first time I ever had a cop come after me in a boat. This ain't moral, this ain't. Even a cop ought to be abed an' asleep a night like this."

At four o'clock in the morning the real prisoners in the upper tier of cells sniffed unbelievably.

"Am I crazy?" asked a second-story man of his cell-mate, "or do I smell ham and aigs? And regular coffee?"

On the lower floor were the large steel cells, commonly known as the tanks. Prisoners of no class or standing were herded into the tanks, and this morning there were sixty-seven of them.

"I wish I may die," said the second-story man a few minutes later, "if they ain't feedin' them hoboes ham 'n' aigs! What's going to happen?"

The tramps were none the less mystified, but deeply grateful.

"This is class!" said Boston Red cheerily over his second cup of coffee. "This sure *is* class! This here head constable's a human man, that's what he is! Me for him!"

A heavy door banged, and the "human man" stood among his guests. Taking a position under the electric light, he drew from his inside pocket a paper liberally plastered with seals and ribbons. He unfolded the document with deliberation.

"Accordin' to the law and the statutes of the State of Colorado," said he in a loud official voice, "prisoners waitin' trial for minor offences can be pressed into service in time of fire, flood, or act of God. This town is flooded, and there's a lot of work that's *got* to be done."

You're going to do it! I've got the right to make you work for nothing; but I'm a white man, I am, and I believe in treatin' everybody white. A dollar an hour is what these storekeepers are offerin', and I'll split it up with you."

The marshal paused for breath.

"Um - m - m!" said Boston Red thoughtfully. "Might have known them ham and eggs meant something."

"I'm a white man," repeated the marshal belligerently, "but I'm troubled with large black spots if I'm peeved. Anyhow, four a day is pretty soft for hoboes, and I eat and sleep you. Fall in by the door, there!"

During the night Vestibule Slim splashed up and down Granada's streets bringing hope with him. He promised to deliver labor at daylight, and the merchants received him with thanksgiving. They had found that Granada's lawful citizens were opposed to



drowning in dark cellars with their arms full of canned peaches.

The laborers arrived just before daylight, each squad under the supervision of a friend whom the marshal could trust. Many of the recruits expressed reluctance to enter the cold water without hip-boots; but when it was pointed out to them that the water was neck deep in most places—in extreme cases of incipient mutiny it was pointed out with a sawed-off shotgun—they saw the fault in their contention, and plunged in bravely.

Men who had never worked before and have never worked since, having but a theoretical acquaintance with water in any form, performed marvels. Knee-deep, waist-deep, shoulder-deep, they splashed and floundered about in the cellars, and brought out what they found there, the merchants thoughtfully providing powerful stimulants.

Vestibule Slim was everywhere, the buffer between supply and demand.

"If there's any holler coming," said he to the merchants, "holler to me. I'm the admiral of this navy!"

That night the rain fell in torrents. The submarine brigade, wrapped in coarse blankets, its clothes drying on the jail radiators, examined its toes and blasphemed heartily. The city marshal, seated in his small office at the jail, watched with glistening eyes while Vestibule Slim counted the receipts.

"Hear that rain?" asked Slim, as he neatly stacked a double handful of gold pieces. "The market is rising, I tell you, marsh. It's rising about an inch every fifteen minutes. The law of supply and demand—"

"How much you got there?" rather illogically asked the marshal.

Slim skimmed lightly over several stacks of shining gold pieces, rustled through a roll of currency, and grinned as he announced the total.

"Thirty-one hundred bucks," said he. "Not so bad for a starter!"

"Bad?" gasped the marshal. "I didn't know there was that much money in the world!"

"When you've got something that other people have to have, and you've got all of it there is, you can charge

any price and get away with it," said Slim wisely. "That's what makes a trust. Wish't we had some more men. Can't you take a boat and go through the railroad-yards again? They're worth fifty a day, you know."

"Son," said the marshal admiringly, "you're sure a curly wolf with long claws. If I had your brains and my good looks, I'd be up in Denver, makin' faces at the mint! Gimme a little of that, till I go out and pay off the hired hands."

The sight and the feel of real money aroused in those blanketed sufferers a flash of false gaiety. Seven poker-games formed in as many minutes.

At midnight the marshal's boatman arrived with a single prisoner—a squat, under-sized man with a villainous face and a taste for argument.

"A rotten poor catch!" grunted the marshal contemptuously. "Why, he ain't half a man!"

"Look here!" the little man exploded. "What's this pinch for? I ain't no common hobo. I've got money. Besides, I ain't done nothing."

"Maybe not," said the marshal soothingly, "but you're going to do something to-morrow. Put him in with the rest."

Next day the good work went on swimmingly. The water was still rising, and the submerged sixty-seven and a half had a frightful ten hours. They railed at the law and cursed their overseers, but a sawed-off shotgun constitutes a powerful argument; and, besides, there was no way of leaving town.

The new prisoner, christened Pittsburgh Shorty, was assigned to a cellar with four feet of water in it, where he moved about like some strange aquatic monster, breathing through his nose.

That night there was more money to be divided between the marshal and Vestibule Slim.

"Look here," said the latter, "I ain't going to carry all this dough around with me. I've known whole families to be murdered for less. Haven't you got a bank-account?"

"If I had, would I be a city marshal?" asked that dignitary reproachfully. "And, what's more, I wouldn't dare op-

en one now and begin depositing a bunch like this every day. People would talk."

"What's the matter with this safe of your?" asked Slim. "It looks like a good one."

"It ought to be," said the marshal proudly. "It stuck the city eight hundred bucks. I'm the only one that knows the combination; and there's a big box inside that we can put the whole thing in, and leave it there till we split."

III.

FOR six terrible days the unwilling saviours of a city's goods endured martyrdom by water. Revolt was in the air. The cold water had entered their very souls. The novelty of the work had worn off, and so had most of the skin on their hands and feet.

"The law!" said Boston Red with a rattling volley of profanity. "Does the law say that any hick constable can grab me and make me wade in ice-water till my toes drop off? I ain't a healthy guy, anyway; and there's weaklings in my family. I ain't had a long breath this week. Maybe what I got is the scurvy. They tell me you get that by being around water too much."

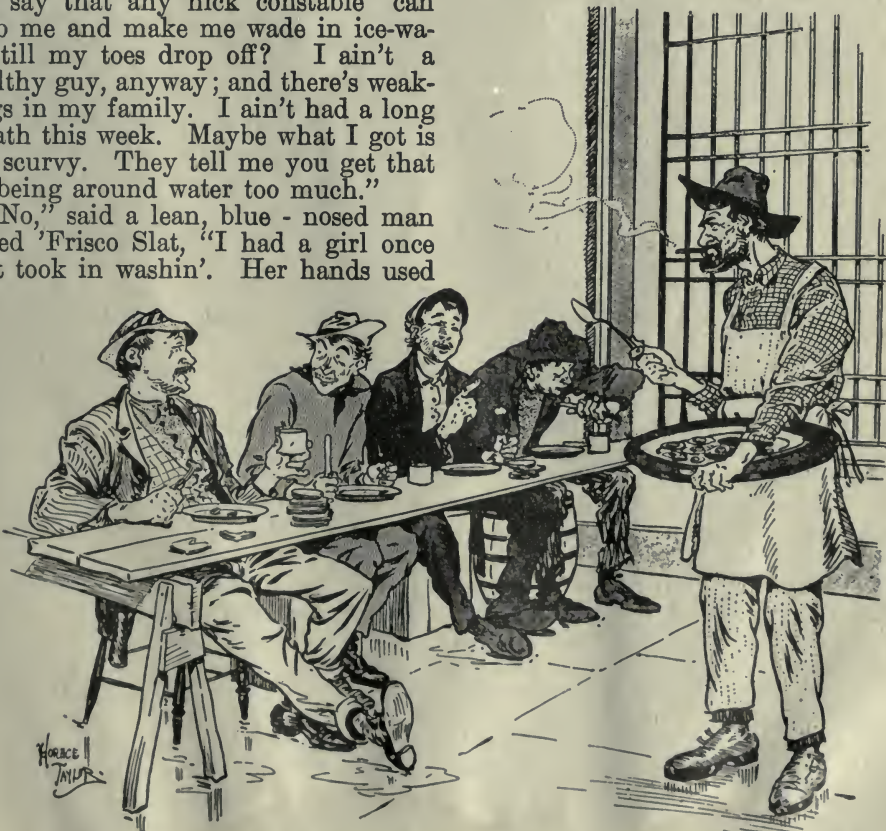
"No," said a lean, blue-nosed man called 'Frisco Slat, "I had a girl once that took in washin'. Her hands used

to be like that. It ain't no disease. Anyhow, the trains will be runnin' in another day or so; an' me to grab the first rattler I see, if it's the last official act of my life! I'd have done better to enlist in the regular salt-water navy that time my folks wanted me to!"

But all things have an end, and the waters were receding. The yellow Arkansas was sullenly retiring to its bed, leaving a sea of mud behind.

On the seventh and last day of the work, Pittsburgh Shorty and three others were turned over to Casey & Zolinski, who sold mining-supplies. Casey, who had a bitter tongue, stood at the cellar entrance, and watched Shorty, who came waddling, nose deep, with a case of giant-powder held above his head.

"You're a fine kind of a shrimp to be gettin' five dollars an hour!" said Casey. "You ought to be—hey, there!"



"I wish I may die if they ain't feedin' them hoboos ham an' aigs!"

What did you drop that powder for?"

Pittsburgh Shorty went under twice before he was rescued by his fellow laborers. That evening, when Vestibule Slim called to collect two hundred dollars, Mr. Zolinski, who handled the money for the firm, put in a further objection.

"Dot sawed-off feller, he's no good!" said he angrily. "First he drops a whole case of powder in the water, an' then he don't do a thing but set around and set around, and says he's thinking and I shall not bother him. For five dollars an hour, he thinks! Don't I catch him stealing some miners' fuse? And when I ask him what for he wants it, he says he don't know; he's swallowed so much water this week, he says it's gone to his brains and he ain't responsible. I shall pay *him* five dollars an hour? Fooley!"

That night, as Pittsburgh Shorty waddled back to the jail, he seemed silent and preoccupied, and in his eye there was a purely professional light. He carried a small bundle under his arm.

At the jail the marshal delivered his second address.

"You can sleep late to-morrow, men," said he. "You're about through with your work now. I don't mind saying that you've done fine. The town ought to be proud of you. Of course, you've all got money to show for it—a lot of money, these hard times."

Late that night Vestibule Slim and the marshal were undressing in Slim's room at the Granada House, two blocks from the jail. The marshal, being somewhat thrifty, had accepted Slim's invitation to remain for the night. Slim opened the window and looked out at the stars.

"The market is falling, marsh," he remarked. "This is the end of our good thing. I'll bet there ain't a 'bo in the whole country who won't travel a thousand miles to skip this town next time there's a flood. These fellows won't ever bother you. They'll be too busy gettin' out of town the quickest way."

The marshal thoughtfully removed one rubber boot.

"I believe I'll turn 'em all loose," said he. "That's the best way."

"I'm going to duck out myself to-morrow morning," said Slim, drawing the blanket up around his ears. "We'll go down to the jail the first thing when we get up, and split the bank-roll. There's a little more than nine thousand and apiece. That's bread on the waters for you."

"Bread!" ejaculated the marshal reverently. "It's angel-cake!"

Thus, side by side, the oddly assorted couple fell into a deep sleep, each to dream of the things that nine thousand dollars would buy.

IV.

GRANADA's city jail was a very quiet place at seven o'clock the next morning. There was about the ugly brown building an air of almost Sabbath calm.

"Poor devils!" said the marshal to Vestibule Slim, "they're all asleep yet. We handed 'em a pretty tough deal, my son. It's a wonder half of 'em ain't dead with pneumonia. Hello, this front door is unlocked! That's funny."

Just inside the door they came upon the night turnkey, trussed like a fowl. When the gag had been taken from his mouth and the cords from his wrists and ankles, he spat a few times and coughed huskily.

"Quick!" stormed the marshal. "How many of 'em got away?"

"The prisoners are all safe," croaked the turnkey, "but that blasted hobo navy of yours has sailed. They went out about two this morning, singing and counting their money. That little sawed-off guy was leadin' them."

"Money?" said the marshal, looking at Slim. For the first time he became aware that the corridor was littered with mortar and bits of wood. "Something's come off here!" he ejaculated.

Slim was already at the door of the marshal's office. He heard the words, and, after one glance inside, turned with a twisted grin on his lips.

"You've called the turn, marsh, old boy," said he sadly; "and it looks like what come off was the door of that eight-hundred-dollar safe!"

There is No Crisis Ahead

An impression prevails that Canada is suffering more from monetary stringency than other countries. This, in the opinion of Mr. Appleton, is a wrong impression. Canada, he holds, though passing through a period of very extraordinary development, is not suffering from the world-wide money-tightness relatively more than other countries in the borrowing class. He refutes criticisms which presage serious trouble because of Canada's so-called "adverse" trade balance, and maintains that business generally will proceed without serious interruption.—Editor.

By John Appleton

SHREWD Canadian business men have long had their eyes well set upon certain danger signals which were ahead. The chief one was in the extent of Canada's borrowing. Heavy borrowing is accompanied by as much danger when the whole nation is a party to it as in the case of an individual who borrows heavily. The wisdom or prudence of the borrowing depends upon the borrowers' ability to liquidate when called upon to do so. There is no cause for hesitation in repeating a declaration of faith in the ability of Canada to pay her debts. Not long ago in this magazine it was held that Canada could deliver the goods. It may be that the expenditure of new capital, temporarily, is disproportionate to the development of Canada's productive power. A re-adjustment will be effected by a slowing-down until Canada's crop, mineral, and manufacturing products increase. To handle them as it is, there is a deficiency in transportation facilities, and for the people employed in the productive industries there is a shortage of good housing accommodation. Under the circumstances, it is very hard for Canadian business men to believe that the expenditure of new and borrowed capital has been disproportionate to the augmentation of the productive forces of the Dominion.

But whether Canadians believe it or not it would appear that investors who have been lending money to Canada are of the opinion that as a nation we have

been borrowing too much, and that we ought to produce and export more wealth. This opinion has to be taken with a grain of salt. Canada's difficulty in getting all the capital she desires is a difficulty experienced in common with every other country. If Canada has been prodigal in her borrowing, it is a charge to which practically every other country in the borrowing class will plead guilty. One thing Canadians ought to keep well in mind, and that is to see that the money borrowed is put to good use—that is, productive use.

Business men will err in judgment if they attribute the present monetary stringency to domestic causes solely. It is due very largely to external causes. Over-expansion may be a contributory cause. Of the latter, perhaps the most obvious is that of the extraordinary advance in land values, and the speculation that has been attracted by it.

But a few years ago the man who stayed by his plough, or toiled at his bench, was considered as being devoid of normal enterprise. To make a plough, or to cultivate the land was, to a great extent, regarded as unfit employment for the man of brain and ability, when the opportunity was present to buy land and sell it again at a big profit—more than could be earned by a year's digging at ever so fertile a patch of the source of all wealth, Mother Earth. But at the present time the freshness of the sudden successes achieved in the real estate gamble has worn

off. Meanwhile there exists a struggle to hold and turn into cash the erstwhile magnificent equities. The question now confronting hosts of Canadians is, will real estate values hold? Will immigration be maintained at a rate such as to create for this or that property, a demand strong enough to let the present holder out with or without a profit? Will the man at the plough and at the bench continue to toil hard and produce enough to pay the interest and other charges which Canada as a nation has piled up? These seem to be serious questions which concern the business men of Canada at the present time.

They are questions, however, of a domestic character, and do not materially affect the sources from which the great supplies of new capital are drawn.

Real estate fevers and booms in a rapidly growing country like Canada, are like the measles to youth. To the business of the Dominion as a whole, real estate speculation is merely incidental. If the Dominion has to expand further there will be real estate speculation and speculators. Canada must have railroads, homes and factories, and so long as these are in the building, there will be attractive advances in real estate, and all these have not as yet been anticipated. It would be quite idle to argue that the future, as to property values, in many districts has been discounted for many years, and in some for ever. But nothing short of the great loss which has occurred to many would teach the folly of buying offerings of lots without subjecting them to as close a personal inspection as a horse lover would a horse fancied as desirable for his stables. Real estate peddlers have developed a "scientific salesmanship" that ranks higher in the scale of imposition than the historic tricks of horse dealers. Regrettable, however, as are real estate booms, they are as inevitable as measles, and they will be with Canada for many years subsequent to the passing away of this generation.

With the cause of the present monetary stringency, however, real estate has but little to do. Money invested in real estate goes from one pocket to another, as in a game of poker. What is lost to

the country is the time and attention devoted to gambling that should be added to the nation's wealth, if devoted to production. The aggregate of that time and attention is very considerable. Circumstances are now compelling the gamblers to seek more useful occupations. The public has lost enough in the real estate game to teach it to keep out of it.

The most serious aspect of the over-expansion in real estate values, and the resultant speculation, is the use made of the latter by influential critics of Canada's credit. Canada has become one of the most extensive borrowers in the world's money market, and any blot on her escutcheon is seized upon by rivals in the money market to defame her credit. Fair or not fair, commerce has decreed that the seller of any commodity can seek to gain advantage by pointing out the defects of a rival's offerings. Every Canadian borrower in London is faced with some one or other "real estate scandal," as evidence of Canada's over-borrowing. Regrettable as these have been, they are but trifling as a contribution to the cause of the monetary tightness which prevails.

In Canada, some inconvenience is being experienced by reason of a world-wide tightness of money, caused by the waste of war in the Balkan Peninsula, by the increase of armaments in Europe, by uncertainty as to the tariff policy of the United States, by the huge expenditure of new capital in the countries undergoing development, amongst which Canada must be classed, and by the exceptional trade expansion in the United Kingdom. The absorption of so much new capital by this world-wide activity has led to keener and more vicious competition. Canada has been in the past favored by the London market, and like all favorites, she is being subjected to more than ordinary scrutiny.

New York, never too friendly, has poured forth vials of criticism on Canada and her undertakings. In the "New York Analyst," the adverse trade balance of Canada was represented to be a danger signal of portentous significance, and in the New York Journal of Commerce, and other journals of

standing, attacks have been leveled against the positions of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose position in the money markets of the world is no mean factor in the determining of credits.

It should be remembered also, that Canada's skirts have on them other blemishes than that of soil from real estate transactions. The Quebec Railway, Light and Power financing in France, and the frightful imposition of timber deals on Britishers, are all pegs on which memory hangs tenaciously. Sir Rodolphe Forget, says a confrere of his, will get out of his troubles. No doubt the undertaking under present conditions will be difficult if half the unprinted rumors respecting the undertakings he controls, are true. These blemishes, our very extraordinary trade position and very extraordinary development provide for our critics a splendid basis on which to build plausible signals of coming disaster. These signals cannot with impunity be disregarded. Credit is a very sensitive bird.

Her favored haunts are where there is no danger threatened or suggested. If for some years, her favored perch has been on Canada's long lines of steel rails, and on the boughs of her forest giants or blossoming orchards, on piles of silver and golden ore, on the stocks of unnumbered acres, or in the rigging of a fast-growing merchant marine, her flight may be hastened by arousing apprehension. That seems to be the purpose of Canadian critics. Mr. Fred. R. Macaulay, in the New York Analyst, likens the present trade figures to those of the United States when that country had a population of 40,000,000. Its adverse trade balance was then, in 1872, \$116,000,000, as compared with Canada's adverse balance of \$288,000,000 in 1912, for a population of 8,000,000. Such a position on Canada's part, is regarded by Mr. Macaulay as "startling." To put it in that way, at a time when the whole world, by a combination of international circumstances, is disposed to be alarmed, is likely to cause apprehension. It is not a new attack, but new ammunition has been used. Comparisons between the trade figures of Canada and those of the

United States, in the rapidly growing periods of that country's growth, have not been previously used. Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Williams Taylor and others have dealt with Canada's adverse balance of trade, and dealt with it effectually, but Mr. Macaulay has found a new line which calls for an answer. Two writers in The Financial Post essayed to defend the position of Canada, as against attempts to injure her credit from Mr. Macaulay's point of view.

Prof. Mavor says: "The sharpest addition to the adverse balance occurred in 1908 when the amount of capital raised on Canadian account in London jumped at once from an average of about \$33,000,000 a year to nearly \$137,000,000 in 1908, and an average of \$178,000,000 a year for the five years succeeding 1907.

"That this remarkable movement is worthy of serious attention cannot be doubted, but that in itself it affords cause for alarm cannot be admitted. A country may prosper under conditions in which the trade balance is either favorable or the adverse. The years from 1895 to 1901, during which the trade balance was favorable, were not especially prosperous years for Canada; the years between 1901 and 1912, during which the balance was strikingly adverse, were unquestionably prosperous years. Capital poured into the country, because there was an effective demand for it. Immigration became greater than ever before, because there was an effective demand for people. Increase in demand for goods which resulted from these incidents meant prosperity."

Another writer, Mr. W. L. McKinnon, brusquely disposes of the question in this way:

"It is probably true that there has been nothing in history to match Canada's 'adverse trade balance,' by which he means our excess of imports over exports. This unusual situation is to the credit of Canada and is merely a manifestation of the wonderful natural resources of Canada, and of the energy which Canadians are using to develop their country.

"Apparently Canada has entered upon a new economic period. Old standards do not apply to-day. The writer says that United States in 1872 had an adverse trade balance of \$116,000,000, with a population of 40,000,000, as compared to Canada's adverse balance of \$288,000,000 in 1912 for a population of 8,000,000.

"But this comparison means nothing because conditions and standards are different to-day. One man in 1913 with a steam shovel will do more work than 300 men with hand shovels could do in 1872 because of these different conditions. And so it is all along the line.

"The point is not whether Canada is ahead or behind other countries, so much as whether Canada is good for the vast debt she is contracting.

"Canada is good for this debt if she offers security for repayment of the principal money borrowed and at the same time earns the interest and sinking fund charges as well.

"It is doubtful if any informed person to-day will say that the resources of Canada, if properly developed, are not good security for any debt Canadians are likely to incur."

No better answer can be given than either of the two which we have just quoted. It will be noted that both writers lay stress upon the importance of

production. Mr. McKinnon refers to the assets of Canada being good security for the debts contracted, if the resources are "properly developed." Professor Mavor indicates that the larger proportion of imports are for "productive" purposes, but points to the danger arising from indiscreet investment in productive implements when there is absence of the means to properly utilize them. Mr. Macaulay's contention would be quite tenable if Canada did not present the opportunity to employ profitably the large amounts she has borrowed. To clearly grasp the proportions of this amount it may be as well to reproduce the percentage of Canadian loans to the total New World's applications in London for several years past, as prepared by Mr. Macaulay.

1907 14.1 p.c. of the total world applications.

1908 14.3 p.c. of the total world applications.

1909 14.0 p.c. of the total world applications.

1910 13.7 p.c. of the total world applications.

1911 21.4 p.c. of the total world applications.

1912 22.2 p.c. of the total world applications.

Canada has of late made good use of these huge amounts borrowed. There has been some waste, as is common to any human undertaking. But to date, the amount has not been abnormal. Canada has been, during the past ten years, very utilitarian in her ideals. Her energy as well as her borrowings have gone into plant and productive equipment. It remains, however, for her to make good. Many a promising son has been set up in business on an elaborate scale by a proud father, and in the course of a year or two, little is left but sad though useful experience. Canada may be regarded safely as having had the experience. Her people have been hardened by pioneer hardships and struggles. The great base on which her commercial and financial structure is being built is grounded on generations of frugality, just coming into the recognition which the world owes it. The adverse trade balance,

therefore, may be set aside as a danger signal, except in so far as it temporarily makes it more difficult to get new capital. The temporary difficulty is one of some account. Since the closing months of last year there has been a very marked stringency, and it has lasted longer than generally anticipated. Prophecies early in the year were made subject to the termination of the Balkan War, but that disturbing factor has not yet been given its quietus. It is still the source of anxiety and the cause of nervousness on the part of investors. Meanwhile, the nations of Europe are increasing the waste of armaments. Early in June, at the time of writing, the outlook for easier money and lower rates of interest is gloomier than it has been since the close of 1912. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is apparent that Canada will have to "slow up." This does not necessarily mean depression. If our factories continue to operate as fully as they are doing at present; if our crop area and product continues to expand; and if our mineral output maintains its record, there is little likelihood of actual dullness. If the banks find money to enable the commerce of the country to be carried on, there will be no unpleasant business stagnation. What the banks cannot do, however, is to provide capital either for building new railroads, dwellings or factories. In the form of capital expenditure there will be some slowing up, and in a few months, industrial undertakings concerned will begin to feel the consequences.

In view of the present unsettled state of the political as well as the financial world, the prospects of easier money are less bright than a few months ago. But if there are no further untoward developments the extent to which Canada will suffer will be limited. Already the brakes have been applied. The danger signals put up, have been heeded, and despite all adverse criticisms, Canada will weather the wave of tight money with a sprightliness that will justify some envy on the part of her rivals in the money markets.

Review of Reviews

The selections that have been made for this issue cover a wide field of reading on the part of the editors. The articles selected will be found to give interesting information on subjects that are not usually treated in everyday reading matter. We had hoped to insert a larger number of leading cartoons, but we were unable to secure copies in time. This feature will be improved in each succeeding issue, and we trust to have the representative cartoons from the Canadian press reproduced here. The illustrations that do appear will be found a great help to the reader in this review work.

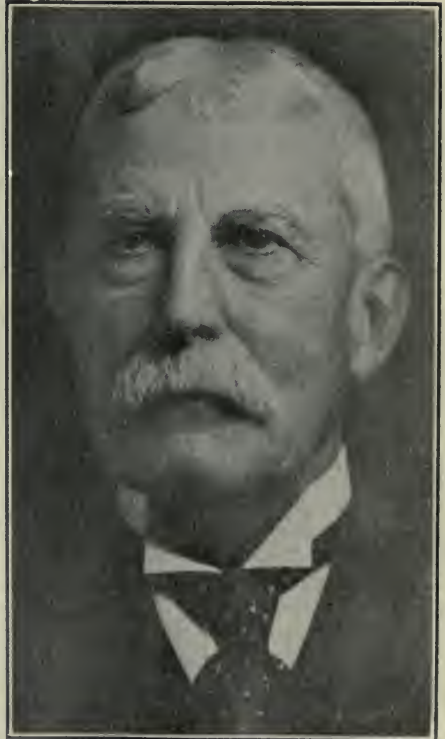
Three Women Who Manage Millions

Emergency Thrusts Three Widows into the High Finance of Fortune Builders and They Make Good.

That women can rise to an emergency in sickness and display a fortitude that no philosophy has as yet explained, has been exemplified time and again. Equally successful in the management of business enterprises, she has demonstrated in her untiring nature, persistent attention and executive intuition, her right to equality with men.

To become a successful financier and manager of millions, when circumstances have pushed the load of much responsibility upon her, is another role played well by the sex. When those builders of fortunes Messrs. Sage, Harriman, and recently, Flagler, departed from the scene, their widows assumed their work.

The first had been the daughter of a Michigan lumberman, the second the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia, and the third was the daughter of Captain W. R. Kenan, who had served in the Confederate Army, and whose land and slaves vanished in the trials of arms. In Cleveland's administration he became collector of the port of Wilmington, and meantime his daughter, one of four, had been at school at St. Mary's, in Wilmington. She had not married at thirty-four when she met Mr. Flagler through her sister, Mrs. Clisby Wise, who had been at school with his niece. Gratitude for kindness to the niece is the ascribed reason for a gift of a house in Macon to Mrs. Wise and Miss Kenan. After the Florida law legalized divorce from a mate mentally deranged, he married Miss Kenan and he settled upon her \$4,000,000, upon his for-



The late Henry M. Flagler. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in a little village of New York. He died on May 20th last, at the age of 83, leaving one of the largest estates ever accumulated by a single individual.

\$60,000,000 and \$80,000,000, his Standard mer wife in asylum \$3,000,000, and upon his new wife's sisters \$50,000 each, besides restoring their ante-bellum plantation home at Duplin.

As a girl Mary Lily Kenan had been pretty, piquant, in the French type, no higher than five feet two, and at thirty-six, when she became Mrs. Flagler, she was known as "a woman of tact and temperament." Newport, where she went a summer or two later, saw her to be of gentle manner, whose hair was now sedately graying. But influential women who had been her friends in Wilmington did not now flock to her, triumphant as were her entertainments otherwise. And she left Newport to itself and its well-known irreproachable reserves regarding divorce and re-marriage to make her home in Florida.

Mr. Harriman's sons were not of age when he died; and Mr. Sage left no issue. Mr. Flagler had one child by his second wife, Henry Harkness Flagler, who is known to be conscientious, charitable, and of business capacity. So it is not expected in New York that the Flagler last will and testament will be found to have bestowed upon the widow so wide a power of administration or so large an outright share of possessions as did the wills of Mr. Harriman and Mr. Sage. Such portion as may go to her, however, she is said to be entirely equal to managing with foresight and in the spirit of the man who "made" the Florida East Coast. His "railway that goes to sea" cost over \$10,000,000, and was finished a year ago January. He did not expect more than a 3 per cent. return; he was content if he had brought Cuba some hours nearer New York, and made it possible to go from New York to Havana by Pullman.

Both Mrs. Flagler and Harry Harkness Flagler will need all the executive teaching they had from H. M. Flagler to deal with what he may have left them. Aside from the railroad extension over the Florida Keys, reckoned to represent \$10,000,000, Mr. Flagler expended \$18,000,000 on old railroads and town development, \$12,000,000 in hotels, \$1,000,000 in steamships. A year after his last marriage he consolidated the Florida East Coast Steamship Company with the Plant Steamship Company, retaining one-half of the stock of the consolidation. Although the Flagler estate is estimated to be of value between



The most recent photo of Mrs. Harriman, with her eldest daughter.

Mrs. Harriman is the widow of the great railroad financier, her daughter being Mrs. Robert L. Gerry. This is the first time Mrs. Harriman has been seen in public since the death of her husband although she still conducts her business in person.

Oil stock has a value of \$34,000,000, and for once Wall Street's estimate is thought low instead of high. What its real value is may not be known, as, according to Wall Street gossip, Mr. Flagler trusted most of his property before his death, and by means of this deed of trust many of his unfinished plans will be carried out by his son and his last wife.

No information regarding the contents of his will runs contrary to the probability that Mrs. Flagler must be listed among the tremendously rich relicts of American captains of fortune—Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Harriman, Mrs. Leeds, et al. Mrs. Flagler's portion is not expected to approach Mrs. Sage's \$65,000,000 or Mrs. Harriman's \$71,000,000 or Mrs. Leeds's 40,000,000.

Mrs. Sage was a teacher, salary, \$200, before she married. She is administering the millions devised to her without greatly diminishing them, although she has given away, outright, more than \$20,000,000. "Sickness, misery, misfortune, fires, the forced miseries of life, are the conditions I would alleviate," she once said, but she has not limited expenditure to relief, she has so invested her funds that some graces

may be added to living—as when she gave a mile of rhododendrons to Central Park, purchased an island on the Gulf Coast for migrating birds, constructed a suburban reproduction of the German city of Frankfurt for people of middling incomes, and \$10,000,000 for improving (not merely relieving) social conditions. Once she remarked of her methods: “I have the counsel of capable men and I use their judgment, but my own intuitions.”

Mrs. Harriman has been called the “richest woman in the world,” a financial ticker placing the estate that was given over to her at \$220,000,000. But it couldn’t be proved by the inheritance tax collector, and the will of Krupp, the gunmaker, made her supremacy doubtful. Within a year, the money “at her control” has been placed at \$150,000,000. According to the tax paid into the State comptroller’s office her inheritance was worth \$71,053,737. Beyond that there has been no appraisal. She did not delegate her duties as an executrix, although no woman of the present, unless it is the daughter of Krupp, has taken over the control of so large a share of the complex affairs of a multi-millionaire man of business as Mrs. Harriman, since no man burdened himself like Mr. Harriman with

the active development of varied interests who had not a son to take up the task where he left it.

Mrs. Harriman has been going to her office several days a week. Her problem was not like Mrs. Sage’s—dispersal. It was conservation, for the children’s sake.

Yet Mrs. Harriman is not pointed out by the suffragettes as a great woman. Perhaps because it can hardly be denied that she has all a woman need to have to do to manage her own family concerns. This doesn’t mean, as you know, merely running a mansion in town and fitting up a vast Tyrolean Schloss in Ramapo Hills. It also means controlling policies in one bank, an interest in five others, and studious concentration of what various railroads and other companies are doing in relation to the fifteen railroads in which she has enormous holdings.

Mrs. Harriman’s business training may have been more extensive than Mrs. Flagler’s. She was the daughter of a country banker in St. Lawrence county, went to the local public school, then spent two years in a New York finishing school. Then she married early and became the mother of six children.

A Flying Machine Before Christ.

And Some Striking Instances—Such as the Taximeter, Looping-the-Loop,
and Growing Plants by Electricity—Proving That There is
Nothing New Under the Sun.

THE SAYING that there is no new thing under the sun may be very hackneyed, but it is very true. We take a natural pride in our wonderful modern inventions, but are apt to overlook the fact that they are, after all, largely the developments and improvements of ideas as old as the hills. Among several instances a propos of this contention Mr. Henry E. Dudeney writing in the *Strand Magazine* mentions that Professor Boni, while carrying out excavations in Rome, on the site formerly occupied by the palace of the Caesars on the Palatine Hill, has proved that at least three large lifts were used in the palace, enabling the Roman Emperors to ascend from the Forum to the top of the Palatine. One shaft, which has not yet been completely cleared from the debris and rubbish which encumbered it, is no less than a hundred and twenty feet deep. Imagination is the true begetter of all these things. The man who first thought of a flying machine in ages

long past was doubtless scoffed at as a superstitious dreamer, yet here we have today men flying around us in all directions. It will probably always be the same. Even so late as 1884 a careful thinker like Richard Proctor had so little faith in the possibility of dirigible balloons that he could write: “The buoyancy of balloons is secured, and can be secured, only by one method, and that method is such as to preclude all possibility—so, at least, it seems to me—that the balloon can be navigated.” The fact is that the impossibility of yesterday frequently becomes a probability today and a commonplace achievement tomorrow.

The application of electricity to the cultivation of plants may strike the reader as being the very “last cry” in gardening and floriculture, but from an old print published toward the end of the eighteenth century we have discovered the following interesting fact: A letter signed “Stephen

Demainbray," and dated Edinburgh, February 10th, 1747, is printed in the old Gentleman's Magazine, in which the writer says: "As the following discovery may be of future benefit to society, if the hint be rightly taken, I make no doubt of your inserting the sketch of an application of electricity towards the improvement of vegetation, which I have reason to believe the first put in execution, since nothing hath ever been published of the kind. On the 20th December last I had a myrtle from Mr. Boutcher's greenhouse, which since that time I have electrified seventeen times, and allowed the shrub half a pint of water each fourth day, which you will please observe was kept in the room most frequented of my house, and consequently most exposed to the injuries of the air by the doors and windows being oftenest opened.

This myrtle has since, by electrization, produced several shoots, the longest measuring full three inches; whereas numbers of the same kind and vigor, left in the said greenhouse, have not shown the least degree of increase since that time."

Hero of Alexandria (about 125 B.C.) was an ingenious inventor of mechanical toys. In his works, "Pneumatics" and "Automata," he describes some hundred small machines that he probably never carried beyond the "model" stage. These included a steam-engine which is said to be of the form now known as Avery's patent, and a double forcing pump to be used as a fire-engine. Hero was also the original inventor of the automatic delivery, or penny-in-the-slot machine. He describes "a sacrificial vessel which flows only when money is introduced." When the coin is dropped through the slit it falls on one end of a balanced horizontal lever, which, being depressed, opens a valve suspended from a chain at the other end, and the water begins to flow. When the lever has been depressed to a certain angle the coin falls off, and the valve being weighted returns to its seat and cuts off the supply.

Although the taxicab is a comparative novelty, the taximeter was in use about a hundred years ago. "One of these," it was announced at the time of its invention "will cost but twenty-five shillings without a case; but if varnished and silvered as a clock dial, one guinea and a half. The others are from two to four guineas, and eight guineas if with bells to strike the miles and quarters on pulling a string; one of which may be seen at Mr. Neale's, watchmaker, in Leadenhall St.

The modern telegraph could not possibly

have been brought to its present state of perfection until we had made great additions to our knowledge of electricity. Yet imagination foreshadowed it. In a little book that lies before us, "Mathematical Recreations," by Henry Van Etten (London: 1633), we read: "Some says that by helpe of the Magnes persons which are absent may know each others minde, as if one being here at London, and another at Prage in Germany; if each of them had a needle touched with one Magnes, then the vertue is such that in the same time that the needle which is at Prage shall moove, this that is at London shall also; provided that the parties have like secret notes or alphabets, and the observation be at a set houre of the day or night; and when the one party will declare unto the other, then let that party moove the needle to these letters which will declare the matter to the other, and the mooving of the other parties needle shall open his intention. The invention is subtile, but I doubt whether in the world there can be found so great a stone, or such a Magnes which carries with it such vertue; neither is it expedient, for treasons would be then too frequent and open." Here we have foreshadowed not merely telegraphy but wireless telegraphy!

The reader may suppose that at least the switch-back and looping-the-loop are modern inventions. But they are not so, as we discover from the print of a switch-back that was constructed in 1893, and from the public advertisement of a loop at Dubourgs Wax-work Exhibition at the Haymarket a little later.

At any rate, the reader may be apt to think, the submarine is a quite modern motion; but this is not so. Mersenne, in his work on "Hydraulics, Pneumatics, and the Art of Navigation," published in Paris in 1644, deals with the subject, and Wilkins devoted a whole chapter to discussing its uses and its difficulties in detail, and a submarine boat was actually exhibited on the Thames in 1625 with King James I on board. Fulton also elaborated complete plans of a submarine at the beginning of the last century.

But let us pass to the heavier-than-air flying-machine, as being perhaps one of the most "modern" of all inventions. In the very earliest times men have conceived the idea of flying with wings like birds. There is no reason whatever to doubt the fact that Archytas of Tarentum (about three hundred and ninety-four years before the Christian era) constructed an automaton pigeon that would fly.

But a flying-machine invented by a Vienna watchmaker named Degan, in 1809, has so many points in common with the aeroplane of to-day that we will give a description of it. A frame was made, principally consisting of rods of some strong but light materials, on which the man stood erect. A flat-shaped wing, nine feet long, eight feet broad at the swell, and terminating at a point, proceeded from that part of the frame close to each shoulder, and a fan-shaped tail, apparently connected with both wings, proceeded from behind as far as their swell. Each wing was concave, like a parachute, and, by a series of cords from the different ribs composing it, could be suddenly contracted so as to give percussion against the air, and consequently by its resistance produce elevation.

It is not sufficiently explained how the working was effected, but it seems that this was done by elevating, depressing, or revolving a crank connected at each extremity with the series of cords which dis-

played or contracted the wings. Degan is said not only to have mounted high in the air with his machine but to have exhibited a flight resembling that of a bird, "not consisting merely in ascent or descent, but in real aerial navigation."

Roller-skating came up as a new invention about forty years ago. It was, however, merely a revival. Most people will learn with great surprise that it was in vogue at least fifty years before the date at which it was looked upon as something quite new.

It is noteworthy, too, that even in our games we only improve the pastimes of the ancients. We invent very little. Games with a ball, such as cricket, football, golf, nine-pins, and ping-pong, were played, with slightly different rules, by our ancestors in the dim past, while chess, draughts, cards, back-gammon, and dominoes are, in their elements, of tremendous antiquity. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

The Life of an Artist's Model

The Truth About an Arduous Profession Where \$600 a Year is Made by the Average Poser.

SOME INTERESTING details of the life of an artist's model are given by Miss Muriel Andrews in the *London Magazine*.

"What an easy life you models have—" is the kind of thing I'm always having said to me.

My only reply to these people is to make them take any pose they like, either sitting or standing, and then tell them to keep quite still for an hour; that they may then rest for ten minutes, sit again for fifty minutes, rest again for ten, and keep this up for at least six hours, with an interval of from half an hour to an hour for lunch. This my victim immediately, and smilingly, commences to do, generally taking what she considers a comfortable and at the same time artistic attitude.

Then I sit down and await results. Generally at the end of about ten minutes my amateur model begins to fidget, and I'm obliged to tell her to keep her head up or lower her chin, as I see she is losing her pose.

At the end of another five minutes I hear a faint sigh and some complaint about a leg having gone to sleep or a pain in the neck. "That's all right," I say; "only another three-quarters of an hour, and then you may rest." I always find this treat-

ment cures the scoffer, who at length gives in and says: "I really didn't know it was so hard."

No; a model's life is really hard work; and I can only advise girls who are thinking of going in for sitting to have no silly



The cult of the figure forms an important item in the model's life.

ideas about the life being an easy one, for they will be sadly disappointed, and had better stick to whatever they are doing.

In order to tell you what a model's life really is, I can only give you my experience.

My first sitting was for my head in the art school at a large seaside town. I got this through one of the masters coming into the teashop where I was a waitress, and offering me the job, carefully telling me he only wanted me because the "drawing" in my head wasn't bad, and that my "coloring" was fairly paintable.

So I drifted into the life, and, finding that if you worked hard, kept your appointments, and yourself decent, you got to know men and women who were kind to you, and treated you with a respect, which nobody who does not understand the model's life, can, or will, believe, I determined to stick to it.

Although I know many models who seldom take sittings at the schools, I have always kept in touch with the latter and have done most of my work there, because I have found that, though it is harder work, the regularity of it pays. There are, of course, seasons in the year when nearly all the artists who can afford to employ models are out of town and all the schools are closed, to say nothing of the days when the light is too bad and work impossible, or when an artist has another appointment, say with a portrait sitting, and has to cancel the model's engagement. The model's pay is like that of the theatre—"no play no pay." I don't mean to say that if one is actually engaged for a day an artist doesn't pay, but if he or she sends a card suggesting a different time one cannot very well refuse, although it may mean missing another sitting through the change.

I think, if all these things are taken into consideration, the income of the ordinary, hard-working girl will not exceed \$400 a year*, and for this she must work very hard and keep herself fit. Of course, there are models who are fortunate enough to have some especially beautiful feature, such as perfect feet or hands, a wonderful figure, or red hair, and they can ask a much higher fee than the average. An artist is only too glad to get them at any price.

It is quite a good tip to find out some color and style of costume that suits one, as this will often suggest a subject to an artist. And if one is clever with one's

fingers, and can invent and make costumes, one can often get a sitting through having original "get-ups." For school work they are quite a stock-in-trade, as the question is nearly always asked: "Have you any costumes?"

It is a curious fact, and one that is anything but flattering to our modern style of dress that a good figure-model will frequently look her very worst in her clothes. Many girls have an idea that to be a popular figure-model it is necessary to be plump and round. There are, no doubt, eccentric artists who prefer a Rubensesque figure, but these are the exceptions, and for most private work and school work a spare figure is far more valuable.

The cult of the figure forms an important item in a model's life. One must take plenty of exercise and fresh air, which, after a tiring day's sitting, one feels very disinclined to do. One must not eat too much, or one gets too fat; on the other hand, regular and sufficient meals are a necessity, or one gets too thin.

By the way, is it not possible that it is the word "sitting" that conveys an impression of the "ease" of a model's life to an outsider? How often this sitting develops into standing, any model will tell you.

If one hasn't a good "drawing" figure, it is quite a good thing to take up black-and-white work, but for this one must have decent clothes—an evening dress or two, a good costume, and a smart hat.

There is plenty of work in this direction, its only drawback from a remunerative point of view being that the black-and-white artist works more quickly than the painter, and consequently the sitting does not take up so much time.

Then again the portrait painter often employs models for the figures and dresses of his clients. It has occurred more than once in my life that I have sat for the portrait of a man in riding breeches!

Another department—if one may use the word—in the model's profession is "casting." But this is rather a disagreeable business. I remember the first time I sat again. However, one soon gets used to the heavy feeling.

All sorts of occupations come into the day's work. Once I had to grind a barrel organ to amuse some street arabs. A painter had engaged me to pose for the picture of a girl dancing to a hurdy-gurdy, with two little children looking on.

One day, when my sittings were nearly finished, I was greeted, as I entered the

*Equivalent to about \$600 a year in Canada.

studio, with: "I don't want to paint you to-day, but will you turn the organ and keep these kids amused?" So for a whole hour I turned the handle, and incidentally came to the conclusion that there are even more tiring professions in the world than that of being an artist's model.

In a lifetime of this work one happens, as in any other walk of life, on unhappy times and horrid people, who treat one with no more consideration than they would a lay figure which never felt fatigue or unkind remarks, but the greater part of my experience with artists has led me to believe that, under the shabby, paint-bespattered overall, beat some of the kindest hearts in the world.

Many and many an artist has, to my knowledge, fed a poor model, who, through ill-health or bad luck, has fallen on hard times, when his own finances were in a most precarious state. Sometimes the boot will be on the other foot, and a good-natur-

ed model will sit for nothing when the artist is hard up. And she may be sure that this kindness on her part will be repaid with interest when things are going well again.

Perhaps the touting round from studio to studio is the most unpleasant item of the model's life. This however is now to a great extent done away with by our "Artists' Model Club." Many clubs of this kind had started and failed through mismanagement or through jealousy on the part of the members. It was difficult to get girls to understand at first what a tremendous help an institution of this sort can be. If an artist wants a model, or a school model does not turn up, they have only to ring up the club and they can get another immediately. Certainly to-day the conditions of the model's life are improving, and no small part in this improvement has been played by the Chelsea Models' Club.

Why Small Business Men Fail

**A Business Man by Detailing the Errors He Has Made, Here Shows
How to Avoid Them.**

WHEN a business falls foul of success and consequently gets into difficulties, the man at its head finds little or no trouble in putting his finger on what he thinks is the cause, and exclaims: "That's at the bottom of all my worry."

A writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, in discussing this subject, states his belief that in not more than one case in ten is the man right. In other words, he continues, when a business has to close down, or the man at the head of a small business is unable to keep the wolf from the door, and figuratively speaking gets devoured by the ferocious animal, the sacrifice is rarely due to any other but some internal cause, not external.

A badly organised business means that there is perhaps a total absence of detail work, which must be injurious to any business. I once heard a keen business man say that a business was very much like a newly-born babe, which in itself might be healthy and strong, but left in the care of an inexperienced mother must in the end suffer and die. The detail work of a business corresponds with the washing, dressing and tending a baby properly, which, if done carefully, will aid the babe to grow and prosper. Neglect these things and the baby dies. It is exactly so with a business.

Detail work is not in everybody's line, neither is nursing a baby. The detail man is he who thinks out schemes and plans their working. He requires no telling, he knows what should be done to the baby. Ask another man to think out a scheme for improving his business and he can not do it. Hence, therefore, the mistake that is commonly made by small traders of failing to call in a business expert for consultation and advice in respect of a business that is ailing. He is the business doctor, and there are few places where he is not to be found. Now you ask me how I formulate my theory that in all probability the real cause of business non-success is due to some hidden internal cause rather than external? very little business has its own particular market—in other words, customers. If a man does not keep his customers, it is obviously because something is wrong somewhere. If his customers leave him, that must be so; he lets them slip off; the fault is his, and not that of the rival. Let the dealer make a thorough examination of conscience, let him throw his eyes about him to see if he can not locate the weak spot in the machinery of his business, and then, having found it, strengthen it at once. Of course, it must be admitted that trade competition supplies a tangible

cause for a small business not being able sometimes to clear the sticks, but it is within the scope and power of the little man to check the advance of the opposition, and so keep his customers. The biggest mistake, I think, that a small trader makes is his fear to speculate in advertising. You must tell the people what you have to sell. Advertise broadcast; be strong and firm in what you say. It is advertising only that keeps up the big firms, and it can swell little firms into big firms. Don't hold back because you are unable to draw up the advertising matter yourself; perhaps not one in a thousand could do that work himself. You can get it done very cheaply. Lack of capital may stay willing hands from putting into working operation many good ideas to cope with the vigorous demands necessitated by the encroaching opposition which is busy drawing away custom from a small trader. The dearth of money may be due entirely to the free and easy manner in which some owners of small businesses dip their fingers into the till and take what is there for their own use. Of course, all this is very

wrong. Business people call it starving a business. Either you or your business must come first. If your business comes first, then you must do the starving, to speak in a metaphorical sense, and give all the strength of your till to the business.

Too sudden a success has frequently killed a business. That sounds paradoxical. But it is possible for the volume of trading to be too much at first for the capital at disposal. Here is a concrete example. A certain business made over \$1,750 net profit in its first year, after paying all expenses. Two thousand five hundred dollars additional capital was wanted. Owing to the business being new, it was most difficult to find the money, and it could only be raised by offering occupation with investment, which cost \$750 a year for three years. There was thus a liability of \$2,500 on the business, which in three years had increased to \$4,750, and no adequate return for services. This crippled the business, of course, and it eventually passed in its decrepit state into the hands of the partner in liquidation of the personal liability in respect of the loan, or investment.

How To Keep Fit

A Typical Venus de Milo Describes Her Methods of Physical Culture.

THE MEASUREMENTS of Miss Sinclair (Mrs. Fahey), the beautiful wife of a well-known English artist are practically identical with those of the Venus de Milo. Miss Sinclair is only 18 and her physical beauty testifies to the soundness of her theories regarding exercise and diet, and her system of keeping fit which she describes in *The Royal Magazine*.

Of course, I can not claim, she says, that my method of keeping fit has caused me to develop to almost the exact proportions of the celebrated Venus of Milo. But I do claim that it is a triumphant success as far as health is concerned. And as I have exercised every day for a long time now, and as my measurements are what they are, it does seem as if the exercises had something to do with it, doesn't it?

Perhaps it would be of interest to start by giving the measurements, so here they are:

| | Venus. ft. in. | Mrs. Fahey. ft. in. |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------------|
| Height | 5 4 | 5 4 |
| Head | 21.3 | 21.5 |
| Neck | 12.5 | 12.5 |

| | | |
|---------------------|------|------|
| Chest | 33 | 33 |
| Bust | 37 | 37 |
| Waist | 26 | 26 |
| Hips | 38 | 38 |
| Thigh | 22.5 | 22.5 |
| Calf | 13.2 | 13.2 |
| Ankle | 7.4 | 8 |
| Knee | 15 | 15 |
| Upper Arm | 12.5 | 12.5 |
| Fore Arm | 9.5 | 9.5 |
| Wrist | 5.9 | 5.75 |

You will see that there is not much difference between us. To be quite frank, I borrow my ideas on exercise from the Greeks; because it seems to me that they know more about health and beauty than any one else has ever discovered. I might also exclaim with Kipling:

W'en Omer smote 'is blomming lyre
 'E'd 'eard men sing on land and sea
 And wot 'e thought 'e might require
 'E went and took—the same as me.

For I don't claim to be a modern replica of a Greek maiden as far as eating and drinking and exercising go. Anything that the Greeks did which seems to me sensible



If you are in frolicsome mood, make believe to be a Greek girl playing the tambourine — a light-hearted gambol of this kind is one of the best things in the world for your health.

and suited to modern requirements, I borrow. To these beginnings I add little touches of my own, and so, although Greece inspired the whole thing, it is by no means pure Greek in its final state.

It is the simplicity of the Greeks which appeals to me most, because I love simple things, particularly as regards food. I never eat meat, because I don't like it, and prefer a diet of light soups, fruit, eggs, and similar trifles. It seems to me that the average woman who does not undertake a great deal of manual labor is better without heavy food. I am sure a simple diet keeps the skin clearer, the eye brighter, and the wits sharper—in my case at any rate.

I am never troubled either with indiges-

tion or insomnia, and I ascribe this relief from two of the greatest of modern evils largely to simple fare. Nothing that I eat must be highly flavoured or accompanied by rich sauce. I am fond of milk puddings, and one of the many varieties figures as a rule in my day's dishes.

Now we come to the question of exercises and here again the keynote of my regime is simplicity. I do not go in for advanced gymnastics. They may, as their devotees claim, improve the nerve and bring about increased agility, but my nerve is excellent; also, the last thing I want is overdeveloped muscles, which, to my mind, do not add to a woman's beauty.

If a girl is to practise exercises they must be gentle, so that there is no risk of over-strain, and "all-round"—that is to say, not develop one part of the body independently of the rest. They ought to be as rhythmic as possible too, to make her graceful.

I always begin exercising by holding a stick behind my head and breathing deeply. Deep breathing is the finest thing in the



During deep-breathing exercises a stick held behind the head will be found very helpful, as it brings the shoulders back.

world; it develops the chest, improves circulation and prevents catching cold.

Hold the stick with both hands behind your head, then let your head fall forward, draw in the waist and inhale slowly through the nose bringing back the head as you inhale till it touches the stick. Then exhale through the mouth relaxing the waist and letting the head fall forward.

If you do this ten times every morning before you open your bedroom window as soon as you get out of bed, you will never have a cold and will add years to your life. This is practically the only stereotyped exercise I do, all my others are impromptu things, because monotonous set exercises are deadly and awful for women.

So I wander about my bedroom picking up imaginary stones and throwing them away. Sometimes I bend one knee to do this, sometimes I bend from the waist and keep my knees braced back. Again I pretend I am a Greek maiden making an offering to the gods, and hold up the imaginary sacrifice high above my head. Next I play at throwing the discus. I copied

the correct attitude from pictures of Greek statuary.

Of course you must concentrate your attention and not perform all these imaginary feats in a slack, feeble way, or you will reap no benefit.

My final exercise is excellent for the legs; all the preceding ones have been for the arm and body muscles. It is nothing but walking upstairs.

The family staircase sees me walk up and down at least six times every morning. If you live in a flat and have no stairs of your own, do not despair, but vow never to use the elevator again.

Don't be slack and make a labor of it. Don't on the other hand, scamper up the stairs. Take time and see that you keep your head erect and your back straight. All exercises should be done in loose garments and preferably on rising in the morning. At that moment one is clothed either in the conventional night-dress or the more modern pyjamas, and either is an excellent garb for exercising.

The Terror That Flieth

A Graphic Picture of England Under a Rain of Bombs From the Midnight Heavens — War to Cease Soon.

A GRAPHIC picture of the fate of England in the next war is drawn in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Harold Wyatt, who foresees a hostile power raining down bombs from the midnight air, and owing to England's supineness in preparations for this event, escaping unharmed and unmolested. For very many years the English public has only read of war, and experienced nothing of its terrors, even when British interests have been involved. In the contest which may now occur at any moment Mr. Wyatt says:

Their old immunity from personal peril is for ever gone. No longer will those who constitute the public be able to read at breakfast time of the trials and the sacrifices of their navy and their army, with the comfortable reflection that they themselves, the readers, are far removed from the scene of conflict and fenced round with invincible safety. On the contrary, there will not be in all England, and perhaps in all Scotland and Wales, one dweller in a town of any size upon whose roof the evil bolt of death may not descend while he sleeps. Each night, as he goes to his rest, he will realise that he may be blown into eternity

by a bomb from the dark heights of the air before the break of another dawn. And he will know too that to this appalling menace of imminent destruction are exposed, equally with himself, and in equal helplessness, his womenfolk and his little children.

If it be objected that the picture is exaggerated which is here drawn of the universal and all-pervading threat which will assuredly be offered in the next great war to the inhabitants of the towns of Britain, I reply that in its essence the picture is true already, but that if exaggeration there be, that exaggeration will grow less every month, and will probably be exceeded by reality within one or two years' time. For nothing is more certain, and nothing more obvious, than that the people of the great cities, and even of the small towns of this land, will be as helpless as doves in a dove-cot assailed by shot-guns, against the aerial craft which Germany already commands. The dwellers in isolated farmhouses, in little hamlets, in remote villages may perhaps hope to escape destruction, but, in proportion to its size, every big centre of population will be a natural target.

It is more than worth while to consider seriously what means of resistance we should have; and, further, to deal with another point—namely, the new strategy which aerial conditions of war will render necessary. This last point appears to be one to which thought has hardly yet been applied.

The number of airships which we possess, conceivably competent to do something effective against a German Zeppelin, is exactly one. Even this is far smaller, and therefore far less powerful, than the largest representatives of the German aerial navy. Our only hope of defence, therefore, lies in our aeroplanes.

The very interesting question arises here whether an aeroplane, or several aeroplanes, could operate on a dark night in such a manner as to discover an airship floating at a considerable elevation without lights. At the present stage of aerial science, the answer to this inquiry must, unfortunately, be in the negative. At present, it must be said that it is hardly possible for aeroplanes to fly at all on such a night. Thus the daring of certain of our army airmen on venturing to fly in semi-moonlight has recently formed the first subject of admiring comment in the Press. It follows, therefore, that as things now stand, we cannot hope that our aeroplanes could afford any protection to London, or any of our other great cities, against night attack by German airships.

We come now to the second of the two queries which I ventured to propound—namely, that affecting the strategy to be adopted in aerial war.

Until aeroplanes reach a point of development at which they can fly by night as well as by day, can carry heavy weight, and bear fuel sufficient to cover long distances without descending, the principal instruments for distant attack must continue to be great aircraft of the nature of those in which Germany leads the world. Now it is the hitherto unrecognised truth that if the present state of affairs were re-

versed, and we surpassed Germany in our possession of such vessels as much as in actuality Germany surpasses us, we should then be able to strike her even in the heart of Europe, and thus exercise power of a nature denied to England, while operating singly, since British archers won at Agincourt. If that aerial fleet were ours instead of theirs, the peace of the world would be already assured. The dread of our attack would be sufficient to quench German Chauvinism in a cold douche of discretion.

Turning now from the immense and immediate danger which hangs over our heads to some survey of the effects of the progress of aviation in the world at large, it is now manifest that within a period of from ten to fifteen years from the present time, war will be waged no longer on the surface of land or sea, but beneath the waters in the submarine, or above them in the air. Simultaneously with this tremendous metamorphosis distances will shrivel, and striking power will be increased. Unless war should supervene within the next few years, the issue between the white race and the yellow—an issue on which the destiny of the whole American continent will depend—will certainly be decided in conflicts in the air. In saying this I refer, of course, to aerial capabilities, not as they are at present, but as they will assuredly be in half a generation's time.

The speed of transit, long stationary—for on land it is no greater now than it was fifty years back—is about to be enormously increased. We may well expect that the sons of the present generation will traverse sea and land at the rate of 150 miles an hour at least. Passengers liners will cease to exist, though cargo vessels may traverse the face of the oceans for a century more. On land, passenger trains will continue only on condition of a prodigious acceleration of their speed. But the possibility of that acceleration is already evident through the application of electricity, of the mono-rail, and of the gyroscope.

Writing To Please Everybody

A Frenchman's Views on the Art of Pleasing from the Superficial to the Profound.

From the French of M. Rene Dumle in *Lectures pour Tous*.

IS THERE such a thing as an art of writing for everyone? and if so, what is it? At the present time the query seems very opportune, so I decided to put the question to several persons whose ideas, it appeared to me, would be of interest.

Science reigns supreme nowadays, so my first visit was to a learned scientist, a friend of mine. I caught him just as he was on the point of squaring the circle. "An art of writing for everyone," said he "of course there is. It simply consists in

writing superficially. The more lofty an idea is, the less chance it has of appealing to the intelligence of the ordinary man. There was only one man in the world capable of understanding Henry Poincaré and that was Henri Poincaré himself. He died just lately."

I was in hopes that the opinion of the writer of fiction would prove more favorable. "How to write a novel to please everyone," he said. "Nothing more simple. Put a good blood-curdling murder into the story."

My next visit was to a well known dramatist. "Plays for everybody," said he. "There are plenty of them. The pantomime and the cinematograph."

A poet who was present interrupted: "The art of writing for everyone, my dear confrères, is to write badly."

Here I dropped my enquiries. When we take the trouble to ask others for their opinions we naturally do so with the idea that they will express views which coincide with our own.

Now these replies seemed to me in no way to hit the mark.

I knew Henry Poincaré, I used to meet him every week at the Academy. He it was to whom we all used to turn instinctively whenever a scientific term cropped up in the dictionary. He could always supply off-hand a definition so clear and so simple that we all at once grasped its meaning. I have read not a few works of fiction from the "Princess of Cleves" to "Pêcheur d'Islande," but it has never struck me that the best French novels are glutted with ghastly murders. To the dramatic author I pointed out that the moving picture films are understood by everyone—doubtless—but so also are the works of Molière. And to my friend the poet I could point out effusions of the present day the pretentious verbiage of which is to us enigmatical, whilst we still read without difficulty or hesitation Racine and La Fontaine who were not bad writers.

Let it be said plainly and with no idea of being paradoxical: "L'art d'écrire pour tous . . . c'est tout l'art d'écrire." The art of writing for all is the whole art of writing.

Is this not, indeed, the chief aim of literature, to deal with subjects which to all appearance have no connection with literature in a style, clear, striking, and easily understood? Every scientific theory or problem has its technical side reserved for specialists, but there is also another side which appeals to everyone on account of its

living, humanitarian aspect. It is the function of literature to give expression to this viewpoint.

Mathematics were not invented solely for the amusement of mathematicians, but for the use and benefit of all of us though we may not be mathematicians. Many of us would be at a loss to interpret the simplest formula in chemistry, but the discoveries of Pasteur have given birth to ideas which are familiar to the least learned among us. To follow the calculations which are made daily at the Observatory one would have to be an astronomer, but you will no longer find a poet referring to the stars as so many golden nails in the vault of the celestial firmament. The metaphorical repertory has had to be revised to bring it up to date with the most recent discoveries in astronomy.

And, above all, remember we are living in the 20th century. Our curiosity is boundless.

I called one day on Ferdinand Brunetière at his office of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. On the desk at which he worked between the times of receiving his visitors was a book he had just been reading. It was Darwin's *Origin of Species*. "Yes," he said, "I can guess what you are going to say: You think that this has not much connection with literature. You are wrong. We are no longer living in the 17th century when a 'gentleman' as he was then called, who knew Latin and Greek, bible history, ancient history, could speak his own tongue correctly, and repeat with ease a little of the current society poetry of the day, could afford to neglect everything else. To-day the science of physics has completely changed our everyday life, chemistry has given fresh life to medicine, political economy has changed the whole fabric of our social existence throughout the world. The telegraph to-day brings us news from Yokohama and Peking more quickly than news formerly traveled from Versailles to Paris. We must open our windows and enlarge our perspective so that it may embrace all points of the horizon. Now do you want a proof of my theory?"

A visiting card had just been handed to him, he passed it to me and said:

"Here is Paul Bourget, second to none among literary men of the present day. Now he spends hours in the clinical surgeries following the discourses of our greatest practitioners. When Professor Dieulafoy sees him coming, 'Ah,' he says, 'here is Dr. Bourget'"

The eminent critic was right. The ideas

which we formerly held with regard to the man of culture have changed. Henceforth the man we shall designate as such is the man, not who pretends to know everything—naturally—but who will be interested in everything, who wishes to understand everything, and who will insist on being talked to in such a manner that he will be able to do so.

I will anticipate one objection. "Everyone," you will say, "may be interested in the same facts and the same ideas: facts and ideas have a definite value, but when we come to opinions and sentiments they will vary in different individuals. How are you going to make everyone share the same sentiments, or hold the same opinions?"

Let me give you one or two instances in reply to your query.

Go into a church when all heads are bowed and hearts united in fervent prayer. Even though you may be an unbeliever and have no share in the hopes and beliefs of the faithful, you will not fail to experience a thrill of emotion, a responsive chord is touched somewhere in your inmost self. Arrive at any social function just as someone is describing some deed of heroism which he has witnessed, you will see pass over the countenances of all his auditors the same thrill of admiration whatever be their age or condition. Take the theatre, the Athenians were so affected by the performance of "The Persians" of Aeschylus that they were eager to at once take up arms and go to meet the enemy. Let a writer express in appropriate language,

either prose or verse, the beauty of self sacrifice, the enthusiasm of youth, the grandeur of faith, the fascination of science, the devotion of love, the charm of family life, the fresh beauty of newly awakened love, the marvels of maternal tenderness, let him write of anything that ennobles and elevates; there is no reader so base that he can remain unmoved or unaffected. If such there be they are but the exceptions. All normal, healthy minded persons are imbued with the same sane, healthy feelings and emotions.

To those writers, therefore, who would use their abilities to think and write for the honor and advancement of their country, I would say, using an expression of Lamartine's, 'Expand! Broaden your viewpoint! Enlarge your understanding!' Give your thoughts and energies to the elucidation of problems which will benefit mankind. Have confidence in the future. Use your best endeavors to make that future what we should wish it to be for those that follow after us, for our children whom we wish to see still better off and happier than ourselves. Use only plain, clear, simple, language. Mysterious, long-turned phrases and vague, grandiloquent expressions serve only to mask sentiments which we unconsciously find it necessary to hide. Take for your texts courage, joy and hope. Choose words from your own tongue which seem to you best calculated to appeal to the highest feelings of your fellow men. So shall you become masters in the art of writing for everyone.

Rebuilding Greece

A Character Sketch of King Constantine of Greece, Showing His Tact and Knowledge of the Essentials.

From the French in *Lectures pour Tous*.

AT THE termination of a campaign the glorious outcome of which has produced results of such vast import to the Hellenic race, the whole nation was suddenly plunged into gloom by one of those maniacal crimes which, as one Sovereign has put it, form "one of the risks of members of our profession."

In presenting this character sketch of the new Greek King Constantine I., who has just ascended the throne under such tragic circumstances we shall show how King Constantine I. served his apprenticeship for his exalted position, and give some account of the circumstances in which this popular prince has entered upon the duties of his high office.

It was on March 18 last, at Salonica, which had lately been reconquered by the Greeks after four centuries subjection to the Ottoman yoke that King George I. was mortally wounded by three revolver shots fired by a fanatical assassin in one of the principal streets of the city. Prince Nicholas the King's third son, and governor of Salonica was immediately summoned together with the generals and staff officers of all ranks.

It was soon seen that the wound was fatal, one of the bullets having entered by the shoulder blade and passed out at the breast.

Amidst a profound and solemn silence Prince Nicholas with his eyes fixed on the

fatal wound, turned to those present and said: "With profound grief I have to announce the death of my beloved father and revered Sovereign. Let us swear fidelity to the new King Constantine."

There was a moment's silence then a subdued shout "Long live the King." A few hours' later the news reached the late crown prince at Janina which town he had entered as conqueror 12 days previously. The troops were immediately called together and before the assembled army by the light of lanterns and torches an order of the day was read announcing that their General, the Crown Prince, Duke of Sparta had become their King.

Thus was the new King proclaimed in two cities conquered and wrested from the enemy, amid the panoply of war, and the clash of arms. Constantine I. had succeeded George I. The soldier had succeeded the diplomatist. Diplomatist, King George certainly was, as much from necessity as from inclination. The position in which this young prince was placed when in 1863 he was called upon to succeed Otho King of Bavaria, who had received his congé from the Grecian people was one of unusual difficulty. Abroad he had to conciliate and acquire the goodwill of Europe, who with uneasy eyes was watching the ambitious aspirations of Greece. At home it was his unenviable task to reduce to some state of order a country which since its liberation from the Turkish yoke had known nothing but trouble and revolutions.

It also was incumbent upon him the son of a northern race of Kings with the fair hair and blue eyes of the viking to render himself an acceptable ruler to a people of the south of a race entirely different to that from which he himself had sprung.

By sheer force of tact, intelligence, and character George I. learnt during the 50 years of his reign to extricate himself from positions even more difficult. He resolved, however, that many of the difficulties which he himself had met with as King should be spared to his successor, and he, therefore, decided to bring up the Crown Prince and the six other children of his union, with the Grand Duchess Olga, niece of Czar Alexander II., as true Greeks, with ideas and sentiments at one with the Greek people.

Every step in the education of the Crown Prince was conceived with this idea in view. In the first place, the study of history and of the Greek language were objects of special care. If he sometimes conversed with his father in English, which

King George spoke most fluently of the 6 or 7 languages he knew, with his younger brothers and sisters Greek was the only language used. He was also brought up on the most simple patriarchal lines, with an utter disregard of etiquette.

This was a most important point when the character of the Hellenes is taken into consideration. No more democratic nation exists, no people more passionately insistent on "equality." In Greece class distinctions are almost unknown. A cabinet minister or an ambassador will have perhaps some distant relative among the poorer classes, who in his fustian dress will proudly greet him as he is leaving the Royal palace and address him familiarly in the second person singular.*

This familiarity on the part of his subjects never grated upon King George who was simplicity personified. During his frequent visits to Paris—he was a true 'Boulevardier,' and his spare figure with his Christy or Top Hat slightly tilted over one ear was well-known in the Place Vendôme and the opera quarter—he was universally popular on account of his charming personality. More often than not he would go to the Theatre Francais and take his turn at the box office just as an ordinary individual.

Perhaps, however, it was at Aix-les-Bains where he took the 'cure' every year, and where the storekeepers and cabdrivers all called him "Monsieur le Roi," that more than anywhere, he threw ceremony entirely to the winds.

The following is one anecdote of many concerning him, which M. Xavier Paoli, to whom was entrusted the *surveillance* of all Royal visitors, delights in relating:

"We were at the station of Culoz, on the way from Aix to Paris. The King's suite and myself had left him for a few moments to purchase some books and papers.

"Strolling along the platform he saw at the window of a 3rd class carriage a peasant woman vainly endeavoring to open the door, and boiling over with vexation and impatience.

"'Here, say Mister,' she cried, 'just come and give me a hand will you'

"The King at once hastened to her assistance, opened the door and lifted her down in his arms. Then turning to him she said. 'Now you can hand me down my basket of vegetables and my bag.'

*A form of address used only among intimate relatives, and friends, or to servants, in European continental countries. The nearest English equivalent was the "Thee" and "Thou" of the Quakers.



The new Queen Sophie of Greece, with the Princesses Helen and Alice.

"The King obediently executed her command when at this moment we appeared upon the scene. . . . He signed to us to say nothing and picking up her bundles escorted her to the waiting room took her ticket for her, as she was changing trains here, and refused to accept the money for it in spite of her urgent entreaties."

At Athens he showed the same dislike of ceremony, he would always, on returning there, wire from Corinth to the Prime Minister to dispense with the regulation gun salute.

Foreseeing that Greece was eventually bound to be involved in war to uphold her historical and territorial rights, and considering it necessary that one member at least of the Royal family should be an experienced soldier, King George gave Prince Constantine a thorough military training. This commenced at an early age under Captain (now General) Sapoundzakis, one of the heroes of the recent war, and at 17 years of age the prince was one of the most brilliant young lieutenants in the Grecian army.

A robust constitution being a necessity for a soldier, he was made familiar with every kind of bodily exercise. From this early training he acquired and still retains a keen interest in all forms of athletic sport.

After serving his time as captain of his company, he was sent to the Military Academy at Berlin to Complete his military training. Here, by a strange coinci-

dence, he had as a fellow pupil Essad Pacha who was afterwards to be his adversary at the siege of Janina.

During his stay at Berlin he made the acquaintance, at the Prussian Court of the sister of the German Crown Prince William, the Princess Sophie, a charming young girl, with a wealth of splendid fair hair, and become a suitor for her hand. It was a love match, entirely unconnected with politics. The marriage was celebrated at Athens, Oct. 15, 1889.

By this time the Prince had acquired considerable military experience and astonished the old Emperor William by his criticisms of the German manoeuvres at which he was always present.

In 1897 the Graeco-Turkish war broke out, an enterprise foolishly undertaken contrary to the wishes of both George I. and of his government. To the 250,000 men of the Turks, the Greeks could only oppose some 40,000 troops and these were very poorly armed.

A soldier and an athlete, such is the double character of King Constantine. In appearance he is tall and vigorous with resolute blue eyes. Keenly alert, with a slightly curled fair moustache, always correctly dressed in his uniform—he rarely dons civilian clothes—the Prince in spite of his 44 years is quite young in appearance.

His qualities as a leader were brilliantly displayed last autumn when, after the reorganization of the Hellenic army by a staff of French officers under General Eydoux, war broke out. On Oct. 18 the army of Thessaly crossed the frontier under the command of the Crown Prince. With the eye of a strategist he decided that a rapid and vigorous attack could alone decide the victory. Contact was soon made with the enemy under Tahsin Pacha and in a fortnight the Prince's success was decisive. The Ottoman army was defeated at Elassona, at Servia, at Santopouro and at Yenitza. On Nov. 7 the Greek army was at Tepsin, 13 miles from Salonica where Tahsin Pacha had taken refuge with the 25,000 men remaining to him.

A skilful enveloping movement placed them at the mercy of the Prince and on Nov. 9 Salonica surrendered. The day was a glorious one for the Prince as he entered the town at the head of his army with his father by his side.

Perhaps, however, the campaign of Epirus with the capture of Janina furnished even more striking proof of his military

genius. Defended by 30,000 men, under the command of two brave Generals, Essad Pacha and Vehib Bey, protected by forts armed with the most modern guns, Janina was considered impregnable.

The siege had lasted four months when on March 3, the Prince announced his intention (knowing full well the news would soon reach the enemy) of attacking the Turks on their left in the direction of Bizani. The Turks fell into the trap and weakened their right wing. Then on the morning of March 6 three Greek brigades comprising in all 21,000 men attacked the quarter which, by their withdrawal of troops, the Turks had, so to speak, delivered into their enemy's hands, and on the same day the Prince entered Janina.

In addition to the Crown Prince, other members of his family distinguished themselves during the war. While his brothers, Princes Nicholas, Andre and Christopher ably filled the commands allotted to them according to their rank in the army, his eldest son—he has 5 children, 3 sons and 2 daughters—Prince George, the new Crown Prince, 22 years of age, received his baptism of fire. The princesses also acted as nurses with the ambulances and in the hospitals.

The Princess Alice (formerly of Battenberg) wife of Prince Andre, accompanied

the Thessalian army, staying in the towns wherever the troops were quartered and at night going out to rescue the wounded on the battlefields. The soldiers in their gratitude christened her "Our Angel Alice."

At Salonica the present Queen Sophie and her sister-in-law Princess Helen, wife of Prince Nicholas, had charge of an ambulance; and Princess Marie, a Buonaparte, wife of Prince George, took charge of the temporary hospital at the Evelpides School at Athens.

King Constantine's accession, has been hailed everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. When he entered Athens on Mar. 20th, at 8 a.m.; although his approach had only been announced late the previous night, an immense crowd welcomed him on the Boulevard Syngros. And the next day on his visit to the Chamber of Deputies to take the oath to the Constitution, the populace went frantic with joy.

On the accession of George I., Greece was the smallest kingdom in Europe; previous to the late war it was larger than Belgium and Holland together; and by his victorious campaign Constantine I. has still farther enlarged the boundaries of his realm. Without doubt, he is at the present time, to use the expression of an Athens newspaper, *the most popular man in Greece.*

King Edward as a Motorist

A Personal Study of the Human Side of a King Where Emergencies Only Set in Relief His Sympathy and Unassailable Dignity.

In commenting upon the reminiscences of Mr. C. W. Stamper, an engineer, who from 1905 onwards always accompanied King Edward VII. on his motor expeditions, *The Daily Telegraph* reminds us how important a part in the outward life of King Edward was played by the motor car. Mr. Stamper only was to sit beside the driver, and to assume control of all the Royal chauffeurs and cars. Upon this official devolved many duties of personal attendance on the King, who came to regard him as indispensable in all motor expeditions. Mr. Stamper has succeeded in showing us a great public figure on what is known as the "human side." Thereby he illuminates the sources of a great popularity.

This is Mr. Stamper's impression of the King as a master: "At once good-natured and dignified, he was kind and appreciative to a degree, strict, but not stern, scrupulously fair, often quick-tempered, though

his anger had gone—not passed, but gone—almost before it was there, and he was never unreasonable, but always ready to hear an explanation."

It seems the King sometimes had a humorously ironic way of meeting misfortunes on the road.

He would show his displeasure by assuming an air of the most complete resignation. Instead, perhaps, of upbraiding me, if I lost the way, he would question me quietly, so as to ascertain what was wrong, gravely deplore the way in which misfortune singled him out for her victim, and then settle himself gently in his corner, as if resigning himself to his fate. In his countenance there was written a placid acceptance of the situation and a calm expectancy of worse to come. The listless way in which he heard my apologies was inimitable. Of such gentle irony, the King was a master . . . so exquisite was the pose he affected that his gentlemen

were often hard put to it not to smile, while sometimes the King would end by laughing in spite of himself.

Although always careful in the interests of the public, the King preferred when it was safe to do so to travel fast, and he disliked allowing any car to remain in front of him. "Speed," says the author, "was of the essence of his nature. Moreover, he expected it of others, and of tardiness under any circumstances he was impatient."

But, although he was fond of fast travel, yet he was never a reckless motorist, and his car never met with or caused a serious accident.

There was, nevertheless, an occasion in October, 1908, when a disaster was narrowly avoided. The King was motoring to West Dean from the Sanatorium at Midhurst. As the car was descending a steep hill the foot-brakes refused to act, and the hand-brake was only slightly effective. The heavy vehicle rapidly gathered speed, but, fortunately, there was a side road into which the chauffeur was able to turn the car and presently brought it to a standstill. It was discovered that a quantity of oil had worked out of the gear-box and affected the brakes. The author speaks of the terrible anxiety that he endured when he found himself powerless to arrest the car. From sheer nervousness, we are told, a newly-appointed chauffeur, who was driving the King for the first time, took a corner too sharply, with the result that the car skidded across the road and nearly collided with a bank. "Do you want to kill me?" inquired his Majesty, who never lost his calmness or sense of humor in moments of danger.

The King had a passion for punctuality, and when, as sometimes inevitably happened, he was delayed by a mistake of route, he showed indignation with Mr. Stamper, who was responsible for the itinerary. During his stay at Marienbad in 1907 his Majesty had arranged to motor to Karlsbad and to lunch there. Mr. Stamper, who had been directed to follow a new route, failed to find it, and unfortunately took the car into a by-road. Several times the King remarked to him, "You'll land me in a farmyard. I know you will"; and, sure enough, eventually

the lane led into a squalid village street, which had all the appearance of a farmyard. After making inquiries, Mr. Stamper discovered that it was necessary to go back, and communicated this bad news to the King, who was already sorely tried by the delay.

"You're always going wrong," he thundered. "Everybody else can get to Karlsbad in fifty minutes, but I—I can't get there under two hours."

Never, says Mr. Stamper, had he known his Majesty so much moved by a contretemps. But the Royal anger left no sting, and, we are told, in the case of offenders who were not of his immediate circle it was always concealed. The fault that annoyed King Edward most in those who served him was a failure to use common-sense, and here again he would often vent his annoyance in a quiet irony.

His Majesty was pleased to feign to assume that the culprit did not possess the sense he had not displayed, and, in giving the order again, he would employ the literal and exaggerated precision a parent would use in instructing a child. One by one he gravely enumerated the simple steps to be taken. Exactly how he should go and what he should fetch, the manner of his carrying it, and of his return—all these the King carefully specified, and when he had finished he would give a little half-nod, half-toss of his head. The motion spoke volumes. It bade the offender begone from his presence; it told the dismissal of the offence from his mind. His annoyance had passed.

Mr. Stamper was deeply impressed with the King's tireless activities, which, he says, in the last three years, instead of diminishing, were actually extended. It was only by "running to time" that the King could fulfil his many engagements, and it was small wonder that any delay in his motor journeys was a source of keen irritation to him. Moreover, the author notes that weather was never allowed to interfere with his arrangements. He simply ignored it.

In a hundred different ways, not easily to be quoted, Mr. Stamper brings out the kingly characteristics, the geniality, decisiveness, quick sympathy, unassailable dignity, and perfect savoir faire.

Dental Progress Behind the Needs

Modern Business Life is Producing Changes in the Teeth that makes much of Modern Mouth Treatment a Malpractice.

Dr. Nodine and Dr. Tracy, of the New York State Dental Society, give in the *Boston Transcript* some of the advances achieved by science in the matter of dentistry in the last ten years. Much has been learned of the reasons for decay in teeth. More has been discovered in the matter of treating diseased teeth and much has been done to show the connection between bad teeth and an inefficient body.

First, there is the beginning of the prevention of most of the deterioration and loss. Professor Pickerill of New Zealand, after six years' observations and experiment, discovered that fruit acids have the property of preventing dental decay. A diet containing weak fruit acids stimulates the proper secretion of saliva which is Nature's medium for protecting the teeth. The conclusions arrived at by Professor Pickerill are supported by Professor Gies of Columbia and others.

The second chief advance is the prevention of irregular permanent teeth by correcting the irregularity of the temporary teeth, and so insuring correct breathing, enunciation, and mastication. It has been discovered that the "permanents" come in the same relative position as the earliest temporary teeth, and that they can be insured to grow straight by attention, preferably before the sixth year.

Other advances are the wider recognition that uncared for mouths play a direct and important part in contributing to systematic and organic diseases, and the establishment of clinics for school children; the adoption of a highly aesthetic standard in restoring lost structures with porcelain, and the casting and insertion of gold inlays; and the improvement of hygienic removable bridgework. There has been invented an appliance which records all the movements of the jaws, reproducing them on metal. Upon this metal, called an articulator, may be constructed artificial substitutes, such as plates, bridgework, etc. Such substitutes allow natural movements in eating. This is the invention of Professor Gysi, of Zurich, Switzerland.

The assistance of the X-ray, both for its therapeutic action and as an aid in diagnosing obscure cases, has become extremely helpful in locating roots that have been broken off, and also in ascertaining lines of fracture, the X-ray is

invaluable. Sometimes teeth, through faulty development, are encysted in the bone of the jaw. Now they may be easily and accurately located by taking an X-ray picture of the parts, whereas in the old days patients suffered untold agonies because of these obscure troubles which no one could relieve.

Gold inlays are a modern novelty. It is a method of filling large cavities of which an impression has been taken from which a cast can be made. Using this cast as a working model, a gold filling is constructed in the dental laboratory, and this filling may be cemented into the tooth at a subsequent sitting, thus saving the patient much suffering and fatigue.

Dental alloys are being improved. It was found that of 200 different brands, scarcely one-fourth have the makers' names, which would have been evidence of good faith. Lately a systematic examination of the alloys, the first ever undertaken, revealed that only one in twenty



"You say a lot about me drinkin', minister, but nowt about me drought."

—The Tatler.

was usable. The old college song, "And her teeth were plugged with zinc," was still literally true; many manufacturers continued to use the detrimental ingredient, zinc. Many falsely claimed to employ platinum and gold, and, anyway, platinum and gold were detrimental to alloy.

New appliances are much more delicate than they were five years ago. Devitalizing and extracting the pulp (popularly known as "killing the nerve") often resulted in infection and bone destruction, which might have serious consequences. This is now better guarded against. "Humane" and time-saving processes have increased. Following the practice of surgery, anaesthetics are now applied locally.

Extraction for an ailing tooth of course, for a long time has been nothing less than malpractice. Under ordinary circumstances a dentist who pulls a tooth instead of curing and saving it belongs back in the dark ages.

Until within a few years dentists made no general effort to uplift their calling. Conditions have so altered that, beginning next January, Virginia will allow no dentist to practice who does not hold an M.D. degree. In New York and Pennsylvania, so fine a point has been put upon the agitation that there are excited discussions as to whether the "dental colleges"

should not give way to the inclusion of dental training in regular schools of medicine. It is advocated that there be regular four-year medical courses, of which two will be spent on medical fundamentals and two years on dentistry, an M.D. to issue.

Popular education in the importance of dental hygiene has outstripped the means for up-to-date service. One knows dentists not ten years out of college, who are taking in \$20,000 a year, working many hours a day, and with whom it is impossible to make an appointment except for a time three months ahead. Within these years, along with the growth of appreciation of the service of dentistry, along with the corresponding development of a sense of responsibility, along with a broader knowledge and experter methods, dentistry has had harder tasks. Tooth degeneration, it is declared, has proceeded faster than ever. Crises in America include what is called the "dyspeptic period," the "period of seeking the tenderer meat foods," the "period when chewing was becoming obsolete," leading up to the "period of predigested foods." All were periods of declension in the soundness of American teeth. And now, declares one dentist, "the rapid pace of civilization has continued to increase the nerve tension of mankind to a point where men are less able to stand pain."

Asia's Grand Old Man

Count Okuma, the Japanese who has had Eyes for the Big World
Outside and has Drawn a Country With Him.

If there is an Asiatic alive to-day who may be said to belong to the whole continent rather than merely to the country which gave him birth, that person is Count Shigenobu Okuma.

Mr. Saint Nihil Singh, a well-known Indian writer gives us in *The Hindustan Review*, an interesting character sketch of the Count, of whom all Asiatics travelling in Japan long to catch a glimpse or, better still, talk with him. One of the leaders who have helped to convert Japan from a tiny Island Kingdom to a mighty world power, he has not however permitted himself to be completely absorbed by home politics, but has acquainted himself with the political, social, and economic condition of other lands.

Be it noted that the Count is not only well informed about the questions of the day, but also is deeply versed in the history and literature of both the Orient and

the Occident. To realise the full force of the statement that the Orient and Occident are blended in this man in a wholesome combination, it is only necessary to consider his career.

He was born in February, 1838. His father, a Samurai (member of the warrior caste) died when the child was eight years old. However, the youngster's widowed mother proved to be uncommonly sagacious, and brought him up wisely. First he was sent to an academy maintained by the Barons of his tribe, where he was given a good grounding in Chinese classics. Later he repaired to a missionary institution at Nagasaki, where he learned English History, Mathematics, and the Bible. His Christian teachers also sought to instil in him the principles of Western civilization.

When, in 1853, Commodore Perry visited Japan, Shigenobu Okuma was only fifteen years old, but, being wise much beyond his

years, he took an intelligent interest in the events that led to the downfall of the old and the establishment of the new order of things in his land.

In recognition of his progressive tendencies, upon the formation of the new Government, he was appointed chief assistant in the department organised for the conduct of foreign affairs.

Some time later Count Okuma was promoted to be the Secretary in the Department of the Interior and Finance. His next post was that of the President of the Japanese Commission charged with the duty of sending exhibits to the Vienna Exhibitions. From 1873 to 1881 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, first as a vice-Minister, but later as a member of the Cabinet.

While he was holding the last-named office, feeling that the time had come for the introduction of a constitutional government in the Daybreak Empire, he drew up a memorial urging this innovation, which he proposed to submit to the Emperor. However, his colleagues would not listen to this proposal, and sought to dissuade him from carrying it into effect. The Count did not change his mind, but left the Cabinet and formed the Kokuminto the Progressive party, in order to carry on agitation for the democratisation of Japan.

A year prior to the promulgation of the Constitution—e.g., 1888—Count Okuma again found himself holding a cabinet portfolio. This time he was sent back to the Department of Foreign Affairs, and made Minister of it. As a part of his work, he was called upon to revise treaties with the great Powers. Nippon's army and navy had not then distinguished themselves, nor in any other way had the Japanese established their title to being accorded equality of treatment by Western nations. Naturally he was called upon to make compromises, which incensed his hot-headed countrymen, one of whom threw at him one day as he was leaving the Foreign Office, a bomb which exploded and injured him, necessitating the amputation of his leg at the knee.

At present the Waseda University, numbering about 6,000 students on its rolls, claims his paramount attention. The graduates and students all look on him as their master and friend. His annual address delivered in his capacity of chancellor, is an event looked forward to with great anticipation by the pupils.

Another institution in which this Grand Old Man takes great interest is the Jap-

anese Women's University in Tokyo. From his youth to this day he has continuously worked for feminine emancipation. Naturally the educated women of Nippon regard him as their benefactor, and revere him as a saint.

Female emancipation forms only one unit of the Count's social reform propaganda, another important item on the programme being the crusade against vice. When, some time ago, the Yoshiwara—the quarter devoted to prostitution—burnt down in Tokyo, the venerable statesman boldly advocated that this place should not be rebuilt. He wrote:

"Lincoln proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves because he considered slavery the greatest sin ever committed by mankind. It was the same belief which actuated our Government to issue, as far back as 1872, an ordinance declaring that the unhappy women held against their will by their masters should be set free. Had this declaration been carried out to the letter, the licensed quarters in Tokyo, and, indeed, in all parts of the country, would have long since become a thing of the past."

Count Okuma then went on to declare that the maintenance of licensed quarters was an affront to the Imperial Edict of 1905, urging the educational authorities to lay great emphasis upon the ethical training of the rising generation. He pointed out that Japanese boys and girls were taught in the public schools to cultivate all the qualities and virtues calculated to make them morally strong, but, he asked, "how can we expect them to grow moral and noble when we set before their eyes an example of shameful immorality by maintaining an ignoble institution,"

For an Oriental, Count Okuma, at seventy-five, is unusually vigorous, physically as well as mentally. His interest in the affairs of his own country and the world at large continues unabated. He frequently mounts the platform. He also writes many pamphlets and newspaper and magazine articles, his *chef d'oeuvre*, it may be noted in passing, being "Fifty Years of New Japan," a monumental work on the history of modern Nippon.

Count Okuma has not been gifted with a son. His heir, therefore, is his son-in-law, who, according to the Japanese custom, has taken the family name of his wife. He is the second son of Count Matura.

The Mulatto and Negro Problem

The Mulatto Likely to be an Important Factor in the Solution of the Negro Problem.

THE UNITED STATES has something more than a "negro problem," it has a "mulatto problem." Out of 10,000,000 colored citizens, more than 2,000,000 contain varying percentages of white blood and the question as to whether the ultimate solution of the negro problem will be found in the mulatto is argued out in an interesting paper by Professor H. E. Jordan, of Virginia University, in the June number of *The Popular Science Monthly*.

The professor points out that Jamaica has no "negro problem," as it is known in the United States. Although on the face of things it might be expected to be present there in even more aggravated form. For in Jamaica there are only about 15,000 whites among a colored population of about 700,000, including about 50,000 mulattoes. In this "Queen of the Greater Antilles," the mulattoes, as a class, are more nearly at the level of the whites than at that of the pure negroes. The mulattoes contribute the artisans, the teachers, the business and professional men. They are the very backbone of wonderful Jamaica. To be sure Jamaica has had 30 years more than the United States to "solve" her "negro problem." But perhaps the perfect adjustment between the races in Jamaica and the elimination of any "problem" of the kind finds its explanation in a more rational and more consistent political treatment made possible by the absence of any constitutional prescription. The Hon. Mr. Oliver, Governor of Jamaica, recognises in the presence of the mulatto, only a past blessing, a present advantage, and a future promise of great good.

In considering this subject, it is necessary to raise the question as to whether the negro and the white man are actually different man-species, or whether they simply represent different "races" or varieties of the same species *homo* as is more commonly believed.

The eminent zoologist Louis Agassiz holds the former opinion; the noted French psychologist LeBon, the latter.

The real scientific test of this question is that of impossibility of effecting a cross, or of infertility *inter se* of hybrids of a possible cross. For instance, a cross between the horse and the ass produces a mule. But mules are infertile if interbred.

Hence horse and ass are separate species. A very valuable cross can also be effected between the cow and the buffalo. But the offspring are barren bred among themselves. Hence cow and buffalo are at least of different species. The mulatto is the product of a negro white-cross. He is as fecund with his own kind, or when he mates with white or negro, as either pure-breeding negroes or whites are. As a matter of fact, the mulatto is probably more prolific than the normal average of either white or negro. During the past twenty years he has increased at twice the rate of the negro. The negro is then simply a black variety of the human species. He is the white man's brother; and we may both be cousins of the apes.

The second question that presents itself is this: Is the mulatto necessarily degenerate? The idea has been and is very eminently and widely held that the crossing of the races is intrinsically bad, biologically harmful; that it inevitably and inexorably works deterioration. Agassiz noted in Brazil a decadence resulting from cross-breeding. Humboldt and Darwin held the same opinion and LeBon also supports this theory.

The same idea of necessary degeneracy in cross-breds is the main motive of much opposition to foreign immigration. We shall see that this is the very least element of danger; in fact, it may be a real panacea to other actual evils of immigration, otherwise (i.e., without neutralization through cross-breeding) a serious menace. Note here the superb products of the English, German, Dutch, French and Spanish crosses of late and post-colonial days. The superiority of especially the English-German crosses, very generally noted, finds its reason in the initial superiority of the crossing stocks. And this is the secret of the entire matter. Offspring take after their parents, whether these be of the same or different race. The production of the Boer race, one of well-marked physical and mental characteristics, notwithstanding that it is of mongrel immigration, Dutch, French, and in some degree, British, is sufficient disproof of inherent hurt in inter-racial crosses.

After mentioning several specific instances which have come under his own notice, Professor Jordan, arrives at the

conclusion that the fact is established beyond all possibility of disproof that a negro-white cross does not inherently mean degeneracy, and that the mulatto measured by present-day standards of Caucasian civilization, from economic and civic standpoints, is an advance upon a pure negro. In further support of the potency of even a relatively remote white ancestry may be cited the almost unique instance of the Moses of the colored race, Booker T. Washington. As one mingles day by day with colored people of all grades and shades, one is impressed with the significance of even small admixtures of Caucasian blood. What elements of hope or menace lie hidden in these mulatto millions? How can they help to solve or confuse the "problem?"

Three further questions must be considered before a summary can be given of the mulatto's social and civic value. (1) Are there fairly well-fixed upper limits of mental capacity for negroes and mulattoes? (2) What are the known and established principles of inheritance of racial traits of negroes and whites; in other words, will it be possible by some control of hybrid and inter-racial crosses to produce a colored stock in which a majority may combine the desirable traits of both white and negro? (3) Will it be possible under the constitution and its present amendments to deal with the problem in accordance with the dictates of science and common sense?

With regard to the first point the almost unanimous opinion is that the negro can not undergo mental development beyond a certain definite maximum. Profes-

sor Herbert Miller, of Olivet College, Michigan, however, arrives at a contrary conclusion.

With respect to the second point: Until recently, it was believed that mulattoes generally bred true and became progressively lighter with succeeding generations.

If a demi-god could experiment with human crosses, as biologists now do with animal breeds, a pure race could undoubtedly be established combining the best elements of the negro and the white. I am well aware that little could probably be actually accomplished under present social conditions, even if it were not morally inimical, to make the experiment by legal control of negro and mulatto crosses. But some little could be accomplished by education and the arousing of the sentiment of colored race and pride. The point seems clear that in the presence of 2,000,000 mulattoes, steadily increasing in number, of relatively superior worth to the pure negro, we have a key to the solution of our problem. The mulatto is the leaven with which to lift the negro race. He serves as our best lever for negro elevation. The mulatto does not feel the instinctive mental nausea to negro mating. He might even be made to feel a sacred mission in this respect. The negro aspires to be mulatto, the mulatto to be white. These aspirations are worthy, and should be encouraged.

At any rate from present indications our hope lies with the mulatto. The problem seems possible of solution, only as the mulatto will undertake it with the earnest help of the white.

How Winds Reform the Earth

A Notable Discovery of the Present Century with Regard to the Wind's Action on the Shaping of the Earth.

AS IN the eighteenth century marine planation was one of the notable discoveries in earth-study, and as in the last century the theory of general peneplanation through stream-corrasion was one of the grander conceptions of the age, so the recognition of desert wind-scour as the principal among erosional agencies seems destined to take its place among the first half-dozen great and novel thoughts which shall especially distinguish geologic science of the twentieth century, says Dr. Keyes in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Under conditions of arid climate, by which more

than one-half of the land-surface of our globe is profoundly influenced, eolian erosion appears to become, as recently aptly stated, more potent than stream-corrasion, more constant than the washings of the rains, more extensive and persistent than the encroachments of the sea. Both as a sculpturing power and as a sedimentative agent, the wind is thus in every way comparable to erosion and deposition by river and by ocean.

That it is possible for the universal disintegration of the rocks to go on by means of insolation instead of through ordinary



Wind-graved cliffs of the Mokattam Hills on the borders of the Arabian Dessert opposite Cairo, Egypt.

chemical decay, that general and rapid exportation of rock-waste takes place through the agency of the winds instead of through the movement of waters, and that on the land deposition of wind-borne dusts in terranes as mighty as any swept into the seas by streams or laid down on the floor of the ocean, are new and important generalizations belonging distinctly to the first lenstrum of our new century.

Prior to the year 1900 wind-action had been always regarded as merely one of the minor geologic agents of erosion—a mere idler in its manifestations, and a denuding power at all times negligible. The great significance and value of the newer generalization lies not alone in the recognition of the geologic potency of wind-power as an agency of erosion, or as a means of forming such vast continental deposits as the loess, but of its tremendous efficiency as a general or regional denuding force. In far-reaching importance it compares favorably with the enunciation of the glacial theory of the last century.

The distinctive feature of this great new conception of regional eolation is that under the favorable climatic conditions of aridity such as effect more than one-half of the entire land-surface of our globe, wind-scour is the chief agency of provincial lowering and leveling, far more rapid and efficacious than any general work by

rain, river or ocean. To it are ascribed all the larger lineaments characteristic of arid lands. By it are graved the majority of desert details. It is the dominant sculpturing power in all excessively dry regions.

Singularly enough, the great law of the base level of erosion, the most useful in all geologic science, had its birth under the cloudless skies of dessicated lands, wherein reality, no vestige of its operation is discernible. The grand generalization applies strictly to land surfaces under humid climates. Doubtless for this reason, it is that none of our numerous Government experts in their fifty years' experience, covering every part of the vast arid domains of the West, failed to perceive anything of the potency of wind-action in the general leveling and lowering of the country.

It has long been the custom not only to treat the subject of general land-sculpturing independently of climatic considerations, but as if the molding of all landscape features was controlled by the same laws. Ordinary stream-corrasion is made to account for all. Rain is regarded as the universal and sole graving-tool of land-sculpturing.

A full comprehension of the pregnant idea that wind-action under the favorable physical conditions imposed by arid climate is a general erosional agent may be said to date from the year 1904—the time

of the appearance of Passarge's brief but quite remarkable essay on "Die Inselberg-landschaften im tropischen Afrika." In various parts of the world during the decade previous the conception had in one way or another begun to assume form. The Trans-Caspian region had already furnished some facts bearing upon the new generalization. The vast deserts of the Dark Continent had supplied others. Our American arid lands had brought forth a host of still different suggestions. Indeed, as a definite working hypothesis the general scheme appears to have been first successfully formulated and applied in the great dry region of our own South-west.

Whether first definitely outlined by American on the Girghiz steppes, by German on the South African plateau, or by Yankee on the Mexican tableland, it is certain that, as McGee astutely observes, the satisfactory disposal of the rock-waste of the desert by prodigious wind exportation furnishes the missing link to a rational explanation of all the long puzzling phenomena presented by arid regions throughout the world.

No phase of land-sculpturing by water explains the peculiarities of desert relief. Where in humid lands are there such vast and even surfaces as the intermont plains of arid regions? Where under conditions of moist climate do such lofty mountains stand out so isolated as in our South-western country—ideal monadnocks only theoretically and faintly suggested elsewhere? Where but in a dry climate does entire absence of foothills characterize the mountain ranges? Towering desert eminences rise out of limitless expanse of level plain as volcanic isles jut from the sea. Plain meets mountain as sharply as the strand-line of the ocean. The rock-floor of the desert is often a plain itself worn out on the

beveled edges of the strata beneath. The remarkable plateau-plains clearly represent former plain-levels. The soil mantle is generally thin and gravelless; and all surface materials are transported. There is almost total absence of distinct waterways in the broad valleys. None of these relief characters bespeak of water-action of any kind. They all bear testimony of some erosive agency other than the one with which most of us are most familiar. Water can not do such geologic work. It seems to be a great advance in earth-study to be able at last to account satisfactorily for the formation of all those wonderful expressions on the face of the desert that have been so long so manifestly little understood or misinterpreted.

The movement of fine rock-waste through deflation is now measurable to something of its true proportions. A "sand-storm" or "dust-storm" is really a strong desert air current two or three hundred miles in width, instead of a mile wide, as in the case of the largest rivers, running forty miles an hour instead of three or four miles and weeping along a thousand times as much sedimentative material. Only by such comparison is the enormous erosive potency of deflative action fully comprehended.

The law of regional isolation adequately explains a grander host of perplexing phenomena concerning the larger features of the earth than any of the modern geological discoveries, and perhaps more than all of them combined.

It projects the imagination backward to the beginnings of geologic history; and it carries it forward to the end of time. In the lineaments of our dead moon, it may be we behold the final effect of the power of the winds.

Egyptian Mummies Show This Disease

Records of Arteriosclerosis have Been Taken from the Blood Vessels of Egyptian Mummies Embalmed in the Fifteenth Century B.C.

Brain worries, muscular over-work, meat-eating, infectious diseases, wine bibbing, and alcohol about on a par in causation of arteriosclerosis of the arterial hardening changes which take place after fifty-five years of age are little more than a part of the general stiffening and wasting and aging of all the tissues of the body, and give rise to little or no special or definite trouble, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the

American Magazine. The layer of stiff, rigid, inelastic fibrous tissue surrounding the blood vessels is not nearly so good as the layer of elastic, springy muscle. But for the aging, or old, man and woman, with their markedly lessened amounts of muscular exercise, their quieter habits, their diminished appetite, and their lesser capacity for enthusiasm, the strains thrown upon the blood vessels are so much less than in

younger life, that these stiff arteries serve their purpose well enough.

We are, however, finding that this comparatively natural and harmless change may also occur years and even decades before its natural time and, just as dirt has been defined by the philosopher as "matter out of place," so normal old-age changes occurring ten, fifteen or twenty years before their time become disease changes at once and make serious trouble.

The dangers of this substitution change at, say, thirty-five or forty are of two kinds: First, that the arteries can no longer expand when the organ or region which they supply requires an extra amount of blood, or contract when it is best to shut off the supply, or lower the pressure. So that the kidneys, say, or the heart, may be left defenseless against the attack of disease or some sudden strain, because the blood can no longer rush up its reserves and reinforcements when needed.

The other more directly serious and vital danger is that this new fibrous tissue has neither the elasticity nor the endurance of elastic muscle and an unfortunate tendency to become rigid and even brittle. Some day its brittleness will become so great or the strain so severe that it will suddenly rupture, and then we have what we call apoplexy, or a stroke.

In certain extreme cases of this arterial stiffening and decay, nature, as a last resort, drops clear back to the clam-shell stage, and plasters up the bulging and weakening walls with a living mortar composed largely of lime. This becomes in the long run even more brittle than the scar tissue which it replaces and develops a new danger of its own. This is that it may actually scale off and project into the channel of the blood vessel, causing the blood first to stick to its roughened surface and then to clot around it to such a degree that, not infrequently, the vessel will be completely blocked up by a plug of its own clotted blood.

This blocking, known as *thrombosis*, of course cuts off the blood supply of the organ or area supplied by the artery and puts it out of commission at once.

Or, what is more common and almost equally dangerous, little fragments of the blood clot from the roughened, lime-plated area flow on down the blood stream until they are carried into some branch of the artery which is too small for them to get through, and which they promptly proceed to block up and so cut off the supply of the tissues beyond it.

Ten or fifteen years ago, we were considerably more sure in our reply to this question than we are to-day. It was almost unanimously taken for granted that the principal cause of this premature stiffening and hardening of the arteries was the so-called strains of modern civilized life, particularly high living, hard drinking and incessant brain work.

All of these beliefs have pretty much vanished into thin air, under the acid test of cold-blooded investigation and analysis. So far from arteriosclerosis being a modern disease, some of the most perfect and typical instances of it on record have been taken from the blood vessels of Egyptian mummies embalmed in the fifteenth century B.C.

It was a disease of meat eaters and particularly wine drinkers, solely because classes able to indulge in these extravagant tastes also had money to pay for more careful study and elaborate diagnoses, which revealed the condition. It is now known to be twice as common in sweat shop workers as among the Four Hundred.

It was typically a disease of brain workers, solely because the intelligence and resources of this class of the community brought them into consultation rooms for advice and assistance. It is now found to be more than twice as common among dock hands and day laborers as among merchants and lawyers and college professors. One finding will serve as a sample.

Some three thousand patients under forty years of age studied in one of our great hospitals and carefully examined for this condition showed a distribution as follows:

Of those who had used alcohol to excess, about ten per cent. showed more or less arteriosclerosis.

Of those who had suffered within ten or fifteen years from one of the graver infections, such as tuberculosis, typhoid, pneumonia, or syphilis, but had not used alcohol to excess, about twenty per cent. had more or less arteriosclerosis. While of those who had been engaged in occupations involving severe and prolonged muscular strain, such as dock laborers, construction gangs, lumbermen, steel and iron workers, and so forth, but had not indulged in alcohol to excess, over forty per cent. showed this premature change. So that we are now in a position to say that the two most potent causes of this "new disease of civilization and of brain worries" are muscular overstrain and infectious diseases.

The part played by muscular over-strain appears to be two-fold: The piling up of *fatigue toxins*, which are just as toxic as those of the infectious when in excess of the power of the body to get rid of them, and a succession of constantly repeated, heavy strains upon both heart and arteries or, as we say, "working fit to burst a blood vessel," which gradually wear out and waste away the elastic coats of the arteries.

Arteriosclerosis may occur in the over-fed and the alcoholic. But it is nearly three times as common in the underfed and the non-alcoholic. Instead of arteriosclerosis being a disease of over-civilization, the fight which civilization is making against the infectious diseases and against over-work and under-pay is the very thing which is most certain to diminish its frequency.

British Rule Produces Famines ?

On the Contrary, the Indian Farmer has Enjoyed Many Advantages Since Anglo-Saxon Came.

"FAMINE" says Professor Roy in the Outlook, "is the gift of the British to India. During the nineteenth century there were thirty-one famines that destroyed over thirty-two million lives. This terrible death list was not caused by over-population," Professor Roy says, "because India as a whole ranks but ninth in density of population per square mile. It was not caused by an excessive birth-rate, for here India ranks but tenth. It was not caused by failure of rainfall, because India has the heaviest rainfall in the world. The trouble he says, is due first to the fact that water is no longer stored as the Hindus used to store it, because the British Government in India pays more attention to strategic railways and the efficiency of the army, than to irrigation. Secondly, the Indian farmers are rack-rented and the last penny is squeezed out of them even in a fat year. An impoverishing land tax is the principal item of India's revenue. The British Government must have this revenue to keep up her expensive system of government in the poorest country in the world, and, finally India is drained of food by exportation to England. Even in the worst famine years India has exported grain to a value of over sixty million dollars. It is an irony of ironies that people should starve in India while there is plenty in the land. The people of India are realizing the hopeless economic derangement of their life which expresses itself in ghastly mortality from famine, plague and malaria, and, as they are bound to elevate the economic status of their country, they are demanding more political power.

Systems of Irrigation Provided.

To these sweeping charges made by Professor Roy, have come in several replies. "The cause of the recurring famines in India," says William C. Macpherson, for

thirty years of the Indian civil service "are undoubtedly to be found, since wars ceased, in the precariousness of rainfall and in the density of the population and their dependence chiefly upon agriculture. When it is stated that India has the heaviest rainfall in the world it must be remembered that India has an area of $1\frac{3}{4}$ million square miles. Rainfall in Assam and on the Western Ghats of Bombay is of no use to Behar and the North-west Provinces, and to the parched districts of Rajputana, Sind, or the Deccan. In 1899, the last year of great famine, the rainfall of Sind was under one one-hundredth of an inch, and of Rajputana and Punjab it was under $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. When again Professor Roy argues that over-population is not the real cause of famine in India it must be borne in mind that the distribution of the people is far from uniform. Large areas lie waste in India, but there are also large districts of two or three million inhabitants with a density of 1,000 persons to the square mile of whom 90 per cent. subsist on agriculture. There is hardly an acre of cultivated land for each person. This dependence of a vast population on agriculture and the occasional failure of the periodic rains are the dominant facts to be kept in mind.

In reply to the statement that water is no longer stored as the Hindus used to store it, Mr. Macpherson adds that with few exceptions the existing system of large irrigation works has been entirely constructed by the British Government, and that not only does it far exceed any irrigation of former rulers of India, but there has been and is, no system of irrigation in the world at all comparable to the canals of India. Under the management of supervision of the British Government there are about 46,000 miles of canals and distribu-

taries, giving the means of irrigation to twenty-three million acres of land.

Taxation in India.

The British Government has built up a compromise system of tax collection, recognizing in some districts the rights of the hereditary zamindar, now a landlord, and in others the vested interest on the ryot or peasant proprietor. The whole tendency has been towards the foundation of a tax code that will on the one hand control the rack renting propensity of the zamindar, protect the leasehold of the ryot, and at the same time effect a just apportionment of taxation. It hardly need be said that none of this revenue is sent as tribute money to England. India's Government is self-supporting and nothing more. England has far more reason to complain of the drain upon her resources, made by the constant demands of the Indian civil and military service for the best and most promising of her youth, than India has to complain of the exactions of the Imperial Government.

Is India Drained of Food?

As to the contention that India is drained of food for exportation to England, the Rev. Mr. Davies, an American missionary writes: "Who is to blame for sending the grain out of India when her starving children needed it? Was it the Government that gave the railway lines and steamship service? or was it the self-interest of the farmer and merchant who was willing that all India should starve if they could make a dollar? The grain which should stay in India to feed some of India's starving

millions is shipped to other countries for the benefit, not of an alien race, but of a few of India's sons. Before this condition in India can become materially better, her sons must learn a little about that wisdom which compels a man to acknowledge that he is "his brother's keeper," be he of caste or out-caste extraction."

England Solving the Problems.

In the latest budget, the total net revenue of British India raised from taxation was somewhat under \$246,000,000, or a per capita assessment of eighty-five cents, the lowest per capita of any civilized country on the habitable globe, derived from taxes upon imports, salts, legal transfers, incomes and a general tax on land. Less than half of India's revenue is derived from the land tax, and under its operation, less than forty cents per capita is taken from the peasantry in the course of a year.

Further, Mr. Hall says, "The British Administration regards duty as more pressing than the amelioration of harvest scarcity. First of all it has given India cheap transportation, an inestimable boon since the fundamental difference between the century's famine is this. At the beginning of the century the price of food rose so high as to be absolutely beyond the reach of the majority of the inhabitants, and even at these exorbitant rates it was not to be had. At the end of the century there was plenty of food (owing to the railroads) even in districts in which the crops had failed altogether. Efficient railroad service has been the government's first care, the second irrigation.

The Peril of Lancashire

India's Fight for Supremacy in the Cotton Trade Where Labor is So Cheap and Wants So Great

SHREWD observers have realized for years that nothing could avert eventual disaster from the Lancashire cotton trade. For India possesses the tremendous advantages of producing cotton on her own soil, and commanding an abundant supply of cheap labor, and only needed modern machinery to enable her to oust Lancashire from the huge Indian market, and probably from other Asian marts. But India's mill industry has advanced, of late, with such rapid strides that she threatens to knock out Lancashire far sooner than could have been anticipated. Such is the contention of an Indian writer, Mr. Saint Nihal Singh,

in an article on this subject in the current number of the *London Magazine*.

The tone of the article betokens a disposition on the part of the writer none too friendly to the ruling Powers of his country, and it is not difficult to see that to some extent the wish is father to the thought. But making allowance for a natural pride in the success which has so far attended the efforts of his fellow countrymen, the facts seem to show that India has a great future before it, insofar as the cotton industry is concerned.

As year by year the smoke curling from the chimneys of Indian cotton-mills in-

creases in volume, says he; it writes the doom of Lancashire against the industrial firmament in characters so black and bold that he who runs may read the decree of the Fates.

An idea of the gigantic strides that the Indian cotton-mill industry has taken can be formed by studying the figures for the last generation. In 1880-81, there were 55 cotton-mills, containing 1,434,364 spindles and 12,739 looms, and giving employment to 46,530 men, while in 1909-10 the number of mills had grown to be 216, with 5,773,824 spindles, 74,585 looms, giving employment to 215,419 persons.

The phenomenal growth of the industry has already enabled the Indian cotton magnates almost completely to rout Lancashire out of one large corner of the Indian market. No longer does Manchester ship much of the coarse cloth to Hindostan, which the natives annually consume by the million pounds. This demand is now largely met by the Indian power mills, and by the native hand looms, which employ two and three-quarter millions of men, or really three times as many people, for the wives and children of the weavers work alongside them.

Of course, it would be idle to pretend that India has managed as yet to introduce more than the thin edge of its wedge into the oak of the Lancashire mill industry or to assert that the giant does not still stand seemingly unshaken in its strength and glory. The Indian mills (together with the hand-loom weavers), do what they may, are not capable of supplying more than a fraction of the piece goods required by 321,000,000 natives. India during 1911-12 was compelled to import £23,040,000 worth of cotton cloth, of which more than nine-tenths come from Lancashire. Oddly enough, Lancashire found the last year to be one of the most profitable in the annals of its trade with India.

This is due not only to the fact that as yet the number of Indian mills is not large enough to cope with the native demand, but also because the Indian factories almost entirely concern themselves with the production of coarse cloth, as they find great difficulties in manufacturing the finer fabrics.

The Indians, however, are succeeding in producing finer cloths by employing superior managers, engineers and mechanics in the mills. All of these generally are natives who, in many cases, have received theoretical and practical training abroad, or who have been taught by foreign experts employed in Indian mills. Over and above this, as the industry is growing older, a new gene-

ration of operatives, inheriting the skill of their fathers who formed the first batch of Indians to work at modern cotton machinery, is coming to man the mills, and this, perforce, is automatically improving matters. It will probably take decades before the native mill-hand will become anywhere near the equal of the Lancashire operative. But it can be readily imagined that no combination of circumstances can for long keep the Indian without the requisite skill to enable him to produce the greater bulk of the cloth with which at present Manchester supplies Hindostan.

From this rapid survey only one conclusion is possible—viz., in the proportion that the productive power of Indian mills increases, and the Indian mill-hand, by experience and practice, acquires the ability to weave better cloth, and that the Indian mill-owner is able to get better grades of cotton, India will wrest from Lancashire its monopoly of supplying the superior grades of cotton goods, just as it has already practically ousted its British rival from the market for coarse cloth.

No matter how much Lancashire may have at first felt disposed to belittle the competition that the development of the Indian mill industry was bound to offer it, during recent years it has shown unmistakable signs of nervousness, and sought to do what it could to hamper its Oriental opponents. But despite the Lancashire opposition the Indian mill industry gives every indication of expanding at a rapid pace. India though less skilful than Lancashire in managing machinery, nevertheless possesses enormous advantages over its competitor in the field of the cotton-mill industry; and these advantages are of such a nature that, no matter what handicaps may be placed upon the Indian mills, they are bound to be able to hold their heads above the current of Lancashire competition.

To begin with, Hindostan produces its own cotton, and has before it the prospect of raising superior grades for fine cloth. Therefore it does not have to incur the expense of carriage and various additional charges — such as insurance—connected with it, which Lancashire must pay because of being compelled to import the raw material.

Furthermore, Indian labor is much cheaper than Lancashire labor. This is true from the top to the bottom of the staff. Skilled natives are quite content to receive two-thirds or even one-half of what foreign experts would demand from the Indian mill-owners. Indians capable of managing the biggest mills can be found who would

consider £30 a month a princely salary, while, as a matter of fact, many mill managers receive only about half that amount. Weaving and spinning masters work for £8 to £10 a month, and some are satisfied with much less than this. Native engineers can be found who will give proficient service for £5 or £8 a month. Foremen rarely receive more than £2 a month. Operatives work for fifteen or eighteen shillings a month—not per week. Women mill-workers are paid two-thirds the wages of men, while the pittances doled out to children are too pitifully small to mention. These wages, it may be remarked, are double what they were only a short time ago.

Indians are able to work for such poor wages only because their standards of life are extremely low.

The Indian mill-worker subsists on a diet that would quickly put the Lancashire operative beneath the sod. He eats two or three meals a day, and these are of the scantiest and coarsest, consisting of a handful of dried peas cooked to a thin, soup-like consistency and poured over a meagre serving of plain boiled rice, or a small piece of bread and the tiniest bit of some green vegetable.

The mill operative works from sunrise to sunset—say, from six o'clock in the

morning until six at night. The men are allowed to rest thirty minutes at noon, while the women are given half an hour twice or thrice in the day.

The mill industry has dealt very harshly with the hands. This fact is being more and more admitted by the mill owners, who, until recently, interpreted any effort on the part of the Government to improve the lot of the operatives as an interference dictated by Lancashire. With this awakening have come numerous small changes which promise that, in course of time, the Juggernaut of industrialism will cease to grind under its merciless wheels the helpless coolies thrown there by force of circumstances.

But while India does not want to sacrifice millions of its natives on the altar of the cotton industry, it unquestionably is in deadly earnest in its determination to drive Lancashire out of its markets. What it has already accomplished in building up a magnificent industry constitutes a record of which any country may well be proud. But Hindostan is in no mood to exult. Although it knows that the goal is yet far distant, it is marching enthusiastically to that end, never lagging a step to gain a brief respite, so consumed is it with the passion to beat Lancashire.

Chinese Bank Notes 1,500 Years Old

An Exhibit in New York Shows How the Chinese Were Acquainted
With Paper Money

There was a notable shipment of Chinese antiquities from the collection of Mr. A. W. Bahr, in Shanghai, to an art gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York, for exhibition, says the Christian Herald. The shipment includes about two hundred paintings, dating from the seventh to the fifteenth centuries, many pieces of Chinese stone and marble sculpture, bronzes, porcelains, and specimens of pottery. Of peculiar interest in the exhibit are 200 coins, dating from 1,500 years before Christ to 400 A.D., and a collection of banknotes of the Tang dynasty, in the sixth century. These banknotes are made of a peculiar kind of paper that crumbles like silk, yet shows no creases. The system of currency was exactly the same as that of our American banknotes of to-day. They represented the promise to pay of private banks, and were guaranteed by the government.

Each bill is dated, and has printed on its surface rings of a size varying with its value, so that the illiterate could not be de-

ceived. These specimens are eloquent witnesses to the fondness for the beautiful, and the practical activities, enterprises, and civilization of the dim centuries of the past. The ancient coins call up the various circulating mediums of the past. The nations that lived by the chase used the skins of the animals they secured as a medium of exchange. Pastoral peoples made their trades, counting their cattle as money. Farming nations used the products of the soil as the medium of exchange, often employing wheat as money. Then came the coining of metals, of gold and silver, and of those not so precious. It is a question whether the museums preserve, or the excavations have revealed, any coins more ancient than some among the Chinese collection on Fifth Avenue. Some of them are dated almost as many centuries back of Christ as there are between us and Him who held a Roman coin in his hand and made it preach a sermon on the duty of the Christian to the state.

Wild Oats for Women

The Feminist Movement is Preaching a Dangerous Doctrine for our Young Women — Will the Pendulum Come Back?

FRANCES H. LOW, writing in the London *Daily Mail*, foresees a dangerous fascination for young women in some of the latest doctrines of the feminists.

Behind the "Vote" is the revolutionary section of the Suffragists, the section out to destroy, is Feminism, and behind Feminism the "economic independence" of women, the translation of every woman into a wage-earner, whether married or single; if single with the accompaniment that she is to "do what she likes," "be free as men are," and if married, free to fill jam-pots, or see to municipal dust-bins, or "go into the city," while the State, or that contemptible individual known hitherto as a "husband," pays some one else to feed and rear her children.

The abolition of the home, the substitution of the public creche, and the organization of a set of persons (very inferior, of course) to attend to the business of life for husband and children while the wives are "getting free"—this is the real aim of the feminists, who, to do them justice, do not disguise their naive views of life and duty.

One lady in a demand for "group-houses" speaks of the "appalling frequency and the inexorable reiteration of human eating," which she says pathetically, with rich unconscious humor, "can only be realized, not by those who merely eat, but by those responsible for the feeding. Yet so long," is her sapient conclusion, "as the large majority of women, simply because they are married women, are responsible for this never-ending, never-ceasing work, though the exceptional woman, or the unmarried woman, who is freed from it, may advance, women as a whole are doomed to remain where they are."

The fact is that 99 per cent. of us men and women cannot do what we like, such is this perverse world. And most of us, with fairly good sense, do our duty more or less adequately, and keep the law and the Gospel, and the rest, and if we are wise keep our discontent, by no means "divine," to our own breasts. This, we take it, has ever been; the only difference being that, up to the dawn of the Girtton intellect, women, having a finer organization and leading less rough fighting lives than men, set them unconsciously an example of quiet duty faithfully done and helped to make the world,

on the whole, a tolerably endurable place, with occasional exquisite moments of intense joy and happiness.

All this is now, if we let the feminists have their way, in process of being ruthlessly destroyed. In novels, in plays, on platforms, in the Press, the gospel is being feverishly preached that woman is, as we have seen in the passage quoted above, a shamefully put upon person, who is not allowed, as men are, to "get free." In this process of "getting free" she is to do what she likes, or, as the outrageous heroine of the latest sex-play remarks, with that delicate, graceful frankness so beloved of feminists, "to have her fling," while she vivaciously recommended her "husband" to do the same.

The play here referred to is "Her Side of the House" which expounds in forceful fashion, the very latest doctrine of the feminists—that a woman should be free to "have her fling" or "sow her wild oats" just as the man does.

Elsewhere, continues Miss Low, for instance in the chief organ of Feminism, the same idea is put in this form with variations and explanations that could not be printed here. "It has long been my desire that the time may soon come when women, like men, may experiment in love without having their whole lives eternally blighted and blasted," says one lady writer. "I would regard with toleration, and indeed with sympathy, two or three experiments on trials in love . . .

Now it will be urged that these are extreme opinions, that the great majority of women are untouched by them, and that there always have been advanced women of this type. I do not for one moment deny that there are thousands of women who live good and self-restrained lives, not because of the tyranny of their men folk, not because of the conventions of society, but because they are sincerely convinced of the rightness of so doing; and that they hold no conviction more deeply than any reform must be, not to allow women greater latitude in this particular way, but by example, influence, and persuasion to raise the standard for men.

Nevertheless, we shall make the greatest mistake in the world if we take no notice of the growth of this horribly pernicious campaign and believe that if we ignore it the

canker will disappear. Sensible, mature women with a knowledge and experience of life have no idea of the fascination of this doctrine for the younger women.

Moreover, fashion, whether in dress or morals, has an enormous sway over the mass of women. Men can never understand this. It must therefore be recognized that we have a body of persons in our midst, mainly women, fiercely determined to create a new chapter in the history of morals. Hitherto, a larger proportion of women than of men in civilized communities have lived lives of self-restraint. The old order, say these fierce champions, is passing away and the old conceptions of morality are out of date. If some of the angry rhetoricians would pause and reflect what the consequences of this new departure will be they might conceivably refrain from the preaching of a gospel which will lead many impetuous young creatures to take a false step and land them into irremediable disaster, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred.

After contemplating such ideas and opinions as those above mentioned, it is refreshing to turn to the account of an inquiry

which the Paris Journal *L'Opinion* is now conducting into the opinions and beliefs of the young Frenchwoman of to-day.

The first results of that investigation are entirely reassuring. The typical young Frenchwoman, it seems, has no quarrel with marriage and no wish to rise in revolt against it like those of her angry sisters to whom Miss Low refers.

Marriage is the desire of her life; not one single reply has been received by *L'Opinion* in the contrary sense. She asks of her suitor not sentimentality, but tenderness; not the insipid comeliness of Ouida's heroes, but the 'mens sana in corpore sano' coupled with energy and intelligence. And to the question which has been anxiously debated by those ladies who would reform our own marriage service, whether the woman should obey the man, she returns a triumphant "Yes," but adds "as an act of my own will."

She has in fact grasped the truth of that famous couplet of the Greek poet:

Wives dread their husbands, so at least 'tis said.

Nay, they rule o'er them. What have they to dread?



Man's Oneness With Divinity

Walt Whitman said, "I am larger, better than I thought. I did not know I held so much goodness."

Man is just beginning to discover himself, to find out that he is not such an insignificant figure in the universe as he was once taught to believe. Men are just beginning to hold up their heads, because they are just beginning to discover their divinity and oneness with the great creative energy of the universe.

Man is finding out that nothing in the universe has yet been discovered more sacred or precious than himself,

more sacred than that which dwells inside of him. The poor miserable worm of the dust of the middle ages is beginning to feel his divinity and to straighten up and to walk erect. He is no longer like a beggar, crawling into the presence of his maker, but he comes as an heir of all that exists. Men are finding out that they are not the poor miserable creatures they have been taught to regard themselves, but that they are themselves a part of divinity, that they are creators themselves and not creatures.

—Orison Swett Marden.



A photo taken at the races in Toronto on Victoria Day. It will be noticed that many of the styles are equally as advanced as they are in New York or Paris.

Who Sets the Fashions?

The following article will be found to be of especial interest to those who do not know how the many changing styles begin or have their ending. Although many of the new styles do not appeal to the average conservative dresser, yet, the many new designs that are always coming in, do suggest that there must have been creative minds behind them.—Editor.

By E. J. Morris

IT IS frequently difficult to trace the reason why any particular fashion becomes universal, nor can a new style always be attributed to any given source. It is probably, however, at Longchamps, or one of the other famous race courses near Paris, more than anywhere else, that feminine fashions are finally settled.

Ladies from the leading houses in the dressmaking and millinery world

go there from time to time wearing things more or less new, more or less wonderful.

With them go, unobserved, others of both sexes from the same houses, to watch and listen. Everything is noted, looks of approval or disapproval, and verbal criticisms. Next day criticisms or appreciations appear in the Press. This is repeated two or three Sundays (all the principal race meet-

ings in France being held on Sunday), before a definite course is decided upon.

The experience is not always an unalloyed pleasure to the ladies making the experiment, as was instanced about three years ago, when the trial of the Directoire dress, in its extreme form slashed well above the knee, was made. On that occasion at Chantilly races the mannequins were mobbed and were with difficulty rescued by the police from the pressing attentions of the crowd, who evidently resented what was deemed an immodest innovation.

Sometimes some unsuspecting member of the public sets a fashion herself. She has an idea; wants something that does not exist and gives the idea to someone on the alert for something new, which, if it prove successful, may be copied on a large scale and become fashionable.

But there are great leaders of fashion, endowed with great inventiveness and an undoubted conception of the beautiful, and it is from one or another of these that fashions principally come. Their imagination is sometimes allowed to run riot; for much is permitted them, and even the alarming, when they introduce it, is accepted and thought to be correct. A high-class house may introduce extravagances of fashion which would irretrievably damage the reputation of a less important house.

It is the source of wealth to any country to be able to set the fashion and a guarantee of prosperity to any city.

Whether the overcoat shall have a billiard back, be half-fitting or tight-fitting; whether the frock coat shall be short or long; whether trousers shall be wide or narrow is generally decided in London. On the other hand the multi-form modifications of feminine attire are generally settled in Paris, though New York now claims to have a look in in this matter.

Vienna is a distinct centre of fashion. In fact any great city that is rich and permeated with artistic tastes and where people dress well is sure to pro-

duce something now and then that takes and leads for a time.

Berlin too has pretensions, but the Germans are too square and mathematical in their ideas for Berlin ever to lead the world of dress. When a fashion does come from them it is severely set as for example, the accordion skirt.

With regard to color and design it is usually the manufacturer who decides what is to be worn. The theatres now and again start a vogue; the bright colors of this year are said to be due to the brilliance of the colors worn by the Russian ballet dancers. Each Parisian house of first rank has in its employ, one or more artists whose duties include attending "first nights" at the opera and the theatres on the look-out for ideas which may form the foundation for new models. The Viking style of hat with the feather on each side which some years ago created such a *furore* in Paris was thus originated by one of these artists, who took the idea from Lohengrin's helmet, on the occasion of the production of the opera of that name at the Paris Opera house.

With the manufacturers, accumulation of stock is sometimes the cause of a fashion; especially is this the case in furs. When a long period has passed without the appearance of a given fur, its production having continued notwithstanding—for Nature is not subservient to art—it may be safely predicted that its reappearance is near at hand. In such cases the value of the commodity is naturally enhanced, but neither fashion nor scarcity can permanently change intrinsic value.

If rats, known as musquash, were reduced to one-fourth their present quantity, they would never attain the value of sable.

It is noteworthy, by-the-by, that many of the better kinds of musquash fur are now dressed to look like sable.

Never before have fashions changed so rapidly as at the present time. A Parisian, curious in these matters, has noted seventeen distinct changes in millinery in two years.

The question is sometimes asked,

where, failing Paris, would the fashions be set?

London would probably become the fountain head. Vienna would stand a fair chance; good taste is very marked there, and none excel, and perhaps do not equal, the Austrians in blending wool and silk; a proof that the creative capacity, without which fashion setting is impossible, is not wanting.

Paris, and are likely to continue to do so. There are so many there born to, and trained in the art, and the public sentiment is so completely in harmony with it, that it cannot be otherwise.

In many cities the best things are found in the stores, but in Paris it is never so. The store is the ordinary, the private apartment the select. Doucet's, for example, may be considered a store



Photo at the same meet showing three advanced styles of feminine dress.

Be that as it may at present it is certain that Frenchwomen are better dressed than their sisters in other countries, both in inner and outer wear. There is more beauty of line, more perfection of finish. And this applies to all classes, it is innate, the gift of generations. While feminine fashions may and do now and again, come from other places, they come principally from

in that there is a ground floor, but there is nothing in the window.

When models are exposed in stores, they are often copied, and brought out in lower qualities and prices; but one must be a known customer to get even a glimpse of the best and richest creations of Paris. Regular customers *only* have a "private view."

It is not at all unusual for a customer

to pay a house such as Virot's \$200 or \$300 for a new creation in the form of a hat, of which the component parts may be intrinsically worth only a few dollars. This sum, of course, is paid on the understanding that no similar hat is to be supplied to any other customer, and the purchaser has the exclusive right to that model. If it "catches on" it is copied and in a week or two similar hats can probably be purchased in the cheaper stores for 10 or 15 dollars or even less. But the purchaser of the original model who is more frequently than not, one of the aristocracy of the demi-monde, has had the satisfaction of wearing for the one occasion, usually at one of the principal race meetings, the newest confection of one of the first houses, which is absolutely unique in style and is the cynosure of all eyes of the world of fashion.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that all the principal designers of men's fashions, like all the best chefs, are men, the only lady of note who has much influence in this direction being Mme. Paquin. In the millinery world the ladies

are somewhat more prominent, as was brought out in a law case a few weeks back, when it was shown that one lady designer of hats in London received \$4,000 a year for her work.

News has lately come from Paris that the leaders of the great Parisian fashion houses have recently been responsible for a notable innovation in settling the fashions, by inviting the collaboration of prominent members of the world of art.

A group of the foremost artists of Paris have formed themselves into a society under the presidency of M. A. de la Gandara and have placed their services at the disposal of the leaders of fashion.

Every month each of these artists will submit models of four gowns. The artists are 12 in number, so that in the course of the year over 500 models will be created, and there is every probability that from now on, the creations of the leading houses will, before their appearance, have received the cachet of approval of the highest authorities in the world of art.



The Best Way to Settle a Grudge

I know of nothing that is more deadly to all that is finest and best in us, nothing which so poisons the very sources of life as holding a grudge, which, of course, means that we hope sometime for an opportunity to get "square" with those we fancy have injured us.

The best way to pay back one who has injured us is to give him just the opposite to what we imagine he has given us. Let the antidote for injury be the spirit of friendliness and kindness.

We all know how much better we feel when conscious that our own kindly attitude has disarmed an enemy. It is not difficult to kill or destroy the sting of some fancied wrong done us. The love essence is the supreme antidote for the poison. Return kindness for unkindness, love for cruelty. No matter how people may slander you, misjudge you, or misrepresent you, hold the manly, kindly attitude yourself, and time will do the rest.

—Orison Swett Marden.

Greasing an Employee's Hands

(This article is a sequel to the one that appeared in the May number by the same author on the subject, "Holding Up The Firm For a Raise." All the references in this are taken from his personal investigation in a few of the large cities of Canada.—Editor.

By Arthur Conrad

THE expression is not an elegant one, but it describes concisely and graphically a custom that has long been exercising a baneful influence on modern business life. The average employee who has anything whatever to do with the buying end of the business, either directly or indirectly, is assumed to be hard-handed. He is not inclined to slip things over easily on his employers. He holds the money and the credit of the firm in a strong grasp. To get at him, one must soften and lubricate the palm of the hand, so that things will slide through his fingers more easily. That in a word is the science of greasing, and its skilful application to meet many different cases and conditions is one of the supposedly valuable accomplishments of the smart salesman of today.

The working of the system is oftentimes extremely subtle and sometimes it defies discovery. A big Canadian manufacturing concern used a certain material—suppose it to be machine oil—in the operation of its plant. They had been accustomed to purchase this product in large quantities from a local refinery. One day the factory foreman came to the head of the purchasing department with a complaint about the quality of the oil that was being supplied. It wasn't giving satisfaction and he suggested trying another brand.

The purchasing agent agreed to the experiment and a small supply of the rival oil was introduced into the factory. The foreman expressed gratification with its qualities. In his opinion it was better than the old oil, and it

would be an economy to buy it in place of the former brand. As the supply of the latter was used up, the purchasing agent bought in from the rival house until the plant was using nothing but the new kind of oil. The foreman continued to express his satisfaction with the change maintaining that the oil was decidedly superior.

Then the firm from whom they had been buying the oil in the first place woke up to the fact that they had lost a good customer. Their salesman visited the factory and endeavored to find out what was the reason for the loss of business. He was told that their oil had deteriorated, and that they were not producing as good a quality as their competitor. He asked to be permitted to send in some new samples, which he contended were the best on the market. The purchasing agent, who was friendly to his firm, agreed, and on several successive occasions, samples of the oils made by his firm were sent in for experiment. Every time the foreman "knocked" his goods, maintaining that they could not approach the quality of the oil he was using.

After a time the salesman began to grow suspicious. The steady uniformity with which the foreman continued to disparage his highest grade product set him thinking, and one day he went to the purchasing agent and sounded him.

"Look here, Mr. Harrison," said he, "I can't understand the persistent way in which your foreman knocks my oil. I am growing suspicious. Have you any reason to suspect his honesty?"

"None in the world," replied Mr. Harrison. "He's been here twenty years, and I've never known him to do a crooked thing. If anyone about the place is straight, it's Bagshaw."

"Well, it's very curious," said the salesman. "I'd like to be sure of that. Would you mind if I tried a little trick on him just to test him?"

"None in the least. What do you propose to do?" asked Harrison.

"Here's my plan. Take me into the factory this evening, and let me put some of our oil into one of the Peerless Company's cans. Then give me some of their oil to put into one of our cans and let me take it over to our place. Tomorrow morning you go to Bagshaw and ask him casually how the oil is working. If he is still as enthusiastic about the Peerless brand, say that you would like him to try another sample of our stuff. Let him send over for it, so that he won't suspect a rat, and I will give his messenger our can with the Peerless oil in it. Then you stand by while he tries the oil. That's all I want you to do."

Harrison laughed and agreed to try the experiment. The salesman was furnished with the Peerless oil and in turn put some of his best oil into a Peerless tin, which was left in a handy place in the factory. Next morning the purchasing agent walked into the factory and accosted Bagshaw.

"How's the oil working, Bagshaw?" said he. "Still quite satisfactory?"

"First rate," said the foreman.

"By the way," continued Harrison, "that salesman of the opposition house was in again last night. He's mighty persistent. Claims his people have something new that will knock the spots off the Peerless brand. Wants us to give it a trial. I wish you would send over for a can of it and let's know what you think of it. Send for me when you get it."

In the course of half an hour Bagshaw sent for Harrison. He had the can of supposedly new oil in his hand and led the way to one of the machines. With the air of an expert he adjusted the machine and poured in a small quantity of the oil. Watching it with the closest attention he made some

comments under his breath and then straightened up.

"Tain't a bit better than the last stuff they sent over," said he. "Now you just watch this machine when I give it some of the other kind." He picked up the can in which the salesman had put his own company's oil the night before, and ran some of it into the machine. "See the difference," said he, "it's cleaner stuff and works the bearings easier. We save money using this kind," patting the can affectionately.

Harrison, making some perfunctory remark, walked out of the factory and, passing his own office, stepped into that of the general manager. He told his story briefly. The general manager was astonished; Bagshaw had been an old and trusted employee, and for him to be guilty, as he obviously was, of accepting a bribe from the Peerless Oil Company, was disconcerting. There was only one thing to do. Bagshaw was summoned to the general manager's office; was forced to confess that he was receiving money from the Peerless Oil Company, and was discharged on the spot.

This story may savor of fiction, but in its general details it is an actual occurrence, which took place not long since in a Canadian city. What differentiates it from most cases of a similar kind is that the man guilty of accepting the bribe was found out. In thousands of instances, men and women, boys and girls, are being presented with gifts of one sort or another with the purpose of influencing them to favor certain firms which have goods to sell to their employers. Often the influence is seemingly of the most trivial character and those employing these means of gaining favor would disclaim all intention of corrupting the morals of those whom they seek to reach. But none the less it is a harmful practice and may lead to more serious consequences.

One day a stationer in a Canadian town noticed that one of the salesgirls in his store was using a very handsome gold-mounted fountain pen. Under ordinary circumstances he would not have taken much notice of the incident,

but the fact that it was only three months previously that he had seen her with another new pen made him suspicious. He called her into his private office and asked her point-blank if such and such a traveller for fountain pens had given her the pen she was using. Taken aback the girl admitted that he had.

"Didn't he give you one three months ago?" he asked at a venture.

The girl again admitted that the man had done so. Speaking to her quite frankly, he proceeded to explain why he objected to any of his help accepting gifts from travellers. While he did not suppose that the girl would openly give the preference to this man's pens when it came to buying, yet he pointed out that a certain obligation was formed when she accepted the pens, and that she must necessarily be influenced in her attitude towards the man by what she had received from him.

Possibly there are those who see no serious wrong in making little presents to those who are met with in the course of business intercourse—friendly little gifts of cigars or the like. Yet it is hard to draw the line between the gift of friendship and the gift of design. Back of practically every present there lurks a desire to curry favor and there is certainly an obligation imposed in nearly every case. If a person is fair-minded at all, he will realize that he owes something in return for every favor that is extended to him.

"Thanks awfully," says the buyer, as he pockets a pretty little cigarette case. "I feel very much obliged to you. Isn't there anything I can do for you in return?"

"Nothing at all, old man," answers the wily traveller. "Just be good to yourself and keep things moving till I get back. I'll be round some time in June. I guess by that time you'll be wanting to stock up pretty strong on our line again. Bye-bye."

A difference must be instituted between gifts presented for business-getting reasons to employers and those presented to employees. While the custom may be deprecated in either case, where the harm is done is in the case of the employee. The employer or owner of

a business may be supposed to know what is good for his business health. He may accept a gift openly, knowing that the outcome is in his own hands for weal or woe. Not so the employee. In his or her case, there is usually secrecy—which is in itself a bad symptom—and he may be led to do things that will not be in the best interests of his firm. Instead of serving his employer whole-heartedly, he places himself in the partial employ of another firm.

The whole structure of business and the professions is permeated with this evil. It is the picture on the reverse side of the coin of graft. The country's politicians—employees of the people of Canada—were recreant to their duties when they accepted passes from the transportation companies, prior to the passing of the Railway Act, and the few who refused to place themselves under the obligation to the railways were deserving of all praise. Newspapers, in taking passes from theatres, feel obliged to write eulogistically of the performances. Officials of municipalities, who receive entertainment from firms interested in selling them supplies, are subtly influenced in this way. By well placed gifts, rake-offs and commissions the man who buys is led to favor the interests of the man who sells.

Nor does the evil confine its operation to adults and to business men. The schoolboy or schoolgirl, who becomes the purchasing agent for the supplies needed by an athletic team, is subjected to the baneful influence, and what is just a mild form of bribery is liable to convert the boy or girl into a first-class grafter who comes to look for gifts and commissions as a matter of course, and even to seek them out on his own account. At college it becomes more accentuated. Some young man, new to the ways of the world, is clothed with authority as secretary of some club and immediately he becomes the recipient of presents from this, that and the other supply house. He is gratified, feels that these people are very good to him, and that he must pay them back, and when it comes to buying supplies, he hastens to patronize the firms that have given him the presents. By

the next year, he is early on the hunt for some new office that will entitle him to receive more bounties. Within the space of a year he has graduated from the innocent country boy to the accomplished grafter.

Even the church, supposedly the stronghold of virtue, is not left free from the attentions of those who seek by well-directed gifts to secure a portion of the funds to be expended. Members of the board of managers receive pleasant little attentions from the salesmen of those firms dealing in church supplies. In the schools, the same situation is found, and even the teachers are made the objective of attack by designing agents for school equipment. Nurses in hospitals are a good prey for those who sell medicine and hospital supplies. In fact, there is hardly an institution, public or private, which is not invaded.

The worst of it is that it is all so innocent, and that so few people see any harm in receiving these little attentions from friendly salesmen. To them it is an absurdity to point out that a question

of ethics is at stake. They see only the one side and believing themselves honest and incorruptible, do not recognize that the man who gives is aiming a blow at their integrity. They would be the last to admit that they have been purchased.

The unfairness of the whole system to the firm which does not approve of or practise the custom of winning the favor of buyers in this way is evident. An accusation of meanness is made against them, when they are only strictly honest. They are said to be slow and unprogressive, when they are actually upholding a principle to which all business will have to come sooner or later.

Unfortunately so widespread is the practice that in very self-defence many firms have had to resort to it to keep up their end. They have made concessions to the spirit of the age, and under the guise of Christmas boxes, have sought to please buyers without forcing on them the obligation that would be made were the presents to be given at any other time of the year.

FOREST SOLITUDE

The clash and clamour of the world grows less,
 Receding further as we slowly stray
 To where the forest, clad in green array,
 Awaits us with its peaceful loveliness.
 Forgotten is that time of strain and stress
 Through which we battled—was it yesterday,
 Or yesteryear?—it seems so far away,
 For now our sorrows melt to nothingness.

The pines above us strive to reach the sky,
 At times we almost fancy that they meet
 As in this cloistered arcade we lie,
 Protected from the sun's too fervent heat;
 And, with the birds who start to sing near by,
 We realize that life is very sweet!

—An Exchange.

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

XXXIV

"It is the classic flower of Venus as well as the badge of Imperialism. And—he who receives it from so fair a hand and does not wear it must needs be very cold or greatly courageous." He added, as Dunoisse's brilliant black eyes met his own: "I wear no violets, you see. Yet had she offered them. . . ."

He gave a whimsical, expressive shrug. Dunoisse found himself saying:

"These were not given to me, but dropped in passing."

The great master's laugh, mirthful, mellow, genial, responded with the words:

"Admit at least that the flowers were dropped most opportunely."

"Monsieur, if the knot of violets were purposely detached," said Dunoisse, "then they undoubtedly were meant for you!"

But he made no offer to resign the blossoms, and Hugo laughed again.

"They were not meant for me. Have no fear. I have drunk a sweet philtre that renders men proof against enchantment. I kissed my child sleeping in its cradle. . . . My wife said: *God keep thee!* when I left home to-night."

The manner had a tinge of grandiloquence, the words did not ring quite true. Dunoisse, like all the rest of the world, knew that the boasted philtre was not the infallible preventative.

. . . The scrap of tinsel that would sometimes show among the ermined folds of the kingly mantle peeped out with a vengeance now. . . . And yet the man possessed a royal, noble nature and a personality so simply impressive

that, if he had chosen to sit upon a three-legged milking stool, instead of a carved chair upon a tapestried dais, it would have seemed, not only to his followers, a throne.

He went on to speak of the beauty of the lady of the salon, thrilled Dunoisse by a hint of romance,—breaking off to say:

"But for you, who wear the uniform of M. de Roux's regiment, there can be nothing new to hear about Madame?"

Did a drop of subtle, cynical acid mingle with the honey of the tone? . . . Dunoisse was conscious of the tag of bitterness even as he answered:

"Monsieur, I was recalled from Bli-dah to join the 999th of the Line barely a month ago. And since then I have been absent on leave in England I had the honor of meeting Madame de Roux for the first time to-night. She interests me indescribably. Pray tell me what you know of her. . . ."

Hugo said: "Have a care! She wears the Violet in her bosom and the Bee upon her lips. And in the perfume of the flower there is delirium—in the honey of the insect a sting."

Dunoisse said, hardly knowing that he spoke the words aloud:

"Divine madness, exquisite pain! . . ."

Hugo returned with a sphinx-like smile and a curious intonation:

"You have the intrepidity of youth, with its rashness. Be it so! We must all live and learn. And so you are but newly from Algeria! Ah!—so you have ridden down the wild part-ridge on the plains at the foot of Atlas, and felt on your eyes the kiss of the breeze of the Desert, and paused to breathe and rest beneath the thatch of some native hut shadowed by date-

palms or sycamores, built beside streams that flow through hollowed trunks of trees. And women as black as roasted coffee-berries have brought you whey and millet-cakes, and platters of dried figs, and ripe mulberries in their dark hands decked with gold and ivory rings."

So vivid was the picture evoked that Dunoisse knew the yearning of homesickness, wished himself back again in the little house at Blidah, even to be bored by the trivial gossip of the garrison ladies, even to be teased by the persistent drub and tinkle of gazelle-eyed Adjme's *tambur*. And the magician's voice went on:

"You have asked of Madame de Roux. . . . Her father was a grandee of Spain and famous general of guerillas. He was killed during the counter-Revolutionary operations in Catalonia in 1822. . . . My father knew him and his lovely wife, who died of grief within a few years of the death of her brave husband. . . . She was a Miss Norah Murphy, an Irishwoman. And when you say that you say all. Madame de Roux possesses a strain of that blood. It is to be traced in the daughters of a family for centuries—I say nothing of the sons. . . . And its gifts are the voice of music, the touch that thrills; the eyes that weep and laugh together, the smile that charms and maddens, and the kiss that enthrals and beguiles. . . ."

"They are hers?" came from Dunoisse, as if in interrogation, and then repeating the words with an accent of conviction; "They are hers!" he said, a rush of new sensations crowding in upon him, with the perfume steaming from the tiny knot of purple blossoms fading in his hand.

"They are hers," Hugo answered. "They were hers when M. de Roux met and married her: they were hers when as a bride of seventeen she found herself established as lady-paramount and reigning Queen of his regiment; in garrison at Ham. Life is dull in a military fortress, you will agree, to anyone but a gambler. For distraction one turns naturally to games of risk and chance. . . ."

He smiled, but his smile was enigmatical:

"The most fascinating of these is the game of Political Intrigue and Secret Correspondence. From a prisoner, interned for life within the Fortress, the young wife learned to play that game. Her teacher had been a professional player, ruined through an ill-calculated move at Boulogne—an attempt ending in grotesque failure!"

Dunoisse knew that by the ruined player was meant the Pretender to the Throne Imperial of France.

"The beautiful Henriette was an apt pupil; she quickly mastered the First Gambit. I have heard it said that the pawn sacrificed on that occasion was—the lady's husband, but whether that be truth or scandal I do not pretend to know. . . . But six years later her teacher crossed the draw-bridge in the blouse and fustians of a bricklayer, with a plank upon his shoulder. and since then"—the pale features of the speaker were inscrutable—"his pupil has kept her hand in. For Intrigue is a game that a woman comes to play at last for excitement, though at first she may have played for love."

He ceased and began to laugh, and said, still laughing, while Dunoisse thrilled with pity, anger and yet another emotion:

"It would be strange if so lovely and seductive a woman could conceive a genuine passion for a little unsuccessful adventurer who pronounces 'joy' as '*choy*,' and transport as '*dransbord*,' and who has a long body and short legs. Though, to have suffered for an idea, even as false as the Idea Imperial, adds stature to the dwarfish and dignity to the vulgar, even in the eyes of other men. Besides, he was a prisoner. . . . unfortunate and happy. . . . Why should she not have loved him after all?"

Dunoisse said, with tingling muscles and frowning brows:

"Monsieur, do you hold that women are incapable of chivalry?"

He had raised his voice and the clear ringing utterance made itself distinctly heard above the buzz of general con-

versation. And as he spoke a silken rustle went past behind him, and a breath of violets came to his nostrils. . . . But Hugo was replying to the query in the grandiose vein that characterized him. . . .

"No, young man!—since from my place in the House of Deputies I beheld the Duchesse d'Orleans stand up single-handed against a whole nation in defence of the rights of a weak child." He added: "In days such as these the diligent student of Human Nature—the literary artist who would add a new gloss to the Book of Mankind, discovers a pearl every hour he lives. Have I not seen within the space of one week a King hooted from the Tuileries, a throne consumed by fire, a constitution tumbled into the dustbin, and the New Republic of France rise, radiant and regenerate from the ashes, and the dust and blood of Insurrection? And I am here to-night because I seek, at the first signal of his arrival, to hasten to offer the hand of brotherhood to a Napoleon Bonaparte who has freed his chained eagle, fettered his ambitions, and asks nothing better than to set the torch of Liberty to the pyre of Empire." He added, as by an afterthought: "And also, I am here because I wish to look upon the face of Cain."

The unexpected peroration hissed like Greek fire upon sea-water. Dunoisse stammered in bewilderment:

"Pardon, Monsieur! You Said . . . the face of Cain . . . ?"

The answer Came:

"Monsieur, in the interests of the public who subscribe to the *Avénement* I should sincerely thank you if you would point out to me that brother-officer of yours who caused the men of his command to fire upon the people assembled before the Hotel of the Foreign Ministry. Having looked upon his face, my desire will be gratified. I shall have seen Cain!"

The words of deadly irony fell like the iron weighted thong of the knout upon bare flesh, lacerating, excoriating. . . . Hector Dunoisse, livid under his ruddy skin, rent between rage and

shame, held speechless by the sense of the utter uselessness of denial, could only meet the piercing eagle-eyes of the wielder of the scourge. And infinitely wounding was the dawning of suspicion in those eyes, and worse the conviction, and worst of all the scorn. . . .

Dunoisse had imagined, when he felt himself the target of greedy, curious glances and shrill piercing whispers, that this great man, aware of the undeserved, unmerited accusation under which he writhed, had looked at him with comprehension and sympathy. Now he found himself bereft of these; the kindness had died out of the face, if it had ever really beamed there, and the vast white forehead rose before him like a rampart with an enemy behind it. His manhood shrank and dwindled. He found himself saying in the voice of a schoolboy summoned before the pedagogue for a fault;

"Monsieur Hugo, I thought you had heard all . . . knew all. . . . Your look seemed to say to-night—when first it encountered mine. . . ."

The other answered with wounding irony:

"Previous to your entrance, the well-known fact that certain ambitious Imperialist intriguers have put forward a claim of Hereditary Succession to the feudal throne of a small Bavarian principality, had formed the topic of a brief discussion in which I took my share. Upon your arrival you were indicated to me as the human peg on which these adventurers hang their hopes. I was quite unaware of the personal claim you have established upon the esteem of your fellow-beings by the wholesale butchery of the Rue des Capucines."

He added with a laugh that was vitriol poured into Dunoisse's wounds:

"I am not ignorant that you have a certain reputation as a fencer and a duellist. It will be useless to challenge me, let me assure you! . . . I am insufficiently courageous to be called a coward for the sake of my children and my country, dearer even than they." He scanned the youthful, quivering face with even more deliberate inten-

tion. . . . "You are even younger than I judged at first," he said. "What may not be looked for from the maturity of such a formidable being! . . . Paraphrasing Scripture, I am tempted to exclaim: 'If you are as you are in the green tree, what may you not become in the dry!' Personally, I am, in my character of poet and dramatist, your debtor. For every classic student knows that Tiberius was magnificently handsome—that the base and bloody Caligula was of a beauty that dazzled the eyes. But—who has pictured Judas otherwise than as a red-haired, blear-eyed humpback? Who has imagined Cain as the reverse of swart, shaggy, hideous and terrible? No one until now! But when, after years of study and preparation, I compose in Alexandrine verse the drama of the Greatest of all Betrayals—rely upon it that the Judas of Hugo will be more beautiful than John!"

His laughter froze and lacerated Dunoisse's burning ears like pelting hailstones. It ceased; and, touched in spite of himself by the mute bleeding anguish in the young, haggard face he said roughly:

"Why do you not speak, sir? Why do you not defend yourself?"

Dunoisse's palate was as dry as ashes. He said with the despairing smile that drags the mouth awry:

"Monsieur, it would be useless. I have read your article in the *Avénement*. You condemned me before you heard."

The golden flame of Hugo's glance played over him like wildfire. The scrutiny endured but an instant. Then the master said, with a softening change of voice and face, holding out his hand:

"Young man, if you had been guilty of that crime you would be infinitely miserable. And, being innocent, you are most unhappy. For no living mortal, save myself, will believe you so!"

The hand-grasp was brief but significant. Next moment the giver was lost in the surging crowd of golden epaulets, flower-wreathed ringlets and

well-powdered shoulders, Joinville cravats and curled heads of masculine hair.

The brilliantly-lighted rooms seemed to darken when the friendly face had turned away. Dunoisse, wearied and discouraged, began to think of taking leave. As he looked about for his hostess there was a bustle near the door. The agitation spread to the confines of the most distant room of the suite. Loud, eager voices were heard from the anteroom, the heavy crimson curtain was dragged back by no gentle hand.

A man in brilliant Staff uniform, the white-haired general officer who had gone by Dunoisse a few moments before with Madame de Roux upon his arm, appeared in the archway towards which the well-dressed mob now pressed and surged. His eyes shone—his face had the pallor of intense emotion and the radiance of unspeakable joy. He cried, in a loud, hoarse, rattling voice that carried from room to room like a discharge of grapeshot:

"Prince Louis Napoleon is in Paris! He has arrived at the Hotel du Rhin!"

He tore his sword from his scabbard—held it gleaming high above his haggard, radiant head, and shouted in stentorian tones:

"Long live the Emperor!"

And the scented, well-dressed crowd, revived by the utterance of that name of ancient magic, inspired by the breath of an immense enthusiasm, crazy with joy in the anticipation of what they knew not, echoed the shout:

"Long live the Emperor!"

XXXV

France is the most womanly of all nations. A man once possessed her who caused her such misery that she adored him as a god. He wrung the tears from her eyes, the blood from her veins, the gold from her coffers. He slew her sons in hecatombs, and yet she gave, and gave. And when a dwarfish being of devouring passions and colossal ambitions rose up and

said: "I bear the dead man's name. Worship me, living, now that he is no more!" she gave him all she had.

To these Imperialists, the exile who had returned was not Charles Louis Bonaparte, Prince-Pretender to the Imperial Throne. He was the Emperor. And as though he had been indeed the wearer of a little cocked hat and the gray surtout, they greeted the news of his return with a joy they themselves would barely have credited ten minutes before.

They laughed and wept tears of rapture. Friends and foes embraced; strangers exchanged hand-grasps and congratulations. The Golden Age had come again. Napoleon was in Paris. And the hubbub of voices grew overwhelming, in the ceaseless reiteration of two words:

"The Emperor!—the Emperor!"

Hugo said, raising his magnificent voice so as to be heard plainly above the Babel:

"Messieurs the Representatives of the New Provisional Government, Monsieur Bonaparte has at length returned from England. Let us, who having confidence in his pledges, have voted in his favor, go and say to him: '*How do you do?*'"

And, followed by his fellow-wearers of black coats and tricoloured scarfs, he went out quickly. Yet others pushed their way into the anteroom, and began to rummage for hats, coats, and cloaks. As the bustle of their departure reached its climax, Dunoisse was conscious of a breath of familiar fragrance. A silken rustle came behind him, and a soft voice reached his ear, saying:

"If only I dared follow them!"

It was Madame de Roux. Then as the wood-flower's perfume reached him in a stronger gust of sweetness, a whisper said:

"Are you chivalrous?"

The voice added instantly:

"I overheard what you said just now. . . . Do not look round. . . ."

Dunoisse stared straight before him. Rigid and immovable, he might have been taken for the colored image of an officer of *piou-pious*. Only his Al-

gerian medals shook a little with the beating of his heart. And the voice came again. It said:

"Think of me what you will! . . . I must speak to you! Remain after the others have left. . . . Wait in the gray boudoir at the end of the drawing-room beyond this. Raise those violets to your face if you agree: drop them if you refuse! . . ."

His hand shook as he lifted the knot of drooping blossoms, pretending to inhale their vanished scent. He heard her whisper:

"Thanks!" and the rustle of her silks and laces—distinguishable to him through the swishing and billowing and crackling of a sea of feminine fripperies—passed on. And footmen with baskets of champagne and silver trays of glasses, light as bubbles, began to circulate through the crowd; and the explosion of corks, the gurgling of the foamy wine, the pledging of loyal toasts and the clinking of glasses heralded the conversation of a festival of sentiment into a lively night.

Amidst the popping, clinking and toasting, Dunoisse passed from the larger drawing-room into the smaller, less crowded salon beyond, and presently found himself in the little boudoir.

It was a charming, cosy nest with purple-gray silken hangings, its ebony furniture upholstered with velvet of the same shade, the black, shining wood inlaid with silver wreaths, fillets and ribbons in the unfashionable Empire style.

It was a nest for confidences, a place for revelations and confessions. It contained no pictures beyond a few frames of miniatures, all masculine portraits by famous hands, and one fine full-length, life-sized oil-painting, within a massive carved and gilded frame of the period of the Regency; representing a voluptuously-beautiful woman, in the habit of a Cistercian nun, standing upon a dais covered with blue-and-gold tapestry in a pattern of *fleurs-de-lis*. From her loosened coif streamed golden tresses, and her proud uplifted eyes blazed,

not with the heavenly fires of Divine Love, but with the lurid flames of Hell. . . . And in her Satanic pride and imperial arrogance of beauty she seemed to live; and send out subtle electric influences that dominated and swayed those who dwelt within the reach of them—not for good—but for evil and misery, and the wreck of bodies and souls.

And Dunoisse looked at the portrait, and the red lips seemed to smile at him. And while they appeared to whisper "Stay!" unseen hands plucked at him, as though striving to drag him from the place; and a thin voice of warning fluttered like a cobweb at his inner ear, urging him to be gone and lose no time about it. Perhaps wan Sister Thérèse de Saint François was praying for him in her cell at the Carmel of Widinitz. But all the champagne he had not tasted seemed boiling in his veins, and he gave back the smile of the proud, voluptuous, painted lips, and was drawing near to decipher an inscription on an ornamental scroll at the bottom of the Regency frame, when there was a rustle and a whisper of silken draperies in the doorway, and he turned to meet the eyes of Henriette.

She was radiant now with triumph—she sparkled like a starry night in mid-winter. She drew deep breaths as though she had been running, and lovely tremulous smiles hovered about her mouth. She lifted her little hands as the first bars of a waltz marvellously played upon a brilliant instrument, rang out, and the rhythmical sound of dancing feet began to mingle with the music and the gay din of chattering tongues, and said with a sign that bade him listen:

"Do you hear?—they are dancing over the grave of the Monarchy. They have turned my reception into a ball. M. Chopin has volunteered to play for them. . . . He is mad, like everybody else to-night. Decidedly it is as well you came here without waiting."

She pressed her small white hands against her temples, lifting from them the weight of the hair, and sank down,

panting a little still, upon the gray velvet divan, saying:

"Ouf!—my head aches. What was it I wanted to say?—I have forgotten! Do sit down! Here, beside me—you will not crush my dress. . . . We are not likely to be disturbed. . . . M. de Roux has gone to the Hotel du Rhin with General Montguichet and a dozen other gentlemen—the rest are engrossed with their partners. What I wish to say to you was—Take this advice as from an elder sister. When you are summoned to answer before the Court-Martial for that—affair of the Rue des Capucines—"

He had fixed his eyes on the beautiful mobile mouth. Was he deceived? Did he really hear it say:

"Say that you gave the order for the men to fire. It will be the wisest course. Oh!—I know what I am talking about! No harm will come to you! You understand me, do you not? Only admit it—do not deny!"

Dunoisse rose up from the divan as pale under his red skin as when Hugo had asked him to point out the modern parallel of the primal murderer, and said in ice-cold tones:

"I have already had the honor to point out to you, Madame, that I did not give the order!"

He vibrated with passionate resentment. What—under the guise of sisterly kindness, was he advised to leap the cliff?

But a face brimming with sweet penitence was lifted to his. She said, summoning her dimples to play by mere force of will, bidding her eyes gleam through a soft veil of dewiness:

"Do not be angry!—it was a stupid joke. Must one always be so serious with you? And—I am a little mad to-night, as I have told you. It is excusable. . . . Pray forgive me!—sit down again!"

She stretched out a little hand, its delicate fingers curling like tendrils. They touched his—his heart leapt as they clung. He sat down again. And the waltz, played by the master-hand, ebbed away, dying in waves of sensuous sweetness, and a Polish mazurka,

after a peal of crescendo chords that shrieked with frantic merriment, sprang short-skirted, and flourishing belled scarlet heels, from the bewitched instrument, to take its place. And Dunoisse, with throbbing senses, tore his eyes from the enthralling face, and raised them to meet the proud, voluptuous, defiant glance of the nun in the portrait. And her red lips seemed to say: "*Why not?*" He asked involuntarily:

"Who is she?"

Henriette's soft voice answered, with a curious tone in it:

"Everyone who asks says. 'Who is she?' as though she lived. But she died in 1743. The portrait used to hang over the fireplace in the Community Hall. I will not tell you how it comes to be where it is now—it is a secret. She was Louise Adelaide de Chartres, second daughter of the Regent Philippe d'Orléans. She became Abbess here when eighteen, and died Abbess of Chelles. She was divinely beautiful and of ungovernable passions. . . . The suite of immense rooms that were hers in the main building of the Abbaye are never used. They are always shut up, and no one ever goes into them alone."

Seeing Dunoisse's look still fixed upon the portrait, she went on:

"She was a witch. She bewitched her lovers,—she has bewitched you—you cannot take away your eyes. Ah! if you do not recoil from the sight of her, knowing her to be so wicked, there should be hope for me! For I—oh!—how can I tell you? . . ."

She was weeping,—the shining tears were making their way between the fingers of the little hands she clasped over her eyes. Her white bosom heaved with sobs. And Dunoisse pleading with her in a voice that shook with emotion, to be calmer, presently found himself possessed of one of the little hands. He won a glance, too, of eyes that shone out of a pale, tear-drenched face, like moss-agates seen through running water, and another by-and-by . . .

To shed real tears and be lovely still—what a gift of the fairies! They have it as a birthright, the Henriettes. Henriette and her sisters can ride on the whirlwind of the emotions, without disarranging a fold of their draperies,—go through whole tragedies of despair without reddening an eyelid,—sorrow beautifully without spoiling the romance of a situation with one grotesque blast upon the nose. This Henriette said, lifting a sweet quivering face and drowned eyes to Dunoisse's agitated countenance:

"Oh! let me cry,—it eases the heart!—and listen, for you must believe me! . . ."

Voices sounded beyond the threshold the door-handle was rattled loudly. As the door opened, Henriette turned with a rapid supple movement, and said, indicating the portrait above the fireplace with a steady hand:

"As you remark, Monsieur, Madame d'Orléans did not pass her time in saying Paternosters. . . . But it is said that she repented, and died in a state of grace."

XXXVI

THE door shut softly. Those who had sought privacy in the gray boudoir had retreated discouraged. No more intruders came near as the ball went on. And while the candles flickered low in their silver branches, Henriette said to Dunoisse:

"Do you know the fortress of Ham?"

She continued before he could answer:

"Picture it as a hollow square of granite, set in the middle of a vast, treeless, marshy plain. It has a huge round tower at two of its angles, a powder-magazine at each of the others. A sluggish canal crawls beneath the south and east ramparts, a river winds across the marshy plain, passing beneath the walls of the town. There is only one gateway, guarded by a square tower,—you enter, and are in a great courtyard surrounded by lofty walls, commanded by heavy masses of masonry, with water oozing from the blocks of

stone that sparkle with crystals of salt-petre. . . . One building has grated windows—by that you know it is a prison. Another is the Barracks—a third is the dwelling of the Commandant."

She said, with a strange wild laugh, and a look of darkling remembrance:

"I spent my honeymoon there, as a bride of seventeen, eight years ago. You have noticed that I am very pale, have you not? It is because all my roses faded and died in that chill cavern of dripping stone.

"When a young wife lives by the side of a husband who is not young or amiable, or even kind—in a place such as I have described, something she must love if she is not to die. . . . Thus Henriette learned to worship a Cause, and to devote herself, heart and soul, to an object. That was the Restoration of the Empire. She lives for it to-day!"

Her eyes were like green jewels burning under the shadow of her dusky hair-waves. Her voice thrilled and rang and sighed. "Oh, how I thanked you for those words I heard to-night! What man except yourself would have spoken them! Yes—women can be chivalrous!—women can live and die for a conviction! My terrible confession is made easier by your belief!"

She paused and resumed:

"I aided the escape of the Prince Imperial. . . . I conceived the idea, thought of the disguise—provided the lay-figure that, dressed in Prince Louis Napoleon's clothes, lay upon the bed in his prison-cell, while M. Conneau kept guard over the supposed sick man. And I am gloried in the success of the enterprise, and every louis I could obtain has since been spent in furthering the Imperial cause. Ah, Heaven! how poor its only hope has been!—he who should wield a sceptre, he who should have dipped his hands at will in a treasury of millions! How poor he still is, it pierces the heart to know. Yet how many have exhausted their resources in supplying that need of his: General Montguchet and M. de Comberville have been reduced to penury,

Princess Mathilde and the Comtesse de Thierry-Robec are impoverished by their gifts! Noble, self-sacrificing women!—without envying I have emulated them. . . . You see these rubies that I wear? Who would guess the stones were false?"

She lifted into the light a radiant forehead. Had you been there to see and hear, you would have said with Dunoisse, "This is the voice—that is the face of Truth!"

And yet, if those rubies had been carried to some expert, obliging dealer in such gewgaws, say Bapst-Odier, late Jeweller to his Majesty, 111 Quai de l'Ecole,—they would—after that state-ly personage had screwed a microscope into his eye and submitted them to a brief but searching examination—have fetched a really handsome sum.

When Dunoisse, gripped by a sudden spasm of anger and contempt and disgust, muttered:

"And *he* stoops to take alms—to subsist on funds so gathered! Why not rather sweep the streets?" she continued, in a voice that thrilled with genuine emotion:

"The Arabs tell you that rubies are drops of the hearts' blood of lovers, shed countless ages ago, and crystalized into jewels by the alchemy of Time. Well, I would empty my veins to-day for the Empire, if need should arise!"

He looked at her and knew that she would do it. With what a spotless flame she seemed to burn. Sweet, heroic zealot! — adored enthusiast! What man, thought Dunoisse, could hesitate to pour his own life upon the trampled sand of a political arena if by the sacrifice that white bosom might be spared the horrid wound!

"Judge, then, Monsieur, when it seemed, after long years, that the hour of Restoration might be approaching,—judge if I did not thrill and pant and tremble for that absent one,—if I did not urge all those who recognize in Prince Louis Napoleon France's rescuer and saviour, to exhaust themselves in a supreme effort to bring him to her

side. And knowing him in urgent need, deceived by English guile, betrayed by the specious promises of that powerful Minister who has only feigned to befriend him—I borrowed money Yes, it must be told. . . .”

She stretched out the little hand and touched the gold lace upon Dunoisse's sleeve, saying with a wistful smile:

“Borrowing degrades — even when one borrows from a woman. You see, I do not spare myself. . . . I borrowed from a man.”

Dunoisse's small, square white teeth were viciously set upon his lower lip. His black brows were knitted. His eyes were bent upon the carpet. He heard her say:

“A man who loved me. . . . Ah! what a coward I am, and how you must despise me! Who loves me, I should say!”

And the sentence was a knife in the heart of the poor dupe who heard. Words were wrenched from him with the sudden pain. He cried, before he could check himself:

“Who is the man?”

And then, meeting her look that conveyed: “You have no right to ask” he said with humility: “Forgive me! I was presumptuous and mad to ask that question. Forget that I ever did!”

She gauged him with a keen, bright glance, and said with a noble, melancholy simplicity that was as pinchbeck as her abasement of the moment previous:

“You are very young, or you would never have committed so great an error. For if I loved him, I should never tell you for his sake, and if I loved you——”

She registered his start, and finished:

—“I should never tell you for yours. But as I have no love left to give to any man: as the fountains of my heart have long been frozen at their source—I will say this. . . . You and he were friends once, long years ago, before he became an Under-Secretary at the Foreign Ministry. A cloud has shadowed your old friend-

ship. . . . A misunderstanding has thrust you apart. You know who it is I mean.”

A cloud had almost palpably come before Dunoisse's eyes. Their black-diamond brilliancy was dulled to opaqueness, as he looked at Madame de Roux, and his lips, under the small black moustache, made a pale, straight line against his burnt-sienna skin. And from them came a grating voice that said:

“You are speaking of M. Alain de Moulny. I saw you together in the courtyard of the Hotel of Foreign Affairs a moment before the pistol-shot. And he——”

She stretched out, with a gesture of entreaty, her little hands, sparkling with the jewels that were such marvelous imitations, and yet would have fetched a good round sum at Bapst Odier's.

“Wait—wait! Do not confuse me. Let me tell you in my roundabout woman's way! He——”

She drew her brows together; moved the toe of her little gray satin slipper backwards and forwards through the silky fur of the chinchilla rug. How little of actual fact may be held to constitute the entire truth, is a problem which confronts the Henriettes at every turn of the road.

“We had had an appointment to meet in my box at the Odéon Theatre that evening. M. de Moulny was to have brought me the money there. The disturbances rendered it impossible that he could keep the appointment—the Ministry was guarded by troops—despatches and messengers coming every moment, messages and despatches every instant going out. . . . So I was to meet M. de Moulny in one of the more private waiting-rooms opening from the Hotel vestibule and receive the money from his hands. He is not rich—what younger son is wealthy? But where there is devotion—what cannot be achieved? He would do anything for me!”

She said, meeting Hector's sombre glance:

"I have heard it said that you are indifferent to women. If so, you are lucky. We bring nothing but misery—even to those we love!"

She swept her little hands upwards through the mass of curls upon her temples, with her favorite gesture:

"I was leaving the Hotel—where my husband was dining with M. Guizot—when the great crowd of people, led by the drum and the Red Flag, filled the Boulevard, and seemed as though about to charge the soldiers, who were drawn up along the railways motionless as statues, with their muskets at the present. . . Upon a gray Arab, in command of the half-battalion, was a young officer who interested me much. . . ."

Invisible, red-hot needles pricked the listener all over. Then something icy cold seemed to trickle down his spine and escape through the heels of his spurred military boots. The speaker did not look in his direction. Her downcast eyelids fluttered, a faint mysterious smile hovered upon the eloquent mouth.

"He sat his horse like a young Bedouin of the Desert, or such a warrior of ancient Greece as one has seen sculptured on the walls of the Parthenon at Athens. His skin was the ground-color of an Etruscan vase. . . . Cold though I am—ah! you cannot dream how cold I am!—I have never been insensible to the beauty that is male."

Under the covert of her eyelashes she stole a glance at the victim.

"I guessed who you were, of course!—you had been minutely described to me. . . But it pleased me to pretend ignorance. I said, pointing you out to M. de Moulny: 'That must be the officer who has newly joined us from Africa. His type is rare—at least in my experience. It is a reincarnation of the Young Hannibal. He has the rich coloring, the bold features, the slender shape. . . De Roux must present him. He will bring me purple stuffs and golden ingots and the latest news from Tyre.' And de Moulny answered, looking at you coldly: 'He has

millions in ingots, but he cannot give you them—unless he cares to break a vow.' I said: 'So, then, you know my handsome Carthaginian?' He answered: 'I used to, when we were boys at a military institute. It was he who induced me to give up my intention of entering the Army.' I asked: 'How, then Monsieur? . . . Are you so easily persuaded? What means did your friend employ to alter your determination?' And de Moulny answered, looking at me oddly: '*A false step, and a broken foil!*'"

The spider-web of fascination she had woven about Dunoisse was weakened, perhaps, by the mention of de Moulny's name. He looked at Henriette with eyes that had become harder and brighter. He waited for the rest.

"Naturally, so strange an utterance roused my curiosity. I wanted to hear the story, if there is one? But M. de Moulny stuck out his underlip—perhaps you remember a trick he has:—and I thought: 'Some day you shall tell me the rest.' We talked of other things—standing there under the portico. And as the crowd surged and roared and the Red Flag waved like a bloody rag in the night of their torches, I asked of M. de Moulny—I cannot tell you why I asked it. . . . Perhaps one is fated to say these things. I asked of Alain, as the great crowd seemed about to rush upon the gates of the Hotel: 'What would be, at this juncture, the greatest misfortune that could befall the House of Bourbon?' He answered; 'That your young Hannibal should give the word to fire!'"

She imposed silence upon Dunoisse, who was about to break into impetuous speech, by laying a little velvet hand upon his lips, as she had once laid them upon de Moulny's. She kept the hand there as she said:

"Do not interrupt—it takes all my courage to tell this! I carry a loaded pistol upon all occasions—it is a habit I learned in Spain—in Algeria I found it of use. And I drew the weapon from its hiding-place,—I can hear my own voice saying as I did so: '*One shot might hasten the crisis. What if I*

fired?" And de Moulny said: 'No, no! You must not! And I did! I pulled the trigger, and before the echo of the shot had died, and the salt blue smoke cleared from before my face——'"

She was at his feet, weeping, clinging to the shaking hands with which Dunoisse strove to raise her, choking with sobs, burying her face upon his arm, wetting the blue cloth with real tears, entangling silken shining strands of night-dark hair in the rough gold embroidery of the Staff brassard on the Assistant-Adjutant's sleeve.

"This is my place! Let all the world come and find me here! I do not care! What is humiliation if I can atone? Make no allowances or excuses for me. . . . Do not say: 'It was a moment of madness!' Think of me as your enemy and your destroyer! Ah! what a heart I must have to have smiled in your eyes, as I did when we met this evening, and not have cried out at the first look: 'Pardon! Forgiveness!—you whom I have wronged!'"

She drew some sobbing breaths, and said, lifting beautiful tear-drenched eyes like pansies in a thunder-shower:

"Hate me for the cold, calculating selfishness—bred of the base desire to save myself from the taint of all that blood—the cowardly fear of the possible vengeance of Red Republicans—that led me to say to you: '*Take the advice of a sister. Say that you were guilty of this crime!*' For it is a crime. It has defiled my soul with stains that cannot be wiped away."

The supple red hands of Dunoisse tightened upon the little hands they clasped. He said, looking in her eyes:

"The pistol-shot was yours. But *he* cried, 'Fire!'"

She moved her lips soundlessly and nodded.

"I recognized his voice. . . . I should recognize it through the noise of battle—above all the tumult of the Judgment Day. It claimed payment for the false step—indemnity for the broken foil. Well, let him have both, and find his joy in them!"

He laughed harshly, and his grip was merciless. Yet she bore the pain of it without crying out. His eyes had quitted her face—they were fixed upon the portrait of the nun-Princess of Orleans. And as though some subtle, evil influence had passed from those proud voluptuous painted eyes into his blood, he was conscious of the shaping of a purpose within him and the surging of a flood that was to carry all before it and undo the work of years.

"But one joy he shall not have. . . ."

He hardly knew whether his own lips or another's had uttered the words. But he looked down and saw Henriette at his feet, between his hands. And as his eyes fell upon the creamy treasure of the fair bosom that heaved so near, Monsieur the Marshal, had he been enabled to look into the gray boudoir at that particular moment, would no longer have been able to say to Hector:

"You are an iceberg. You have Carmel in your blood!"

For the son of Marie Bathilde—carried away by a tidal wave of passion, such as had swept Sister Thérèse de St. Francois out from among the pallets of the Lesser Ward of the Mercy-House at Widinitz, out of her nun's cell into the wild, turbulent ocean that rolled and billowed outside the convent walls—was to yield, and take, and eat as greedily as any other son of Adam of the fruit of the Forbidden Tree.

How it matures, the first bite into the sweet, juicy pulp! He had seemed to Henriette a brilliant boy; obstinate and stiff-necked, scrupulous and absurd. Now she saw him transformed to a new being. Vigorous, alert, decisive, masterful, a man to be reckoned with, to be feared while you deceived. And on the boiling whirlpool of passion her own light fragile craft began to dance, and rock, and spin in ever-narrowing circles, as he said, with a strange smile that showed the white teeth gleaming under the small black moustache, but set no gay light dancing in the brilliant, cold black eyes:

"Have no fear. Try to believe me when I promise you, upon my word of honor, that no harm shall come to you from—this that you have done."

He stooped and kissed the little white hands, and said to their owner:

"Blood on these exquisite hands would be a horror. Well! from henceforth I take their stains on mine."

She faltered in real agitation:

"What are you going to do?"

The lovely lips were very near his own, as he said, still smiling in that curious way:

"I shall take the advice—not of a sister!"

She panted, shuddering closer.

"No, no! You must not——"

His eyes were fastened on her lips. Instinctively his own were drawn to them. His hot kiss would have burned them in another moment, but that a chill breath seemed to flutter at his ear, and in a flash, he saw the thing he was about to do in its true, ugly colors, and shame stung through and through him, and he drew back.

She felt the change in him—saw the fierce, eager light die out in his black eyes, and rose up, saying hurriedly:

"How good you are!—how good! I shall rely upon your promise. We must join the others now. It will not do to be missed!"

XXXVII.

The General Court-Martial of Inquiry into the conduct of the junior Staff-officer left in command of the half-battalion of infantry detailed to guard the Ministry of Foreign Affairs upon a day to be marked with red upon the calendar, was held at the Barracks of the 999th in the Rue de l'Assyrie, between the official hours of Eight in the morning and Four in the afternoon.

One may suppose the pomp and solemnity of the affair, the portals guarded by sentries, Monsier the Judge-Advocate and his subordinates in official robes. Monsieur the President and other stately cocked-hatted, plumed, bewigged personages of the General Staff, with the various officers convened as

witnesses, solemnly filing in behind the Provost-Marshal and his guard—taking their seats, right and left according to rank, at the T-shaped arrangement of tables, covered with the significant Green Cloth; everyone arrayed in full Review-uniform, making the white-washed mess-hall brilliant as a garden of flaunting summer flowers.

They took the votes according to the time-honored custom, beginning with the youngest person present. The Provost-Marshal and his merry men brought the Prisoner in.

Dunoisse, without sword or sash, went calmly to the place of dread at the bottom of the leg of the T of tables.

There was no challenge on the part of the accused officer when the President-General asked the question: "Do you object to be tried by me or any of these officers whose names you have heard?" He bowed and replied, "No!" . . . And then, erect, in a rigid attitude of respect and attentive deference, the Prisoner listened to the reading of the Charge.

This occupied time, the process of Courts-Martial very successfully emulating the pompous prolixity of tribunals of the Civil kind. And while the python-periods dragged their tortuous length from sheet to sheet of official paper, Dunoisse found himself mentally travelling back to those early days at the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, when de Moulny was Red-skin's hero and faithful Achates, Mentor and Admirable Crichton all rolled into one. And butt on occasions, it is to be added. For sometimes it is sweet to laugh at one you most sincerely love.

And now Dunoisse saw the god of his old boyish, innocent idolatry stripped of the false jewels and tawdry robes that had adorned him, his nimbus of gilt plaster knocked away. He began to understand how he, Hector Dunoisse, had been his whole life long the slave, and tool, and puppet and victim of this cold, arrogant, dominating nature. Revenge for the spoiled career had prompted everything. No pleasure foregone, luxury denied, but had paid off some item of the old score that had been carv-

ed with the end of the broken fencing-foil. That the false step had been deliberately planned, de Moulny must have always believed. He had told the story everywhere. And the taint of that supposed treachery had always clung about Dunoisse's footsteps. It had followed him through life.

Now he lifted up those glittering black eyes of his to the balcony where bonnet-plumes were nodding as their wearers whispered of him. . . And he met the eyes of Henriette de Roux.

Those beautiful eyes! . . . Their owner had seemed to him upon that first night of their meeting a star and a goddess—something to dream of and worship from a long way off.

But before gray dawn peeped in between the window-curtains upon the whirling crowd of weary, hot-eyed dancers, he had learned to know her better. The star was no celestial sphere; but an earthly planet, glowing with fierce volcanic fires; the dazzling robe of the divinity, now that she had descended from her pedestal, was seen to be stained with frailties of the human kind. But brought within reach, she was not less desirable. He thrilled at the recollection of that night in the gray *boudoir*.

And then. . . he became aware that the labyrinthine verbiages of the Charge had reached a final period, and that Monsieur the Judge-Advocate had a question to ask.

"Are you, Lieutenant Hector-Marie-Aymon von Widinitz-Dunoisse, Certificated of the General Staff, and Attached as Assistant-Adjutant to the 999th Regiment of the Line, Guilty or Not Guilty of the Charge brought against you, and which I have now read in the hearing of this Court?"

The reply left little excuse for prolonged investigations. The arraigned officer simply said:

"Monsieur, I gave the order to fire. I believed it necessary. I have no excuse to offer—no plea to make. I submit myself absolutely to the jurisdiction of the Court."

Which Court, at the end of this First Assembly, declined to continue the proceedings, the prisoner having acted

with a certain degree of rashness, yet with the very best intentions, in the face of an emergency of the gravest kind. And, furthermore, having been severely reprimanded in order by his Colonel, and placed in and kept under close arrest by the said commander, the said Court did ultimately find Further Proceedings under the circumstances would be unjustifiable, and recommended that the said Prisoner be immediately Released, the charge against him Not Having Been Proved.

And the grave farce was ended—the solemn jest played out, amidst the rustling of draperies, and the nodding of bonnet-plumes, and the clapping of little kid-covered hands up in the gallery where the Band played on guest-nights, and where at least one heart beat with infinite relief.

Amidst a universal rising, saluting, putting on of plumed cocked hats and white gloves, after official congratulations and some bowings and hand-shakings, the Assistant-Adjutant, plus his sash and sword, was free to go about his business without that haunting sense of being a marked man, under ban of the Second Republic of France. And Dunoisse put on his shako and went out into the sanded barrack-yard, walking with the step of the free. And an orderly of the Colonel's presently brought him a little lilac note, addressed in violet ink, in small, clear character, exhaling a perfume that had haunted him, of late, persistently. And the little lilac note said:

"Come!"

XXXVIII

Perhaps you know how Henriette received him? She took his hands and looked long and softly in the clear-cut, vivid face, and said, while great tears brimmed her white underlids and fell softly down her cheeks:

"Oh, you are noble! Why have I not known you before? Why must we only meet as late as this?"

And presently:

"What other man would be capable of such generosity? And you ask nothing — you who might demand so much!"

De Roux was absent on official business. Dunoisse remained some hours, went away, and returned to dinner. Madame de Roux had a box at the Italiens for that evening. It was perfectly proper that the sub-adjutant of the 999th should escort his Colonel's wife.

The opera was "Semiramide." Car-navale was in the stalls, wearing the crimson dress-coat dedicated to that special opera. On nights when "Der Freischütz" was given he appeared in apricot—when "Lucia" was performed you saw him in pale blue. Giulia Gigi sang—upon that night of all the nights the glorious artist reached the apex of her triumph. Dunoisse looked, not at the beautiful singer, who trod the stage and sang as one inspired, but at Henriette. Her head was thrown back, her transparent eyelids were closed, her delicate nostrils quivered, her throat throbbed and swelled. The curve of it suggested the swan dying in melody. For Dunoisse the music was she. She sat forwards upon her chair of velvet, and the diamond cross upon her bosom wakened into vibrant light and sank into soft suggestive shadow as she drew and exhaled deep, sighing breaths.

Henriette said to Dunoisse, as the great waves of melody broke over them: "You said that night in the boudoir that you would not take advice from me as a sister. But I am your sister!—nothing but your sister! Let us make a compact upon that?"

Dunoisse agreed, without enthusiasm. She thanked him in a velvety whisper. Presently she said:

"If all men were as noble as you, this world would be a happy place for women. How wonderful to have met a nature such as yours! Another man would have kissed me—that night when I made my terrible confession. But I knew that I was secure—I rested upon your honor. Let it be always thus between us. Let me always feel when I am with you that I am a soul without a body—a pure spirit floating in clear ether with my friend."

Dunoisse gave the promise with obvious reluctance. Then they talked about the music energetically. But pre-

sently, when the great gilded chandelier soared up into the artificial firmament of the domed ceiling, and the stage-lights were lowered, and the flats parted—revealing the Tomb of Ninus, by the pale mysterious rays of the calcium moon—a cheek that was warm and satiny, and glowing as a nectarine plucked from a south wall in the ripening heats of July, brushed Dunoisse's—and his trumpery promise broke its gilded string, and flew away upon the wind of a double sigh.

De Roux looked in to escort his wife home, at the conclusion of the opera. He had been winning at cards—was smiling and urbane, and Dunoisse, looking at the dyed, red-faced, dissipated, elderly dandy, knew the sickness of loathing. De Roux had shown him civility, courtesy, even friendliness, yet he hated him with zeal and rancour. He watched the Colonel as he wrapped his beautiful wife in her ermine mantle—the same that she had worn, Dunoisse remembered, upon the evening of the bloodshed at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs. And as the almond-nailed, plump fingers of one of the Colonel's well-kept, ringed hands touched Henriette's bare shoulder, she winced and shuddered. Her mouth contracted as though to stifle a cry—her long eyes shot a glance at her friend that seemed a mute appeal to be saved from the indignity of that touch. And so fierce was the jealous impulse urging Dunoisse to dash his clenched fist into the gross, sensual face of her possessor, that he was fain to thrust his tingling right hand deep into his trouser-pocket and clench it there until the glove split.

XXXIX

The Bonaparte, upon a strong hint received from Citizen Lamartine, did not make a protracted stay in Paris. He returned to the savage scenes of his exile, suffering eclipse behind the curtain of fog enveloping the barbarous island of Great Britain, until an early date in June. But previous to his departure, he held a reception of his friends and supporters, followed by a supper, to which only intimate acquaintances were invited, at the Hotel du Rhin in the

Place Vendôme. For the earlier function Dunoisse received a card.

The Prince-Pretender received his guests of that evening with a bland, dignified politeness, even a certain grace, despite his awkward build, stunted proportions, and heavy, sleepy air.

Badly dressed, in an egregious chocolate-coloured evening coat with gold buttons, trousers of the same colour, wide at the hips, and with strips of black silk braiding down the outer seams, he yet wore an air of composed assurance, smiling pleasantly under his heavy brown moustache, moving his tufted chin about in the high stock embraced by the cravat of white satin, adorned with emerald pins, flowing into the bosom of a waistcoat of green plush. Despite the star upon the chocolate-colored coat, and the crimson watered-silk ribbon that supported the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, there was not one of his small band of followers and adherents but looked more fit to play the rôle of Prince than he.

There was the Count Auguste de Morny, ex-Member of the Chamber of Commerce—afterwards to reign as the all-powerful Minister of the Home Department under the Second Empire—a shallow, well-bred rake of forty, prematurely bald; erect if hollow-chested, faultlessly dressed in the becoming blue swallow-tailed coat with gold buttons. Well-to-do, a familiar figure in Paris during the Monarchy, he held a better reputation than his legitimate brother, the man of straw.

And he walked behind the Prince-Pretender now, through a lane of curtseying ladies and bowing gentlemen, outwardly urbane, inwardly infinitely bored by all that was taking place, yet conscious of its probable result upon the Bourse, and alert for intelligence respecting the rise of certain stocks in which he was secretly a large investor.

His companion, some years his senior, and dressed in uniform fashion, was a personage infinitely more striking than the Count. The pale classic oval of his aquiline-featured face, its high brow streaked with a few silken strands of chestnut, the deep blue eyes lightening

from beneath the wide arched brows, the sweet deceptive smile, the round chin with a cleft in it, are indelibly stamped upon the memory of the French people, whatever effigy appears upon the coinage of France. Colonna Walewski, son of the Great Emperor by the Polish Countess who was faithful to Napoleon in exile as in defeat, inherited his mother's fine quality of loyalty.

As for Persigny, the Bonaparte's parasite and inseparable companion—who was to succeed de Morny as Minister of the Interior, and subsequently figure as Ambassador and Plenipotentiary at the Court of a neighbouring Foreign Power—he looked like what he was; a dissipated ex-quartermaster-sergeant of cavalry grafted on a rowdy buck-about-town. And Fleury, sensual, hot-headed, lively, bulldog-jowled, bold-eyed and deep-chested, heir of a wealthy tradesman, ruined through women and horses, he no less than Persigny had risen from the bottom sludge.

"It was terrible crossing in the mail packet," said Persigny in answer to the question of a sympathiser. "M. de Fleury and myself suffered abominably—the Prince not at all. There was something the matter with the railway-line. We had to walk to Neufchâtel over the ballast and sleepers in thin boots of patent leather—imagine the torture to one's corns! . . . But the Prince laughed at our grumblings—only when we missed the Amiens train did he lose his sang-froid and stoicism. And after all, that delay proved to his advantage. There was an accident to the train we lost—thirty passengers were killed—many more wounded. . . . The Prince's lucky star has been once more his friend!"

The parasite's voice, purposely raised, reached the little ears shadowed by Madame de Roux's rich black tresses. She murmured as she sank in her deep curtesy, and emerged, radiant and smiling, from a foamy sea of filmy white lace flounces, to meet the gracious handshake that was accorded to special friends:

"It is true, Monseigneur? You have

escaped such perils as M. de Persigny describes?"

Said the little gentleman with the sal-low face and the dull, lustreless gray eyes, caressing the brown chin-tuft that was later to be dubbed "an imperial," and worn by all ranks and classes of men:

"I fancy there was something of the kind. I hardly noticed. I realized nothing but that, after all my cruel years of exile, I was on the road to Paris at last!"

He had been horribly seasick during the Channel crossing, and had bestowed heartfelt curses on the broken granite of the railway-line. He had paled and shuddered at the thought of the smash in which he might have been involved. But to come up to the Idea Napoleonic, it was necessary to be heroic. And with so grave a face and with such imperturbable effrontery did Persigny hold the candle, that the person be-lauded ended by believing all that was said.

Even now, to many of his friends and supporters, the shadow of the purple Imperial mantle gave dignity to the wearer of the chocolate-coloured coat, green plush waistcoat, and big-hipped, braided trousers. His own faith in his Mission and his Star lent him the power to convince and to impress.

His was not a star of happy omen for England, who sheltered and be-friended him with the kind of good-humored pity that is not un-mixed with contempt.

It had been for years his fate, to fawn for bare subsistence upon those he hated. Compelled to this, the son of proud, faithless, extravagant, voluptuous Hor-tense must have suffered the pains of Hell. Not a hell whence Hope was al-together banished. He had hoped when he made the attempt on Strasburg; had hoped when the body of the Great Em-peror was solemnly removed from St. Helena to be magnificently interred in Paris. Still hoping, he had hired a London-and-Margate steamer, a hus-band's boat, for himself and his party of sixty adherents; had purchased a sec-ond-hand live eagle, trained to alight

upon its owner's shoulder for a gobbet of raw meat; had landed, with this dis-consolate bird, at Wimereux, near Bou-logne; had ridden with his followers to the town Barracks, where were quar-tered the 46th; had bidden them thrill at the sight of the eagle, swear loyalty to the little cocked hat—salute the nephew of their late Emperor, and march with him to Paris.

We are acquainted with the burlesque ending of that enterprise, the pricking of the balloon by the bayonets of Na-tional Guards—the pantomimic flatten-ing of the Pretender and his followers beneath the collapsed folds of the emp-tied bag, has been held up to the popu-lar derision by innumerable caricatur-ists of the day.....

He murmured now, looking at Hen-riette between half-closed lids, with eyes that appraised every charm, and took deliberate stock of her whole armoury of beauties:

"I had too much to think of, dear friend, to heed the perils of the road. But those who accompanied me, ready to share triumph as they have shared failure—it would have touched you to witness their emotion as they realized how nearly Death had quenched their hopes. They do not understand yet at what a price the exile had purchased re-patriation. To-night will bring home to them the knowledge of this. Ah! here is M. Hugo, charged with the revela-tion. I fear it will be a painful one for you!"

"Sire....." she breathed in distress. He corrected her imperturbably:

"Neither 'Sire' or 'Monseigneur,' I beg of you! Follow the example of M. Hugo—let me be plain 'Monsieur.'"

And as though to bear him out, the splendid voice of Hugo uttered re-soundingly:

"Monsieur!....."

And beaming with cordial smiles, the great Conservative Republican advanced towards Louis-Napoleon, while some half-dozen other wearers of black coats and tricoloured sashes pushed through the press towards the orator, who was later to array himself, with all his forces of eloquence, learning, irony and en-thusiasm, upon the extreme Left.

"Monsieur. . . ." he began, while his Burgraves took up their position right and left of their Barbarossa, and the short gentleman in the green plush waistcoat stood still, with the little jewelled hand of Madame de Roux resting on his chocolate-coloured sleeve: "Monsieur, when a few days back in the new Constituent Assembly of the Second French Republic the question was raised: 'Shall the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon be readmitted into France?' I and my comrades, having confidence in your pledges, voted in your favour. We extend to you now our welcome upon your return, not as the Pretender to the Imperial Throne, but as Bonaparte the good citizen; who seeks, not to rule men, but to represent them; not to be deified, but to serve. And in the name of Liberty and Peace and Freedom—I offer you my hand!"

The hand went out with its large sweeping gesture. The little gentleman stood stock still. His white-kid gloved fingers played with the black ribbon of his eyeglass. He said, with the drawling snuffle that characterized him, and with so subtle a burlesque of the pompous manner of the orator that those who were most stung to indignation by the mockery were unable to repress a smile:

"Monsieur. . . . the Second Republic of France is now established upon a basis that can never be undermined. As I am not a genius, I entertain no ambition to emulate the career of my glorious uncle—Integrity and Honour, bare-headed, are preferable to crime that is crowned. Give me, then, the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, the honest citizen. . . . I prefer that to the title of Napoleon, the Emperor of France!"

He added in the ear of Madame de Roux, as with an ineffable air of conquering gallantry he handed the beautiful woman to a sofa, and placed himself beside her:

"Tell me that I have kept my promise, given that day when you walked with a poor prisoner on the ramparts of the Fortress of Ham. . . . 'If ever I return to France,' I said, 'I will hold this

little hand upon my arm as I receive the congratulations of my friends.'"

"Ah! but, Monsieur," said Henriette, all pale and quivering, "your words were, '*When I return to France in triumph!*' and this——"

She broke off. He ended the sentence, saying with a shallow, glittering look:

"And this is not triumph, but humiliation. I understand!" He pulled at the flowing goatee, and added, in his mildest drawl:

"Let me remind you that the ancient Roman triumphs, as represented at the theatre, invariably begin with a procession of captives and spoils. Imagine yourself at the Francais, seated in a box. And consider that though it hardly befits an Emperor to play the part of a slave, unless at the feet of a lovely woman, yet the slave may be promoted to the part of Leading Citizen. And from the armchair upon the platform behind the tribune, might be wielded, on occasion, the lightnings that slay from a throne."

Even as he uttered the words, a witty woman of society was saying in the ear of a depressed Imperialist:

"Ah—bah! Why are you so dismal? This is only another move in the eternal game of the Cæsars. Did Nero scruple to lick the dust in order that he might reign? To me, behind that leaden mask of his, he seemed to be bursting with laughter. Depend upon it, Badinguet is cleverer than any of you believe!"

"Badinguet" or "Beaky"—those were among his nicknames—the pigmy who aspired to the ermined mantle of the tragic giant, and the throne under the crimson velvet canopy powdered with Merovingian bees.

Doubtless, in the eyes of many another besides the brilliant speaker, he seemed as absurd, grotesque, mirth-provoking an object as any Punch-puppet. But later, when Punch was gilded thick with stolen gold, and painted red with human blood, he was to assume another aspect. For Life and Death were in his power. And the world laughed no more.

XL

He said to Henriette now, stroking his moustache, and giving another of those dull, inscrutable glances:

"No!—the President of the Democratic Republic of France would neither be destitute of the power to strike his enemies or the ability to shower honors and rewards upon his friends."

She dropped her white, deep-fringed eyelids, and said, almost in a whisper:

"True friendship seeks no honors, and is indifferent to rewards."

Only that morning he had received a letter from another woman, young, beautiful, and heiress to vast estates. She offered him all her wealth. He was to use it as he would. She made no conditions, stipulated for no repayment. She was perfectly disinterested, just like Henriette.

And on the previous day an elderly person with two wooden legs, who had once been a popular actress in vaudeville, and who kept the newspaper-kiosk in front of Siraudin's, at the angle of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue de la Paix, had made a similar proposal.

"Monseigneur," she had said, as he gave her a small gratuity in passing, "deign to permit a word?" She added, as Monseigneur signified permission: "See you, they tell me you are uncommonly tight for money; do not ask who they are—everybody knows it. And I am not so poor but that I have three billets of a thousand francs laid away as a nest-egg. Say the word, and I will lend you them—you shall pay me back with interest when you are Emperor of France."

Kate Harvey and newspaper-seller were more honest than the rest of them. . . .

"Look her, old pal, here are fifty thousand shiners it took me a heap of trouble to rake together. You shall have 'em to play with, only give me I.O.U.'s for a hundred and forty thou. And a title by-and-by, when you are Emperor,—something to make the proper folks at home twiddle their thumbs and stare."

That was plain speaking. He understood that kind of bargaining. People who asked nothing wanted most in the long run.

"Undoubtedly," he now replied to Madame de Roux, "friendship like yours seeks no return of favors. But the heart is relieved of its burden of gratitude in the lavish bestowal of these. . . ." He added: "Not that obligations to you weigh heavily. . . Yes, I have eaten the bread of your charity. That sum of twenty thousand francs—sent to me at the commencement of the insurrection—the twenty-five thousand forwarded to me here on the evening of yesterday—anonously—like other sums that I have received from the same source. . . . Did you think I should not guess whose hand it was that traced the words, '*From a Lover of the Violet, who longs to see the flower take root again upon the soil of France*'?"

She faltered, careful that the denial should appear hesitating and labored:

"Monseigneur, you mistake. . . I wrote nothing. . . The money you speak of did not come from me!"

He shook his lank-haired head, and said in a nasal murmur:

"Do not deny it. The sheet of paper upon which the words were traced bore no signature, it is true, but the handwriting could not be mistaken. Or the perfume, that recalled so much when I pressed it to my lips."

"My lips, that were more privileged once. . . Shall I tell you what words broke from them to-night when they announced you? Ask de Morny, who overheard. He will tell you that I said: 'Thank Heaven, she is not changed!'"

To be accurate, he had remarked to de Morny that night upon her entrance: "*She is still charming!*" and de Morny had answered: "*And still ambitious, you may depend!*"

It suited him that women should be ambitious. All through those years of intrigue and plotting their ambitions were the rungs of the ladder by which he climbed.

She looked at him full, and her beau-

tiful eyes were dewy, and her white bosom rose and fell in sighs that, if not genuine, were excellently rendered. He went on:

"And yet you are changed. You were courageous and high-spirited—you have become heroic. That shot at the Foreign Ministry. . . . A colossal ideal! When I heard of it I applauded the stratagem as masterly. '*Who of all my friends,*' I wondered, '*can have been so much a friend?*' Then your little message in Spanish was brought to me in London. I read it and cried out, to the surprise of de Morny and some other men who were sitting with me in the smoking-room of the Carlton Club: 'Oh, that I had a crown to bestow on her!' 'Upon whom?' they asked, and I answered, before I could check myself, 'Upon Henriette!'"

She breathed quickly as the instilled poison worked in her. The fiery light of ambition was in her glance. He saw it, and noted that her dress of filmy Alençon lace and the style of her jewelled hair-ornaments were copied, as closely as the prevailing fashion would admit, from a well-known portrait of the Empress Josephine. . . . It tickled his mordant sense of humor excessively that a lovely woman should endeavor to subjugate him by resembling his aunt deceased. But no vestige of his amusement showed in his sallow face as he went on:

"But magnificent as was the service you rendered, I am glad that you have escaped the pillory of publicity, and the possible vengeance of the Reds. By the way, that young officer who proclaimed before the Military Tribunal, 'It was I who gave the order to fire! Do with me what you will!' is here tonight. I told them to send him an invitation. His father was a valued General upon the Staff of my glorious uncle. I desired that he should be presented to me on that account. Pray point him out."

Then, as the lace-and tortoiseshell fan wielded by Henriette's little dimpled hand, loaded with gems which surely were not paste imitations, indicated a young and handsome man in

infantry uniform, who from the shelter of a doorway was gazing at her with all his eyes and his heart in them, the drawling nasal voice said:

"He loves you! It is written in his face. . . . And I can even wish that he may be happy. . . . Have I not my share of heroism too?"

"Monseigneur," said Henriette, with an air of simple candid dignity, "in that young man you see a devoted friend who is ready to give all, and to demand nothing in return."

She had quite forgotten the kiss in the box at the Opera, and a good deal more besides. But when the Henriettes prefer not to remember an episode, it is as though it had never occurred. She continued in her soft, thrilling tones:

"Nothing save absolute trust: confidence such as he gives me. A few nights past he told me his entire history: I could not refrain from tears. He is young, as your Highness sees; handsome, as you have observed; heir-presumptive to the throne of a Bavarian feudal Principality and owner of a vast fortune. Well, the throne he is too scrupulous to claim, because of a fault in the line of succession; the fortune he has refused to accept because it was gained by what he holds to be an unjust claim. But if I lifted up my finger . . . like that, Monseigneur. . . ."

She laughed as she held the slender finger up, and challenge and meaning and promise were in her face, and the witchery of it, no less than that hint of gold piled up and hoarded, made even the Pretender's dull blood tingle in his veins. He said, with brightening eyes and a tinge of color in his sallow cheeks:

"It might yet be worth while to lift your finger up, Madame, although I have as yet no crown to share with the woman who shall bear my name."

It was a name, at that psychological moment, that was not worth sixpence among the British bill-discounters, and at sight of which upon paper the sons of Levi and Manasseh morally rent their garments and threw figurative dust upon their heads. But it had a

specious value, dangled as a bait before ambitious women; and here, he knew, was one. . . .

To sway the mass of men you must have Money to give them. True, de Morny, Persigny and Co. could be pacified with orders for millions upon an Imperial Treasury that was non-existent as yet. But the rank-and-file of his filibusters and mercenaries must be paid in hard cash, and women always knew where to go for the shekels. Either they had independent fortunes, or their families were wealthy, or their lovers were rich and generous. Skilfully handled, stimulated by artful hints of marvelous rewards and compensations, Eve's daughters, his confederates and creditors, had never failed to serve him at his need.

For him the harlot emptied her stocking, the wealthy saloon-keeper and ex-procuress poured out her tainted gold. To be mistress-in-chief to an Emperor, to flaunt a title in the face of prim Respectability, that was what Kate Harvey sought, and had, when his sun had risen. But the other women, lured on to bankruptcy and ruin by his dull magnetic glance and skilfully-cast bait of promises, saw hovering before their dazzled eyes—receding ever farther into the sandy desert of Unattainability—the bridal carriage of gold lacquer and mother o' pearl, surmounted by the Imperial eagle. The carved and gilded Matrimonial Chair upon the crimson bee-spangled dais, and the Crown of Josephine. . . .

So, with the flutter of a fan in a jewelled hand, a few brief sentences interchanged, the glance of a pair of brilliant eyes and the dull, questioning look of a pair of fishy ones, at the dark, vivid face and lithe, erect figure standing in the doorway, Dunoisse was bought and sold.

If he had only known, when a little later he was presented to the Prince by Colonel de Roux. . . . But there was no expression in the vacuous eyes that blinked at him, hardly a shade of meaning in the flat toneless voice that said:

"I am happy in the knowledge, Monsieur, that a young officer, the gifted son of a noble father, who is gapable of acting upon his own responsibility in a moment of national emergency, has been exonerated from undeserved plame—has met with gомplete rehabilitation at the hands of his superiors and chiefs. Did I possess the influence once wielded by my klorious ungle, you would be regombensed as you tесerve."

For after this fashion did he misuse the French language: struggling as gamely as any German Professor to keep the g's from turning out the c's, the b's from usurping the places of the p's . . . beset with consonantal difficulties to the ending of his life. . . .

He bowed to the young man of high prospects and great possessions, and solemnly extended the gloved finger-tips of the small effeminate hand. Could it have been, despite his tactful negation of all influence, the hand that had shielded Dunoisse? Was it the hand that shortly afterwards obtained his promotion? One may suspect as much.

At that moment Dunoisse took the utterance for what it seemed worth. He looked into the puffy, leaden face, and as the lifeless eyes glittered back at him from between their half-closed shutters, he knew a base relief, an ignoble joy, in the conviction that Henriette could never have loved this man.

He was quite right. She did not love the man, neither did she love Dunoisse, or any other trousered human. Being a Henriette, she was the lover of Henriette.

True love, pure passion was not to be born in her then,—but long afterwards—amidst dreadful throes and strivings unspeakable—the winged child-god was to see the light. Across a gulf of seeming Death his radiant hands were to be outstretched to her. And they were to tender her no flowers of joy, but wormwood and rue and rosemary, drenched with the bitter tears of expiation.

"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the August issue of MacLean Magazine.

THE BEST SELLING BOOK



OF THE MONTH

By Findlay I. Weaver, Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

John Fox, Jr.'s new novel, "The Heart of the Hills," making its appearance in April, at once took among the six best sellers in Canada and first place in the United States. "The Amateur Gentleman," is back at the head of the Canadian list, having been supplanted last month by Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House," and now "The Heart of the Hills," has climbed up to third place and is the book to receive special attention this month, since those ranking first and second have both been the subjects of reviews in this department.

The high favor into which "The Heart of the Hills," has been taken by the reading public is but natural considering the general excellence of this author's previous novels and their exceptional popularity — notably "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," together with the fact that "The Heart of the Hills" is another strong tale breathing the atmosphere of the Cumberlands and bringing out more of these interesting characters of the picturesque mountain folk contributing so largely to the merit of all Fox's books.

In this new story there is a mountain lad, Jason Hawn, who rivals little Chad of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" in the force of the appeal made upon the sympathy of the reader and almost equally strong is the impression created by the mountain girl, Jason's cousin, Mavis Hawn.

But there are two other young people who, but for the handicap of being more conventional types, would strongly bid for first place in the reader's af-

fections. They are Gray Pendleton and his cousin Marjorie. The interesting and complicated love stories which the author has wound about these four, with the introduction of the essentially different conceptions of life of the mountain folk and of the Blue Grass aristocracy to which Gray and Marjorie belong, materially enhance the grip of the story.

The introduction on rather a large scale of the Goebel incident and the tobacco war, indicates a desire upon the part of the author to make this an historical novel, but the average reader will hardly respond to this appeal and it would have been as well to tone down those features, simply making them serve as dramatic incidents in working out the story. Some interesting views and conclusions along the line are presented, however, for instance, the forecast of better days for Kentucky when the final assimilation of the mountaineers and the other people of the state, is consummated. "Contemporary ancestor" is the unique term used in contrasting young Jason Hawn to the other students of the college which he enters.

The feud between the Hawns and the Honeycuts lends added zest to the story, without an undue proportion of melodramatic shooting incidents and the final clash between old Jason Hawn and old Aaron Honeycutt, leaders of the respective factions, toward the close of the story is a most refreshing bit of humor. Their grandsons, Young Jason and Young Aaron, who had been looked upon to continue the feud started fifty years before and who really did meet and exchange shots, finally allow-

ed better sense to prevail, made peace and started away to bring old Jason and old Aaron together.

To quote from the book: The coincidence was curious, but old Aaron, who had started for town, met old Jason coming out of a ravine only a mile from town, for old Jason, with a sudden twitch of memory, had turned to go up a hollow where lived a Hawn he wanted to see and was coming back to the main road again. Both were dim-sighted, both wore spectacles, both of their old nags were going at a walk, making no noise in the deep sand, and only when both horses stopped did either ancient peer forward and see the other.

"Well, by God," quavered both in the same voice. And each then forgot his mission of peace, and began to climb, grunting, from his horse, each hitching it to the fence.

"This is the fust time in five year, Jason Hawn, you an' me come together, an' you know whut I swore I'd do," cackled old Aaron.

Old Jason's voice was still deep.

"Well, you've got yo 'chance now, you old bag o' bones! Them two boys o' ours air all right but thar hain't no manhood left in this hyeh war o' ours. Hit's jus' a question of which hired feller gits the man who hired the other feller. We'll fight the ole way. You hain't got a knife—now?"

"Damn yo' hide!" cried old Aaron. "Do you reckon I need hit agin you?" He reached in his pocket and tossed a curved-bladed weapon into the bushes.

"Well," mumbled old Jason, "I can whoop you, fist an' skull, right now, just as I allers have done."

Both were stumbling back into the road now.

"You air just as big a liar as ever, Jase, an' I'm goin' to prove it."

And then the two tottering old giants squared off, their big, knotted, heavily veined fists revolving around each other in the old-fashioned country way. Old Jason first struck the air, was wheeled around by the force of his own blow, and got old Aaron's fist in the middle of the back. Again the Hawn struck blindly as he turned, and from old Aaron's grunt he knew he had got him

in the stomach. Then he felt a fist in his own stomach, and old Aaron cackled triumphantly when he heard the same tell-tale grunt.

"Oh, yes, dad-blast ye! Come on agin son."

They clinched, and as they broke away a blind sweep from old Jason knocked Aaron's brass-rimmed spectacles from his nose.

They fell far apart, and when old Jason advanced again, peering forward,



JOHN FOX, JR.,

Whose new tale of the Kentucky Mountains now ranks third in the list of best selling books in Canada.

he saw his enemy silently pawing the air with his back toward him and he kicked him.

"Here I am, you ole idgit!"

"Stop!" shouted old Aaron, "I've lost my specs."

"Whar?"

"I don't know," and as he dropped to his knees old Jason bent too to help him find his missing eyes. Then they went at it again—and the same cry came presently from old Jason.

"Stop, I've lost mine!"

And both being out of breath sat heavily down in the sand, old Jason feeling blindly with his hands and old Aaron peering about him as far as he could see. And thus young Jason and Young Aaron found them, and were utterly mystified until the old men rose creakily and got ready for battle again—when both spurred forward with a shout of joy, and threw themselves from their horses.

"Go for him, grandpap!" shouted each, and the two old men turned.

"Uncle Aaron," shouted Jason, "I bet you can lick him!"

"He can't do it, Uncle Jason!" shouted Aaron.

Each old man peered at his own grandson, dumbfounded. Neither was armed, both were helpless with laughter, and each was urging on the oldest enemy of his clan against his own grandfather. The face of each old man angered, and then both began to grin sheepishly; for both were too keen not to know immediately that what both really wished for had come to pass.

"Aaron," said old Jason, "the boys have ketched us. I reckon we better call this thing a draw."

"All right," piped old Aaron, "we're a couple o' ole fools anyhow."

So they shook hands. Each grandson helped the other's grandfather laughingly on his horse and the four rode back toward town. And thus old Jason and young Aaron, side by side in front, and young Jason and old Aaron, side by side behind, appeared to the astonished eyes of Hawns and Honeycutts on the main street of the county-seat. Before the Honeycutt store they stopped and old Aaron called his henchman into the middle of the street and spoke vigorous words that all the Honeycutts could hear. Then they rode to the Hawn store, and old Jason called his henchman and spoke like words that all the Hawns could hear. And each old man ended his discourse with a profane dictum that sounded like the vicious snap of a black-snake whip.

"By God, hit's got to stop."

United States' Best Sellers

1. Virginia, (Ellen Glasgow).
2. Guinevere's Lover, (Elinor Glyn).
3. The Knave of Diamonds (Ethel M. Dell).
4. The Port of Adventure (C. N. & A. M. Williamson).
5. The Judgment House, (Sir Gilbert Parker).
6. The Heart of the Hills, (John Fox, Jr.).

Canadian Summary

1. The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farnol)220
2. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker)134
3. Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.) 90
4. Stella Maris (William J. Locke) 68
5. The Happy Warrior (A. W. M. Hutchinson) 65
6. V.V.'s Eyes (Henry S. Harrison) 35



MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxvi

Toronto, August 1913

No. 4

The Call of Down-Along

'Tis the call of the heather, the hills and the moor,
Of swift-running stream, honey brown;
Of bog-myrtle scent with gorse perfume blent,
And beauty of flower-studded down.

'Tis the "soul of the summer," the little brown bees
That delve in the heather-bells' deeps;
And the pixies at play, at the close of the day,
When the dun moor in shadowland sleeps.

'Tis the call of the coast, of its rugged grey rocks,
Where foam-crested billows break white.

'Tis the lure of its caves, where limpid green waves
Croon tales of enchantment at night.

Grand epics of daring, achievement, romance,
Of danger, and conquest, in song

Such as laureate ne'er sung since the old world was young
And its Maker wrought sweet "Down-along."

—From *The World*, London, Eng.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

Contents Copyright, 1913



*SIR GEORGE PREVOST, Governor of Canada,
who, commanding the army of Wellington's Veterans in Canada, led the only
shameful retreat in the history of Canadian warfare. He may have been acting
under superior orders. See the opening article.*

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVI

Toronto August 1913

No. 4

When Wellington's Peninsular Veterans Were Defeated in Canada

Editor's Note.—This generally forgotten incident in the War of 1812 will come as news to many Canadians of to-day. The fact that Wellington's trained soldiers, fresh from their arduous campaigning in Spain, could be defeated in Canada by a mere handful of Americans, if not substantiated by history, would receive an instant contradiction from every reader. It goes to illustrate the stern and real necessity of good generalship and careful strategy, being in possession of the directing genius of any campaign of war. Many of these veterans settled in Ontario and Quebec, and their descendants to-day occupy many important places in Canadian activity.

By Edward J. Moore

LAST summer a young Canadian business man who was making a leisurely trip from Montreal to New York with stops here and there in the Adirondack country got into conversation on the train with a genial American. After other topics talk wandered to the proposed celebration of the century of peace and from that, naturally, to reference to some of the events of the war of 1812. When the porter came to get their grips at Plattsburg the American, getting in a last word, said with a smile and the latest slang: "Here's one place anyway where we licked you good and plenty."

"And," said the Canadian, when speaking of the matter afterward, "Until I came home and looked it up in some old books in the library I hadn't any idea what he meant. Why didn't they put those things in the school histories?"

It is a frequently-lamented fact that historians of all ages have found it im-

possible to resist the temptation to let patriotic sentiment overpower their veracity. Most of us will remember hearing a good deal in our school days of the perverted story the United States children were given as to the battle of Lundy's Lane and other events of the war and at that time we were led to believe that our own school books were beyond question. Closer acquaintance with facts which comes with a little wider reading, however, show that this belief was to a large extent misplaced and the incident mentioned above introduces a story which in its way is as interesting as any other event in the war and yet which has not even been referred to in our public and high school text books on the period.

The fact that a British general of some considerable reputation, in command of at least 11,000 troops, a large division of which were veterans of continental campaigns, should have been repelled from a poorly-fortified position

defended by less than half the number of raw American recruits, is a story which would scarcely be believed by a Canadian school boy. And yet the American was right. We were—for reasons which it seems difficult to explain, though largely, it appears, through the lack of self-confidence of one man—"licked good and plenty" at Plattsburg in 1814. In these days of friendly relations between the two great American nations and at a time when strong efforts are being made across the border to present to the public a somewhat more truthful narrative of the events of the war than has heretofore been offered, the story is one that ought to be better known in Canada.

HIS SENSE OF CAUTION.

Sir George Prevost, who came to Canada in 1808 as Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia and who was chosen Governor-General of British North America in 1811, will be remembered for two things. One is thankful that one of these is praiseworthy. As a civil officer Sir George seems to have been a decided success and for his work of organization, particularly in Lower Canada, he deserves some share of credit. As a military officer, however, his name is any thing but revered. Nominally he was commander-in-chief throughout the whole of the war of 1812 but, fortunately, as it appears when one considers his one or two attempts at active campaigning, he left the conduct of military matters largely to others. Possibly the fact that the war, so far as operations in Canada were concerned, was almost entirely of a defensive nature, was due to the influence of Sir George, who, by reason of an extreme sense of caution and a strong spirit of pessimism saw no hope in offensive measures.

It will be remembered that during the first two years of our war of a century ago England's forces were rather busily occupied under the Duke of Wellington on the Peninsula. After the early successes of 1814, however, and since the strain on the Continent was somewhat relieved, it was felt that troops could be used with advantage in an offensive campaign in Canada. The

Quebec papers of June and July of that year note the repeated arrival of transports. A number of these came directly from Spanish ports and the majority of the arriving soldiers were Peninsular war veterans.

Instructions were forwarded about midsummer that a departure should be made from the previous defensive measures and that an attempt should be made to occupy and hold the country to the south of the existing Canadian boundary at least as far as Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

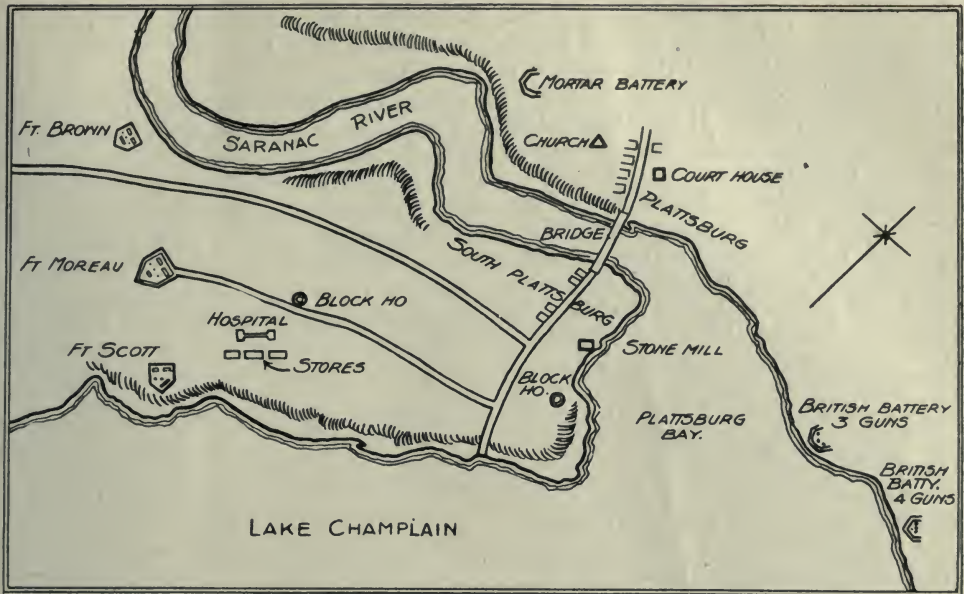
A FORMIDABLE FORCE AT MONTREAL.

In pursuance of these instructions Sir George Prevost gathered at Montreal late in August perhaps the most formidable British force that had yet been seen in Canada. Details as to its composition are rather meagre but it is known that he had three brigades of the recently-arrived Peninsular troops with several regiments originally allotted to Canada, a force of 11,000 men in all, the greater part of them the flower of British soldiery of the time, and with at least a fair proportion of artillery. Under him were a number of officers of the first distinction in service, including Major-Generals De Rottenberg, Robinson, Brisbane, and Baynes.

Two theories are offered to account for the fact that Prevost, who as we have seen had previously taken little active part in the war, assumed the command of the expedition.

In the first place, since the movement was to be an invasive one, specially ordered by the Home Government, he naturally felt more than ordinary responsibility regarding it. There seems also to have been some special directions as to the manner in which use was to be made of Wellington's veterans. This also, may have been a factor.

Other authorities, again, attribute his action to a desire, through an attack on Sackett's Harbor, to wipe out the ignominy of an incident at that place the year before, when through the exercise of his extreme caution he had inexcusably turned what promised to be a brilliant British success into a disgraceful reverse.



A map showing the location of Plattsburg and the surrounding country.

How probable the latter move looked at the time may be realized when it is known that General Izard, in command of the American forces at Plattsburg, withdrew the bulk of his troops and leaving only a comparatively small force at that centre, made a forced march to Sackett's Harbor, with a view to offering as strong resistance as possible there.

The Sackett's Harbor opportunity probably did occur to the Governor-General and had he acted on it with any degree of celerity the result would have been certain. Considering his caution, however, it would seem that he was influenced by other factors. While the British naval forces on Lake Ontario were notably weak, the sea strength on Lake Champlain was thought to be superior to that of the Americans. Since the order for offensive measures in this territory had been given attempts had been made to strengthen the available fleet and a large frigate, the *Confiance*, was at this time almost completed. The British general undoubtedly was influenced by these facts.

One boards a train in Montreal now

after evening dinner and arrives in Plattsburg by bedtime.

Progress was by no means so rapid then. Prevost's army, well organized, and moving at what was considered remarkable speed in those days, made twenty-five miles in the first four days. Of course the country was rough—much of it is yet—well wooded and plentifully watered and the roads, where they existed, were an uncertain quantity.

A glance at the accompanying old map of the district will give some idea of the route of the expedition. Advancing via Odelltown and the Beekmantown road the army came on September 5th, having met with practically no opposition, within eight miles of Plattsburg.

Then occurred the first of a most remarkable series of mistakes, delays and inexcusable incidents all of which contributed to the general disaster.

Had Prevost pushed on at once the result would have been without question. Take another look at his forces. Two divisions were composed of cool-headed veterans who had faced the French at Vimiera, Talavera and Bad-

ajos. Of the remainder the greater part had won distinction in the Canadian engagements of the past two years. Surely the spirit of rivalry if nothing else—and these men had everything else—would have assured strenuous fighting.

To oppose these Macomb, whom Izard had left in command at Plattsburg, had 1,500 regulars who had been doing duty at that post and not more than 3,000 green militia men recently brought up from the New England states. The British commander must have been quite well aware of the strength of the garrison but this made no difference in his decision.

The comparative efficiency of the opposing troops was well brought out on September 6th, when the right column under Major-General Brisbane advanced by the Beekmantown road parallel to Lake Champlain. The division was opposed several miles from the town at a bridge over a creek by 700 of Macomb's regulars with two field pieces. An eye-witness to this skirmish, an American farmer, by the way, who lived in the vicinity, and who wrote a letter describing it to one of the Boston papers, tells that "the only firing from the column was by flankers and advanced patrols and the resistance was so readily overcome that the main column was not even deployed." "As the men passed me," he writes, "I could hear them laughing and singing."

The excuse given for the British delay is that, as has already been suggested, Sir George Prevost was anxious for the co-operation of the fleet, which was being fitted out under Downie, who afterwards proved himself a gallant officer, at Isle La Motte, in the northern section of the lake. The American fleet, somewhat formidable, lay in Plattsburg Bay, just beyond the fortress and awaiting the attack of the British vessels. No blame can be attached to the fleet. Downie, as was well-known, was rushing the *Confiance* to completion. With what dispatch he acted may be gleaned from the fact that he got his flotilla under way six days after his flagship was launched, a most notable

undertaking, and without waiting to provide even a fair class of seamen to man her.

Old records show traces of frequent despatches from Prevost to Downie urging immediate action. The plan was to attack the American forces on both sea and land simultaneously. How Prevost kept his part of the contract was revealed later. On this pretext the British force was held, almost within sight of Plattsburg, for five days. In the meantime Macomb took advantage of the delay to strengthen his defences.

Downie's fleet appeared on the lake on the morning of the 11th, and according to instructions and expecting the co-operation of the land forces, he began his attack on the American vessels. Acting under several disadvantages he carried on for over two hours on engagement which for daring exploits was as thrilling as has probably ever taken place. In the end, though both sides suffered heavily in loss of men and vessels the Americans gained some advantage. Downie himself was killed in the middle of the fight.

With the appearance of the fleet Prevost ordered the long-delayed general advance and a section at least, of the main body gained positions opposite the American forts. A decided movement would have carried the position easily. But with his inexplicable indecision he appears to have awaited the outcome of the naval battle and any general attack was withheld.

As is perhaps natural in view of the consequences, the official reports of the incident do not supply details of the land movements of the day in abundance. Some small amount of skirmishing appears to have been done, but Prevost held his main body at least a mile away from the river till the result of Downie's attack was announced. Then the most surprising feature of the whole incident occurred. When the news of the repulse of the British vessels reached him Prevost ordered a general withdrawal and without any pretence at a serious attempt to even cross the river, started his troops in retreat for Montreal.

One or two stories, which must be substantially authentic, since they are told by historians of both sides, make one's blood boil with indignation at the thoughts of such action.

It is said, for instance, that a small force, acting without orders, had crossed the Saranac at a ford above the lines of defences and were driving back the garrison when they were ordered to return.

Again, according to Lossing, an American author, Major-General Brisbane at one time during the day begged Prevost to let him have one regiment, promising to force the river and capture the forts in twenty minutes.

How feasible this would have been is borne out by one or two stories from eye-witnesses. Macomb in his reports naturally made a good deal of the action. One authority tells, however, that he—Macomb—was “actually sitting on a gun in gloomy despair ready to surrender the moment the first British head appeared over the parapet.” When told of the British retreat it is said he “could hardly believe the evidence of his senses and started up frantic and cold.”

How improbable Prevost's withdrawal seemed even to the Americans is illustrated by the action of Macdonough, commander of the fleet, who, when all the fight had been knocked out of the ships of both sides, forbore from taking his prizes, expecting that the American batteries were by this time captured and would ultimately be turned on his vessels.

The extent of the engagement may perhaps be judged from the mortality reports. Of the British forces 37 were killed, 150 wounded and 5 were missing. The missing were probably deserters who were disgusted with the conduct of affairs. The Americans suffered 37 killed and 62 wounded.

Thus ended the expedition's offensive operations in New York State.

It is not at all surprising that Sir George Prevost was recalled shortly afterward to answer charges as to his conduct. His defence, as gleaned from his reports, written from Canada before

his recall, rested on the fact that seeing the defeat of the fleet and knowing that further advance was impracticable without their support, he saw no reason to risk his troops in an engagement which could give no permanent benefit.

He was severely censured both in Canada and England but never publicly faced the charges, since death came to him in 1816 before the matter had been taken up by the war department.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ADVICE.

It is only kindness to suggest another possible excuse for a seemingly inexcusable and cowardly blunder. Several letters from the Duke of Wellington, who appears to have esteemed Sir George most highly, do give some small basis for his disgrace-producing action.

Writing in February, 1813, on the occasion of sending the famous Watteville regiment to Canada, he trusted that he (Prevost) would not be induced by hopes of trifling advantage to depart from a strong defensive system. Even after news of the disastrous expedition had reached the Duke he wrote expressing his high appreciation of the manner in which the war had been conducted and went so far as to say: “Whether Sir George Prevost was right or wrong in his decision at Lake Champlain is more than I can tell.”

In spite of this from the Duke one sympathizes strongly with the school-book historians in their desire to omit this very evident bungle from the list of otherwise almost-altogether brilliant exploits of the war.

Had Brock or Sheaffe or any one of a dozen others whose names we revere been in Prevost's place at Plattsburg the result would have been vastly different. There is room for probability, also, that if such had been the case and the certain victory had been followed up Canada's boundaries would not have been limited to-day by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence but would have included a large section of that historic country of lakes and mountains where hundreds of Americans do their summing.

Marriage and the Conservation of Comfort

Editor's Note.—A strange explanation of human affections is ventured upon by this talented Canadian writer. He asks the reader's careful attention and throws himself unreservedly upon the calmer judgment that ensues from an honest perusal. Where is the missing premise in his argument, or is the sullogism complete?

By Alan Sullivan

READER, I am about to take you into confidence, and lean upon your openness of mind. And, when you have read what I am going to say, I only ask that you will subdivide it into three sections:—the first composed of conclusions which you absolutely reject—the second of those which you refuse to accept entirely but which have a certain amount of truth contained in them—the third being that part which you are willing to admit is altogether your way of seeing things. Then, by comparing the relative proportions of these sections, you may arrive at the general appositeness of my argument.

As a postulate, I submit that women may be divided broadly into three classes: the intellectual, the social and the reproductive. Furthermore, I hold that this differentiation, although broad, has a certain sharp distinctness about it, which makes it applicable with directness to the vast majority of women. Stop a moment and think! Is it not so?

These characteristics are supposed to speak very volubly to similar ones in the male sex; but the quality of the individual voice, so to speak, is, in the first instance, submerged in the louder and more dominant call of sex to sex. What I mean is this. An intellectual woman desires to appeal to a man similarly endowed. She will believe that

it is her intellect that does the speaking; but she will rarely admit that intellect, unfortified by sex (if it were possible to imagine such a thing), would be practically speechless. To point my argument, I maintain that the intellectual woman will, to gain her end, use the armament of sex with all its charms much more freely than either the social or the reproductive woman. She is strengthened in this use by the self-sustaining reflection that it is really her mind and not her physical attractions she is employing; but I know no women who are more personally conscious of the call of sex than those who have successfully played intellectual roles.

The artillery (I use the term advisedly) of the social woman is again sex, but with a difference. The aim of her intellectual sister is to induce a man to think well of her: but the social woman, with a subtle policy, aims to make a man think well of himself. And this is why there is so much loneliness in what we call intellectual feminine circles. I have yet to meet the man who under the influence of an attractive woman refused to think well of himself. Consequently, this is the reason why the campaign of the social woman meets with such overwhelming success. Her ostensible weapons are the same, except that there is a suggestion, even a promise, of yielding, a delicious prop-

hecy of surrender which has yet to be attained by the intellectuals.

And for the reproductive woman I have an enormous respect. She is ostensibly in the world for one large and sufficient reason. She is generally without the strategy of her sisters, but her appeal to man is tremendous and irresistible. She speaks directly to the man, with a calm patient steadfastness, as immovable as Gibraltar and as deep as the changeless sea. It is she after all who stalks out unarmed from the fortifications of sex, who indeed turns their very battlements into a banquet hall, and says—"Take me; we "were made for each other, you and I." And once her man is secured—and secured he is by right of birth—she holds him to her with bands beside which steel is like glass. Community of mind, and community of interest, are like the shifting wind compared to the union of body and blood.

Now, moving on from my three postulates, observe, if you please, the operation of an extraordinary law.

Rarely do women of a given type actually attract similarly constituted men. I have seen the most remarkable instances of this—as numerous as remarkable, so striking, indeed, as to suggest almost a subversion of what would at first sight appear to be a natural process. I select from each category.

A marries B. A is a woman of broad and refined instinct, having a mind in constant operation, and interests, both musical and literary, which have surrounded her with a brilliant coterie. She is a poor housekeeper; she dresses only passably, and generally in exotic bursts of color and design; and the element of motherhood is entirely lacking. B, her husband, was designed for fatherhood. He is full of sweet communicableness; he has a childlike simple directness of manner; his very gestures betray affection; having none of his own, someone else's child is generally perched on his knee: and his eyes are full of plaintive longing.

C marries D. C is a woman of extraordinary social charm| She has the peculiar attribute of making people

want to do things for her. She is never happier than when using her gifts of wit and appreciation (the latter being the greater gift) in circles which visibly brighten at her approach. She has children who reflect her graces: she is the personification of delicate womanly beauty. D, on the other hand, is a mental and temperamental recluse. He loves his wife, often to an unreasonable exactingness, but he grudges her the natural outlet for her qualifications. He likes things rather than people, and invariably expects the latter if interested to make the first move—if not interested, it is a matter of indifference to him.

E marries F. E is a reproductive woman, full of natural ease and softness, looking at the world with large, brown, fawn-like eyes, in which one may see the pictures of childrens faces. She desires nothing more than her own brood and that wherewith to clothe and feed them. She is content with little, submerging herself in a deep instinct and a vast desire. One could imagine her unmoved under almost any glow, so long as it missed her family. She is frankly born to be fruitful and populate the earth; it breathes in every gesture and characteristic. F is an unmitigated prig—a lean, narrow, unbending person, in whom the natural essences of man have dried up and corroded into acidulated selfishness: so accentuated a type that one is prone to give thanks at least for its unproductiveness. He cannot forget himself long enough to make a sacrifice, much less contemplate a sequence of them, for family reasons.

In all these cases the influence wielded upon the man was believed by the woman who wielded it to be the exercise of her own individual characteristic—intellectual, social or reproductive. Is it reasonable to suppose that each man responded to an attribute so diametrically opposed to his own? Not at all! The real influence—the one the man really responded to—was the call of sex, no matter what Amazonian unction the women took unto themselves.

Now, bear with me a little while while

I speak of that much misused word—love. I hold that very rarely indeed does any love whatever exist before marriage, or indeed in most cases until sometime after marriage. If you admit that there is anything in my argument about the call of sex you must admit this last, or else you put yourself in the grievous position of confounding the two. The call of sex is not love, but merely the communicable condition which properly precedes it.

I put it to you fairly. Let any man who has been married for some years and who loves his wife, compare his condition and his interpretation of her with that which he experienced shortly before, at the time of, or even sometime after his marriage. A little reflection will show that it is quite a different thing. You may answer that it was always love, only now it is deeper and stronger. I reply that there is no comparative in love. What you were really doing up till quite recently, supposing you to be married three years, was only answering the eternal call, just as the bull-moose goes plunging through the underbrush toward the distant bellow of his mate. There is nothing destructive to beauty or happiness of life in this; but, on the contrary, if you will only admit its verity, you will be relieved of many torturing self-questioning moments, and liberate your best understanding to a fuller appreciation of your real happiness and privilege.

I maintain that there is nothing on earth comparable to the delirious fascination of falling in love with one's wife. The coast is clear of all the vexatious interruptions of your courtship; you are (or think you are) master of your own house: your proprietary (you think it is proprietary) position gives you long and intimate seasons for love seeking. On the other hand, the hunting season of your spouse is over—the greatest question is settled; and, if she is a woman of sense, she will exhibit a capability of receiving your devotion incomparably more delightful than the quasi self-defensive timidity with which your first advances were permitted (or encouraged).

Don't you see, my friend and three-

year Benedict, that if your pulses no longer bound at her step, and her caresses no longer make you deliciously light-headed, and if (however revolting the thoughts, she has slipped down a step or two from that giddy niche in which your ardour placed her—all these things merely mean that you are tired of plunging through the underbrush? You were not constituted, and no man is, for a continuous performance of this description. But what you have done is to reach that point from which you may embark on an absorbing journey of exploration and education—the exploration of your wife. So far, you have known comparatively little of her: now is your opportunity to prospect a baffling human hinterland!

You must, however, if you would voyage securely, remember that you are a marked man. Do not interpret me as suggesting that your captive is timorously trying the bars of her cage, searching your face in order to welcome every evidence of affection, and delicately adjusting herself to the new surroundings in which you have placed her. Not at all! Not for a moment! My friend, she is sizing you up! You are a marked man—marked no less than when she listened to your approaching plunges!

Consequently, if an old and weather-beaten prospector may tender a word of advice to a young one—never betray yourself. If you know the weak joints in your armour—guard them assiduously; and if you don't know of any, you are lost. Let no outburst expose you to subsequent bland but penetrating questionings. You are being tried in a fire the flame of which is so intense as to be invisible. Your business insight, your professional skill, are nothing to the scrutiny you yourself are undergoing. Above all things, remember that passion generally dies in a woman long before it has ceased to burn fiercely in a man, and she is left moving about in a new world of restless conjecture to which you have contributed both what is acceptable and what is not.

By about the second or third year of marriage you approach dangerous

ground. You are probably still emotional, in evidence of which at this particular period a man very often looks fatuous, but very rarely does a woman. Your caresses are accepted, but without the former gratification. You must at once grasp the fact that women are emotionally limited. The springs of abandonment soon run dry, and in their place is a more placid but infinitely less responsive calm. The marvel and the mystery are over. This period is a difficult one, because, now, for the first time, two attributes must be reckoned with—her craving for admiration and your own male sense of possession. I submit that most incipient matrimonial differences may be traced to these sources.

The love of admiration is the outward and visible sign of her inward and feminine mission. Remember, Benedict, what it was she wakened in you. Only one answer could you frame to that Siren song. She merely voiced the paean of her searching sisterhood: and that voice is still as natural to her, now that its end is accomplished, as it was on the day—or perhaps long before the day—you commenced your royal plunging. She wanted to be admired—if not by you, then at all events by someone. Have you grasped the truth that she still wants this perennial privilege?—more, that she claims it as her inalienable right? It is an appetite of the sex, and it is so rarely appeased by the offerings of one individual male, be he ever so fatuous, that we speak of such cases as if they had historical prominence.

And as to the other stumbling block, your sense of possession—my friend, in the language of the Bowery, forget it! You do not possess at all—you are possessed! Once grasp that fact, and you have the key to happiness—nay, even more, the password to peace. The matter is entirely one of your own intelligence. I must admit that you are more or less constantly doing things the doing of which fortifies you in this obsession. But why does this sense need so much bolstering? Why do you feel a certain gratification, enlargement of the chest and straightening of the

shoulders? Simply because, in your dual community, you are the weaker vessel! Does your wife pat herself on the back when she fills some wifely office? I don't think so. She is too busy arranging that you will do what she wants you to do, and do it under the impression that it is what you yourself want. And the extraordinary thing about this is that you will both be perfectly satisfied. Now, confess! Can man who is born of woman ever rise to such subtlety?

You will at once appreciate the link between what we call jealousy and this sense of possession. Male jealousy is merely inability to realise that female love of admiration is, as before said, rarely content with the adulation of an individual. So variable is the sex that it is almost out of the question for any individual to provide at all times all the various kinds of admiration a woman demands. Female jealousy, on the other hand, is the suspicion or belief that another woman is voicing more sweetly the feminine call. This is equally observable in the ballroom, the Dorcas society, or the moose-trodden shallows of northern lakes.

But, you ask, what happens when a creature of such enormous potentialities fails to arrive at her natural port, and looks ahead baffled and unsatisfied? Must not these energies evidence themselves in some direction?

They do. Consider for a moment the militant suffragettes—and, mark you, I mean the "rioting, incendiary, policeman-hitting, window-missing suffragettes. Was there ever a more notable instance of misdirected energy? Their ranks may be classified—I was going to say roughly—as follows:—Happily married, one third of one per cent; unhappily ditto, ten per cent; sentimentally wounded, four per cent; "line busy, please ring off!" eighty-five and two-thirds per cent. The happily married woman is militant because—well, there are so few of her it doesn't matter. The unhappily married because she desires to embarrass her husband. The sentimentality wounded through motives of revenge; and the eighty-five and two-thirds per cent because it af-

fords them an opportunity of emotional ecstasy otherwise unobtainable.

"Very unfair," you say. My dear sir! although I anticipate your retort, I have yet, though a mere male, to understand why a woman should prefer a month in jail to the society of her husband, even should her husband raise no objection; and I fail to see that the frenzy of setting fire to other people's houses is the best means of remodelling the Married Women's Property Act.

But let the procession roar past, Benedict, and consider for a moment certain basic truths—conjugal guide posts, so to speak—the which, if you learn to recognize and follow, will lead you safely and comfortably through a maelstrom of marriages.

I counsel you, first, against a super-consciousness of your ego. You are not it. You once thought you were. Chronologically, you were twenty years late. Your ego became submerged when you donned your first long trousers. You have, doubtless observed that refined and wistful dalliance with which your cat regards the mouse it has caught and is about to swallow. You have also noted the complacent attentions she bestowed on lips and whiskers immediately after the glandular contortions of the throat during which her captive disappeared. My dear sir, that wistful dalliance typifies your courtship—yours! the glandular contraction is your honeymoon—yours! And, for the sake of a future so united, after you have disappeared, rival the mouse and do not endeavor to make your presence felt.

Secondly, I would warn you against beginning any sentence with: "But don't you remember?—you said—" The use of any such phraseology on your part is madness—a flying in the face of Providence. My dear Benedict, may I draw a parallel? There are two kinds of electrical current—direct and alternating. In the former, the individual impulses all travel in one direction; in the latter, their direction alternates at the rate of from twenty to sixty times a second. Your wife is alternating current.

Thirdly, never surprise her. The act

may induce a long forgotten pulsation in your stiffening arteries, but woman is an anticipatory rather than a reflective creature. The delights of prospect are so engrossing that there is, as you perhaps have concluded, but little time for looking back. Furthermore, a surprise is a good deal of an assumption on your part, and the well-bred house-broken husband never assumes.

Lastly, there is the attitude about your friends and relations—and this subject is so delicate that I already hear the ice begin to crack. As a Benedict, your standing is entirely different from that you enjoyed before you were rounded up. To women, you have ceased to be a possibility. To bachelor survivors, you may still be a good old chap, but your outline is growing more and more indistinct; and as for the other Benedicts, they no longer regard you with their former admiration—a gaze like that of the cow's burdened pony when he stares at a wild mustang across the prairie ridge. To all these people your entity has developed a new phase, and the same treatment as formerly would not be suitable. By one riotous act you have relegated them to a secondary position—and, Benedict, they all know it—and you know it—and, more important, your wife knows it!

And may I here suggest that friendship calls for the highest intelligence of the married man. You must admit that you have become more than formerly a creature subject to moods. You are elated or depressed, convivial or reclusive, objective or subjective, communicative or silent, as the mood seizes you. Have you ever considered that it is unreasonable to expect the same friend to respond at your demand to whatever mood may dominate you? Have you not often been disappointed in Smith for being indifferent and obtuse? Undoubtedly you have. The solution, Benedict, is to classify your friends. Subdivide them into sections, and card-index each section with its governing quality. Then, by a species of mental requisition, each circle will respond to your advances with exactly what you require, and its individual

members will hail you as one whose intuitive perception has been actually heightened by marriage.

One moment ere we turn to the final and less monitory paragraphs of this revelation. I am perfectly willing to stake my reputation as an authority on matrimonial subjects that it has at one time occurred to every married woman, however saintly she be, how well she would look as a widow.

Benedict, steel your nerves and be comforted. I assure you that it has nothing to do with you. It is merely the unconscious tribute of the sex to the greatest thorn in the side of the questing sisterhood. A little widow is a dangerous thing to a woman as well as a man, because she destroys the economic balance of supply and demand. She is a sentimental rover, who cruises the high conjugal seas with potent letters of marque. Therefore, Benedict, should her flag swim into your own horizon, read your sailing orders over again, and then keep your eyes glued to the compass, with thankfulness for that state of life to which it has pleased your owner to call you.

Now, if there is a publisher who is man enough to give you the opportunity of progressing thus far, turn the shield, and consider the privileges of captivity. You will remember it has been pointed out that your wife induces in you the desire to do what she wants done, and makes you believe that that is exactly what you yourself want. My very dear sir! Don't you see that it doesn't matter in the least, so long as you continue to believe that? If you do what you believe you want to do, the source of your belief is negligible.

Ponder for a moment upon another point. You must be aware that you have contracted an enormously powerful alliance. You are linked to a creature full of tremendous potentialities. Her interests are your own: she has for you an instinct both maternal and protective. True, she can down you in any argument, no matter how just your cause may be—but does not this stiffen your confidence in her powers? Should you not welcome the co-operation of one who can in an instant confound

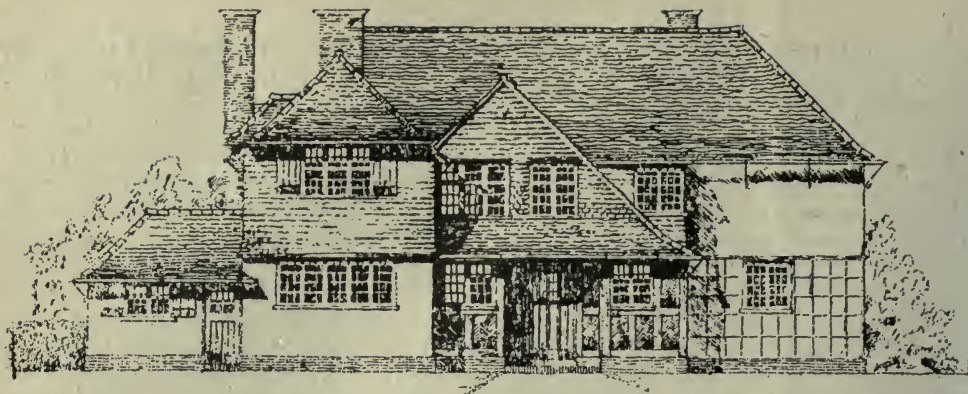
your most logical protests and leave you gasping in spluttering if indignant helplessness? If, Benedict, such a co-operation as this is not to be welcomed, tell me, pray, what do you want?

Also, you are safe against further assaults by that indomitable sex, to the most attractive member of which you have capitulated. Your wife will take care of that for you. This is now her self-imposed and bounden duty, and she will even make it her pleasure.

Then there are your affairs. Do you believe in intuition? By this time you must. Have you not experienced countless instances in which your wife knew intuitively that you could afford—not necessarily for your own use—certain articles of apparel and adornment? You were not sure about it—in fact, you rather demurred; but subsequent happenings proved that you were entirely mistaken, and you could and did afford them. My dear sir!

And, above all, there is atmosphere. This is a term largely used by visitors to picture galleries—a good, safe term, of all-round utility. It carries with it something more than a suggestion of sympathetic understanding, whether you understand anything about a picture or not. This is why I use it here. Can you get atmosphere without a woman? I trow not. Observe the middle-aged bachelor when he strolls by your house and the blind is half-way up. Your wife is sitting with wrinkled brows over her accounts; you are sitting with wrinkled brows over your wife. The contemptible things will not balance. She appeals to you. Your very best self suddenly stirs within you, and you say something absolutely irrelevant to a domestic audit, and there passes between you that which makes it entirely unimportant whether any account ever balanced or not. The bachelor, glancing in, as all bachelors do, at the psychological moment, observes what has taken place and strides on, his cigar glowing very fiercely and emitting short volcanic unmodulated puffs. What has affected him is atmosphere!

And now, Benedict, please refer to the first paragraph of this revelation.



The north elevation.

Solving the Servant Problem Architecturally

Editor's Note.—Here is a new feature in the solution of the help problem, not only in the city and summer home, but in the business homes of rural Canada. The construction of the dwelling house has much to do with the harmony of the household. In it privacy, as well as convention, must be considered. In this article Mr. Fry has told the story of what drew so much attention in London last year.

By Reginald Fry

SUCH a plan as is here submitted would serve for an ideal summer cottage to which to go for week-ends or for a few weeks or months when it is desired to dispense with the cumbersome removal from town of many servants. One of the chief accomplishments of the "Ideal Home" is its banishing of the cottage *bete noire*—the servant problem. The small house may be so designed that the servant can go about her duties without being seen by those who occupy the living part of the house. Since it is neither desirable nor comfortable that the small country home should attempt to imitate the hotel in the matter of servants, their number and prevalence, the ideal home has been planned for one servant who could reasonably be expected to care for the lower floor and the five bedrooms. Such a

house could, of course, accommodate two servants.

Taking the small number of servants into consideration, the Ideal Home is so arranged that they may have access to the front vestibule through a door leading from the pantry. Also, there is a secondary stairway which rises directly from the kitchen so that they may reach any room of the upper floor without passing through the living-hall to the general stairway. By an ingenious arrangement of ventilators this stairway is prevented from being the usual annoying conductor of the odors of cooking to the rooms of the upper floor. A similar precaution is found in a ventilating trunk which is arranged over the dresser in the kitchen, and which consists simply of a line of plain ventilators which open in the outer side-wall



The south elevation.

and discharge the heated kitchen air into the yard.

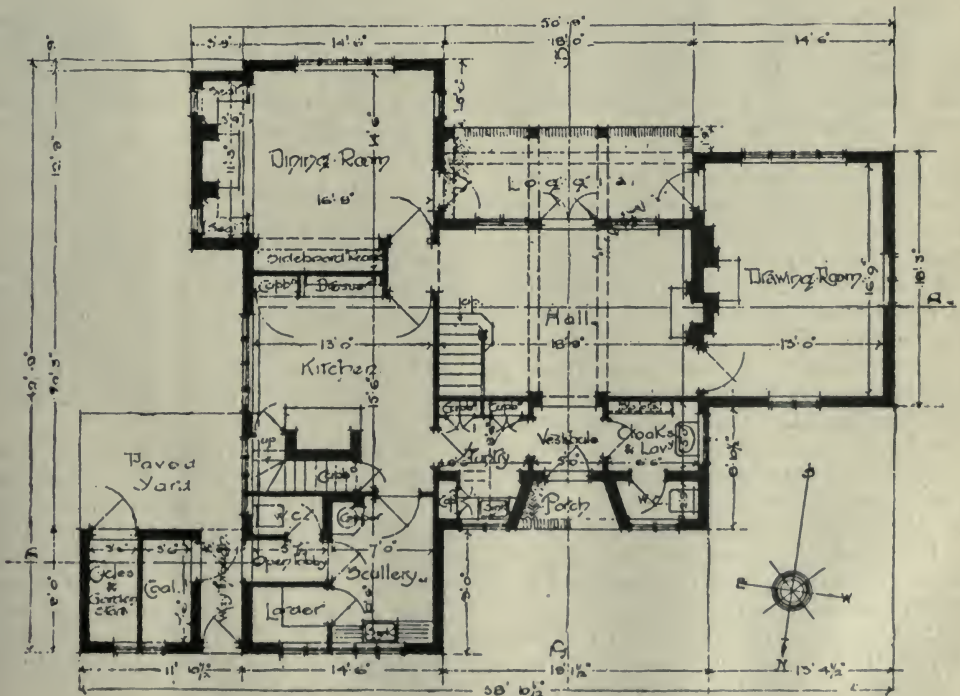
In a large house a perfection of balance becomes the essential feature of external design, but in the cottage a rather rambling effect is infinitely more desirable. Externally the Ideal Home is just a pleasing array of color, quite unsuited for any bit of architecture save a cottage, for after all the plan of the inside of a house is the important thing. Once that is right, the external appearance can be readily arranged by a good designer.

The roof tiles are dark brown, and the central gable is of reddish tiles

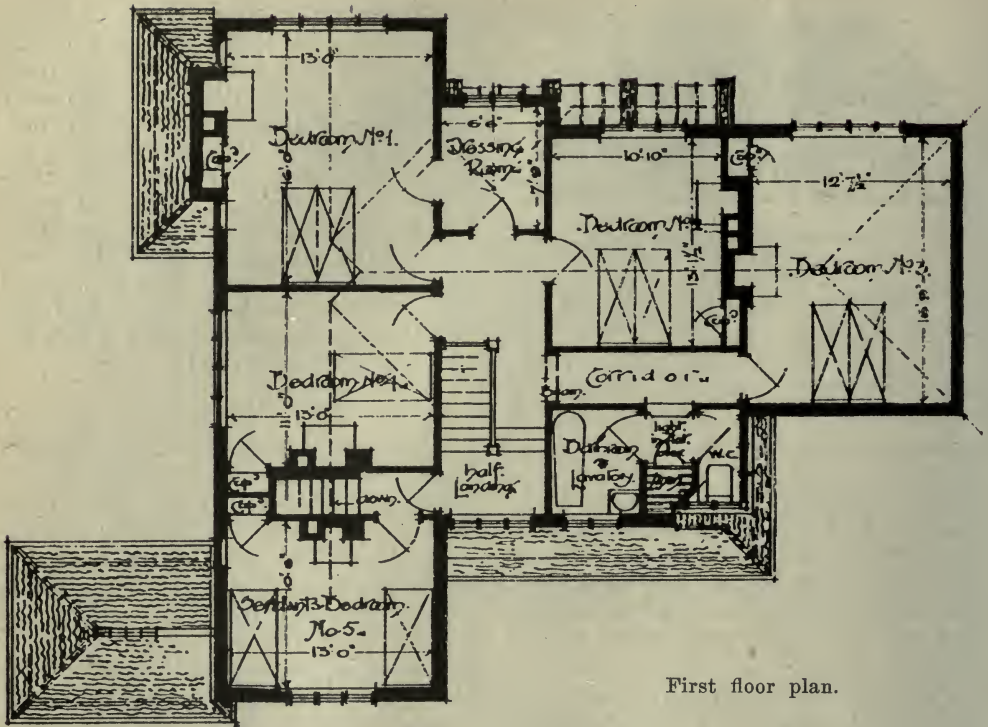
which gradually approach in color the brown tiling over the porch. The oak timber work is filled in with very dark red brick, the plinths and chimney stacks are of plum-colored brickwork, and the rough cast is in a warm stone color. The iron casements of the windows are painted a dark, lead color which is practically black. The shutters and treillage are green, and the big front doors are of oak. There is a red brick flooring in the loggia, and the tiny little roofs of the beams which jut over it are tiled with red.

THE ELASTIC PLAN.

The general scheme in planning the Ideal Home was that it might be enlarged or reduced in measurements in order to afford rooms of any size desired. It will be noted upon examination of the plans that not only the whole number of rooms may be enlarged, but that any particular room and that above or below it may be enlarged without disturbing the general plan of the house. Also, an extra room, such as a



Ground floor plan.



First floor plan.

billiard room or snugger, may be introduced into the accommodating plan and yet leave its "theme" intact. In fact, it is possible to group rooms for a large house about the central design. So admirable is the interior arrangement of the rooms on the ground floor that the reception room, the hall, and the dining room have at least one window opening to the south. There is an eastern window also in the dining room, and from the drawing room one may look out upon the sunset in the west. In the complete scheme of light and ventilation the larder has in no wise been neglected, for it has a window opening toward the least warm corner of the four winds—toward the north. The large hall and the drawing-room afford a generous impression of space, and the drawing-room with its windows facing three points of the compass is a most pleasant, sunny spot.

Quite a charming feature of the floor plan is that the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the hall each have doors

opening upon the loggia. This is one of the prettiest places imaginable. The roses clamber up about the oak beams which ceil it, and the red brick floor gives an appearance of the cheeriest comfort.

ALL BEDROOMS SOUTHEAST.

The second floor of the Ideal Home is so arranged that each of the five bedrooms may claim its coveted quota of morning sunshine from the southeast. The servant's bedroom is situated at the head of the secondary stairway, within call of the other bedrooms, but quite apart from them.

All the water arrangements of the upper floor are placed over those on the ground floor so that the plumbing is very simple. The bathroom, tiled with pale green, is delightfully generous in size. One thing about this room which is particularly interesting as well as unusual, is that it has a draught-resisting door which is made entirely of one heavy piece of wood.

A Big Day's Earnings

Editor's Note.—From the pen of one of Western Canada's leading writers we have here a delightful love story of the plains. A homesteader by accident becomes a hero, and finds it the door to happiness.

By Aubrey Fullerton

For very nearly an hour there had not been a sound or a movement in John Wyburn's homestead shack, except, of course, what the clock by the window had made. Ruff, the dog, was sleeping off behind the stove after the high exertions of his morning's chase; and Wyburn himself had sat, awake but moody, with his head on his arm, and his arm on the table. There was nothing else in the room that could have spoken, or even moved, and night itself would not have been more still. Then the clock struck noon, with a quick, snappy sharpness that seemed almost rude. Wyburn and the dog both heard it, and bestirred themselves: the one because it was time to get dinner, and the other, no doubt, because his sleep was out.

A few minutes later, when Wyburn was setting out the dishes—three for himself, and one for Ruff—Reddy Kilmer rode up to the shack, making such a noise about it that the dog was up and off in a flash. There was no more quiet then: it was never quiet where Reddy Kilmer was. Wyburn gave a hurried turn to the ham that sizzled and sputtered on the stove, and went to the door; but Reddy had, as usual, the first word.

"Hello, Sober John! Cheer up, if you can, and say you're glad to see me."

"I am that, but——"

"Oh, I know you'll want full information—you're such an inquiring fellow, John. So I may as well tell you that I'm on my way to town, and I've

stopped here for two reasons: first, for a bite of dinner, if you'll ask me to have it; and, second, to give you a message from Tom Murton. He has some hay and oats to sell, and he would like you to go over and see what kind of an offer you can make for the lot. You understood me about the dinner, did you?"

"When did you see Tom?" asked Wyburn ignoring the hint.

"This morning. I called in to see if he wanted anything in town. And as he did, I shall have to stop again on my way back to-morrow."

"One day in Red Deer enough for you now, Reddy?" Wyburn asked again, with a partial smile.

"John Wyburn, you sober old fellow, that's the nearest to a joke I ever knew you to say, do, or think. You mean to imply, I suppose, that that doesn't give me much time to visit the future Mrs. Reddy Kilmer? Well, it's got to do this trip. But wait a minute, John, and I'll tell you some modern history."

Reddy, who had till now been sitting in his saddle, dismounted, and turned the horse free to make its own way to the stable. Then he led Wyburn to the corner of the shack, as far as might be from the door, and, bending low, whispered mysteriously to him.

"Friend of my youth, I now confide in you that I have reason to believe my wedding day will be pretty near set within the next twenty-four hours. I don't mind telling you, either, that that's what I'm going for."

"That being so, I wish you well, Reddy," said Wyburn.

"Sober John, I thank you. But give me some dinner, or I'll never make the grade. I'm thinking that ham in there will be done to a finish."

The table talk was of people and things roundabout, and of the approaching seeding-time, which in a homesteaders' country always makes good talking.

"And now," said Reddy, after they had eaten, "tell me how your own heart trouble is getting on. Have you still that silly notion about not being of any use in the country?"

Wyburn flushed a bit, and answered quietly:

"I was thinking about that just before you rode up."

"And thinking mighty blue and solemn about it, I'll wager. Can't you make up your mind that you're as good a citizen as the rest of us, and let it go at that?"

"But I'm not. Every homesteader in the section, that I know of, has earned a right to his neighbors' respect by some good act or favor. I've never done a thing to help any of them."

"That is just because the chance to do it hasn't happened to come your way," Reddy remonstrated. "You would be as willing to do a good turn as anyone if you found need for it."

"And doesn't that show that I'm not fit," argued Wyburn, "when even the fates won't give me a chance?"

"John, what you need is a wife. Any prospects?"

"None."

"I'll venture it's your own fault, then. Won't May Gunton have you?"

"I have not asked her."

"And why haven't you?"

Wyburn's color deepened, and there was pain in his face and voice.

"I'm not worthy, Kilmer."

"Worthy chopsticks!" said Reddy impatiently. "What's wrong with you? Are you awfully bad?"

"I'm not worthy—that's all."

"Look here, you silly old freak, I was talking with May Gunton just this morning—she's been at Tom Murton's for a day or two—going home to-night,

I think she said—and I believe she would be willing and glad to be your wife if you had sense enough to ask her. Surely a chap like you, with a crop of sixty bushels to the acre, ought to be able to marry, if anyone is."

"I had a good crop—yes," answered Wyburn slowly. "But I'm not worthy of even that."

"John Wyburn, you're a fool! Not worthy of a good crop—what d'ye mean?"

Wyburn rose from the table, and stood facing his guest. He was much in earnest now, and his words came heavily.

"I mean just that—I am not worthy. What am I that I should be enriched by land that others had as good a right to as I had? People call it my land, by it's mine only because I got it first, and the crop it grew last year was the land's earning, not mine. Why should I be favored more than Tom Murton, who had only a twenty-bushel crop, and half of it frozen at that? Who am I, to take advantage of kindness I'm not deserving of? I've got to earn it—at any rate, I've got to do something that will make me feel inside myself that I'm fit to use the riches a generous Creator puts in my way. I haven't done any such thing yet. I don't feel fit, Kilmer. That big wheat crop last fall hurt me. Every bushel that came out of the thresher seemed to mock me and called me a sponger. And at New Year's I went to see May Gunton. I thought, as you said, that I was now in a position to marry, and that she could make a better use of the crop than I could. But when I stood before her, I felt condemned again. And again I asked myself: what right had I to seek more riches and more favors? If I was not worthy of land, I could not be worthy of love; if I wasn't fit to use a crop, I couldn't be trusted with a heart. And so I came away."

Reddy looked at his friend for a moment in puzzled silence. Then he shook his head, and answered him, more kindly than before:

"I can't see it, old man: your philosophy is beyond me. Perhaps I ought

to feel the same way, but I don't. My advice to you is to get over it."

There was no more said about it till, a little later, Reddy had mounted his pony and was about to leave. Wyburn walked at his side.

"Good by, Kilmer. I'll be wishing you good luck."

"Thanks, John. And I say, John, you're a fitter sort than you think. Try to forget that notion of yours."

Wyburn watched his merry friend out of sight down the trail, and presently went back to the shack. Quite otherwise than had been intended, Reddy's visit had added fresh fuel to the fires within him, and they burned anew as again he sat and brooded. So it was that Tom Murton's message was forgotten. He recalled it, somewhat guiltily, to face a new difficulty: would he go to-day, while May Gunton was there, or tomorrow, after she had gone? The clock decided it, for it counted off so many hours, while Wyburn wait-



"Wyburn came out of the bush into Merton's clearing and stopped his horse in sudden wonder."

ed, that the day wore on, leaving him no choice but the morrow. He was both glad and sorry, then, that he should not see May Gunton.

An hour after the next morning's daylight, he was on the trail. He was

eager now to be moving, though he knew not why, and wondered at it. The way was pleasant enough, had he cared for that. From his shack to the main road was a winding half-mile through the bush, and five miles east along the public highway brought him to a side-trail that went to the Red Deer River, past Murtons. The river trail led into a thicker growth of bush than he had come through before, and the marks of winter still lingered in it, showing patches of snow between the trees and muddy pools that the April suns had hardly more than touched. Further on, where the land was more open, the melting snows had run from the hillsides into a woodsy brook, already swollen and running fast. Close to this brook, just before it reached the river, was the Murton dwelling.

Tom Murton was locally known as the Unlucky Man of the Red Deer Road. For three years the crops on his rented farm had been poor; one of his barns had burned down; he had lost half a winter, the year before, with a broken leg; and now his wife was in the hospital. That, very likely, was why May Gunton had been there, helping Tom's twelve-year-old Betty to keep the house in order while the mother was away. It would be like her: and Tom was the kind that people liked to help—with all his ill-luck, a cheery fellow still.

Wyburn came out of the bush into Murton's clearing, and at its edge, where he got his first view of the farmstead, stopped the horse in sudden wonder. It was the same familiar view that he had seen many times before, except for one thing: there was no house! The other buildings were grouped, as they had been always, some distance back, but where the dwelling had been was now a blank. *He rubbed his eyes, half doubting what they told him*, but every time the picture came back with the empty place in it. Had Murtons hard luck again pursued him, this time with a fire in the night? Yet there was no smoke—only a blank.

Wyburn rode at a gallop down the clearing. The closer view was even more strange; for there he saw, not that

a fire had burned, but that the earth had sunken, taking the house with it. A newly made hole opened like the mouth of a great well, forty feet across, its sides showing deep and black.

It was very still. A cow-bell tinkled in the barn, and a bird or two chirped bravely in the neighboring bush: after that it was still again. And in that black hole was perhaps an even greater stillness. For Tom Murton and Betty must be buried in the landslide that had swallowed up their home.

He tied his horse a little way back, and walked cautiously to the edge of the hole. Loose earth had fallen from the top, and even now, he saw, was breaking off and rolling down the sides, a straight drop of nearly thirty feet. Tom's little house, if not wrecked in the fall, was at least buried deep, for not a timber of it showed above the bottom of the pit.

The fatal meaning of the thing came to Wyburn with the conviction that he must search it out. He must do it at once, and alone: there was no one else within two miles. Yet how? He turned away from the hole to feel, with careful steps, the surface-levels around him, half expecting the ground to give beneath him as he went. The yard of Murton's house was close to the brow of the hill. Just beyond and below was the river, and part way down the thinly wooded slope of the shore was the abandoned dump of the old Pioneer coal mine.

And then it all came to him, in a sudden, soul-striving light. The Pioneer mine had cave in! Its tunnels, which had not been worked for several years, ran from the river bank in a network of branches, and some of these were known to have reached far into the hill before the veins had given out. Wyburn had once gone through the mine, and he remembered that he had come out of the main tunnel into a large central chamber, in which the bulk of the coal had been mined. Its sides ran high, till they must have gone, he had then thought, unusually close to the surface. Murton's dwelling, it now seemed, must have been built directly over this underground hollow,

and when, for some unknown reason, the roof of the mine gave way, the building dropped with it.

If this were so, the tunnels which had entombed the Murtons might also have saved them. Wyburn's mind was now working quickly, and the clearing of the mystery showed him the need of instant action.

Back at the barn he found a heavy shovel, and with this he hastened down the river-bank to the mouth of the tunnel. His hope was that the walls of the house might have shielded the prisoners from the mass of earth and coal that had come down after them, and that the timbering of the tunnel might have fallen in such a way as still to have left them an air channel. The tunnel made, at least, the best means of reaching them.

The mouth was half-filled with fallen earth, through which Wyburn cleared his way, and went on into the open space beyond. The litter of a disused mine lay all about, and the faint light that had filtered in from the mouth gradually gave way to complete darkness, in which he groped uncertainly. Somewhere water was running, and it occurred to him that the snow-fed brook back of the house might have had something to do, by way of an underground leakage, with the unsettling of the mine. He stumbled on through the dark, not knowing into what hidden mystery he might be going. Fifty feet further, the way was blocked.

For two hard hours he worked against an unseen obstacle of earth and rock, keeping close to the timbered wall. The sounds of his shovel, as he lifted its scanty pickings, fell strangely in the narrow darkness and seemed to mock him. Before and above him was a mass of fallen waste that threatened to engulf him at any moment, as it had engulfed the Murtons. The air grew heavy, and at spells he crept back for breath. Two hours of effort brought no result. The task seemed impossible. Why should he longer continue it? Very likely it was already too late to save Tom and his little girl, and he

was in instant peril of his own life. It was too hard a risk!

There came, from what seemed to be the inmost depths of the earth, a slow and threatful creaking. He turned to go. Then he paused, and for several moments thought it out. This thing that he had set out to do—if it might be done, he would like to do it: he would try again. And he went back to his task.

With a few more strokes the shovel broke through, and Wyburn felt a welcome rush of new air. The loosened stone and earth rolled to his feet, leaving an opening of a mans size, and through this he crept on hands and knees into a small passage that appeared to run along the side and bottom of the main tunnel. If this but went far enough he might yet reach the Murtons. But it was still densely dark, and he could not see, or even guess, how far the open space extended. It seemed, however, that he had come a long way from the mouth of the mine: surely as far as the site of the fated house. He called, and his voice echoed weirdly.

There was no answer. He had hardly dared hope there would be. But again he called.

And then, from perhaps thirty feet away, came a faint, thin cry, the voice of a man far-spent. The Murtons were just beyond him!

How he found them, pinned down beneath the timbers of the house; how, with desperate struggle, he freed them; and how he then got them out of the tunnel, Wyburn has never been able at all clearly, to tell. There were three—Tom, and his little girl, and one other—and they were limp and lifeless in his arms as he carried them away.

Three times out through the tunnel, by the same groping way he had come, Wyburn now went with his helpless burdens, and twice back again. It had been a work of many hours, and at the last his strength failed him. One clear sense—that he must go on—remained, and under its impulse he brought the three out from the tunnel into the open air and carried them, one by one, up the bank. He hardly noticed that he was still moving in the dark, nor real-

ized that while he had been working in the tunnel the day had gone. At the brow of the hill, to which he climbed with pain, he laid down the three still unmoving forms, and then dropped beside them, exhausted.

When he came to himself, someone was bending over him, and fearfully he asked:

"Where are they?"

It was Reddy Kilmer's voice that answered. "Ned Carter has taken them away. He's coming back for you presently. They must have been pretty far gone, John, but they came to after a bit, and seem to be alright now. Ned and I got here just in time. What about yourself?"

"I'm tired, very tired," said Wyburn

slowly. "But I wonder, Reddy, if I've earned the right now——"

"Earned? I say, John, this is the biggest day's earning you ever did in your life. You need never again be troubled about not being fit or worthy, for now you've proved it. And you've earned something else, too. She as much as told me so, just now."

"She told you?" said Wyburn wonderingly. "Who do you mean?"

"Why—I say, you stupid hero, don't you know who it was you took out of that death-trap?"

"Tom and Betty, I suppose. There was another, too, but I couldn't see who it was."

"It was May Gunton!"

Someone asked Dr. Beecher, when an old man, how he was getting along. "Oh, I am doing a thousand times better than I used to, because I have made up my mind to let God manage his own universe," he replied.

* * *

If there is a pathetic sight in the universe it is that of a narrow, ignorant, vulgar man presiding over a great pile of money which he has scraped together without any grand life-purpose or ulterior aim but that of animal enjoyment.

* * *

A man may build a palace, but he can never make it a home alone. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

* * *

If money is so slippery that you can hardly keep hold of it when you are watching it all the time, how can you expect to get some enormous return for money which you invest in some far-away scheme, which you will probably never see and which is absolutely beyond your control?

DR. O. S. MARDEN.

The Political Star of Senator Dandurand

Editor's Note.—In this character sketch of a well-known Canadian, we are brought into intimate touch with a citizen of the Province of Quebec, of French extraction, whose charm of personality and whose achievements in many lines makes an interesting story. It must be the envy of many Anglo-Canadians how our French-Canadian fellows master the intricacies of two languages and appear so easily at home in either tongue. The political field, and especially the platform, seem to have a special charm for young men of Lower Canada, and their rise into political prominence has added to the lustre of our national existence.

By H. Linton Eccles

Somewhere or other away back in classical history, or what passes for history, there was a young gentleman who, we are told, hitched his fortunes to a star and so became immortal. Whether the young gentleman in question performed this feat in an actual or a figurative sense is not vouchsafed to us. His lasting notoriety is due to the fact that he supplied posterity with an excellent simile for pointing to our young men the gospel of getting on. Nothing in that genial old bluffer Samuel Smiles's voluminous output has anything on this classical metaphor. You tell your young enthusiast to hitch his fortunes to law, to medicine, to politics, to journalism, or some other such obsession, and to stay hitched until he is a full-fledged lawyer, doctor, politician, or until he can cover any assignment on the city editor's diary without being seriously scooped more than once in six months—and you at least have reckoned for righteousness in the practical application of the metaphor. Whether your young man will give the stars, or any of them, or you, any credit is another matter.

I have been unable to discover who gave the astral tip to the gentleman whom we now recognize officially as the Honorable Raoul Dandurand, and refer to popularly as just Senator Dandurand. It may be that he himself cannot recall who it was. Anyhow, that is not

essential what is, is that Raoul Dandurand hitched and stayed hitched. It was some years after Wilfred Laurier made the same weighty decision, but the two have been team-mates long since.

Like many another young man who starts out in the serious business of life to show the gray-headed lawyers how the law should be administered, and how incidentally one side's lawyers should fool the other side's lawyers, Mr. Dandurand got tired of the routine end of the profession, the mere machinery of manipulating laws, and broke in where the laws are made, or are supposed to be made. That was when he and his star got hitched for good, and although he has had to do with the law since, and has even written books about the law, the legal business must be considered as having been a side line with him throughout the progress part of his career.

Mr. Dandurand really improved up on this aphorism from classical days, for he was not content to tie up with a lone star. He had more than one string on the heavens, his astronomical connections concerning nothing less than a small constellation. His pole-star, or whatever it is called in this branch of science, was politics, but he had a firm line besides on real estate, on the stock exchange, as well as his aforesaid legal connections. Add to this the talented

assistance of a matrimonial alliance, and you account for much of the success that attends the second leader of the Opposition in the Senate.

Mrs. Dandurand is a considerable social figure among French-Canadians, and one of those ladies of executive genius who push a society for the propagation of this, that, or the other public purpose into the foreground of the public's rather short memory. This oldish young man in the early fifties certainly can thank his lucky stars for the benignance with which they have shone upon his career.

The noticeable thing about the Senator's career, too, is that he reached prominence not by the platformery but by the stage management of politics. He certainly must be given full credit for reaching a place of conspicuousness in the country's life without having to pay acknowledgment to any particular help from the crowd. He has risen on no furore of flag-waving, he has not had the advantage or otherwise of standing on a public platform with the limelight centered dazzlingly on him and his thoughts centered on the parcel of manuscript in his pocket written round a series of passionate appeals to the patriotic feelings of the nation. If he had been less diplomatic in the handling of his strong pro-French-Canadian sympathies—which is not saying a syllable against his sincerity—he might have been placed in circumstances where unpopularity would have been showered unpleasantly upon his head. But he has worked quietly and systematically, as in the case of his reciprocity with old France, towards the aims which he holds good, and the stamp of approval on his working is seen in the fact that the three-cornered relations between French—and English-speaking Canadians, between Canada and France, and between Britain and France are not worse but better for the part he has played in them.

KNOWS OLD FRANCE INTIMATELY.

Senator Dandurand is one of the few French-Canadians who really know old France. A notable instance of his efforts to improve relations between

Canada and France was his co-negotiating with the Hon. L. P. Brodeur, ex-Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in 1900, of the trade agreement with the French Republic. He introduced on behalf of Canada the preference on French wines and liqueurs, in exchange for which France got cheaper Canadian flour and lumber. The treaty was much to the liking of the French Government, which decorated the Dominion Senator with the Legion of Honor.

His interest in France has been marked in numerous other directions. He worked hard to promote an entente between that country and Canada, and he has helped by his voice and his purse various French immigrant societies in Canada. Naturally his acquaintance with other countries has led him to follow and encourage the movement towards international peace, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier deputed him as Canada's representative to the Hague Peace Conference. He is a member of the International Peace and Arbitration Society, of whose principles he has been a consistent advocate.

In 1909 Senator Dandurand, with the Hon. L. P. Brodeur, represented Canada at the unveiling of the monument to Moncalm. Standing at a ceremony which was associated with the capture of Quebec by the British, Senator Dandurand made a notable speech in which he enlarged on the cordial relations between England and the descendants of the French in Canada. This was in keeping with his position afterwards as an executive officer of the *Francois-Amerique*, an organization for encouraging closer relations between France, Canada, and the United States.

A GENEALOGICAL TRADITION.

Senator Dandurand's father was one Edipe Dandurand, who left a dry-goods business on a small scale in St. John's County to found another on a rather larger scale in Victoria Square, Montreal, which was not, however, the high-priced rental location it is to-day. It was a move that paid, in good coin, but nothing that we should consider handsome. He did not leave much more than a competence to his imme-



SENATOR RAOUL DANDURAND,

diate descendants. Something in the appearance and character of his son, the Montreal financier and senator, makes you guess whether there is any North British blood in him. He looks the part of a grandson of a Scottish settler in Canada more than that of a man who might have rallied to Montcalm to resist the English redcoats. There is some foundation for the fancy. The maiden name of the Senator's mother was Roi, which is said to have been a corruption of the Scottish Roy. Even the good French origin of the Dandurand family name is queried, for it seems that a Scottish cognomen is on the registers that might have fathered it. A certain Daniel Durand was known to local fame as Dan. Durand, and in common usage the two names became one. But that does not take us farther than the bounds of tradition, any more than does the fancied parallel trait in the character of Senator Dandurand to the persistence which is said to be the national characteristic of the Scot.

It is worth noticing here, before leaving the subject of the Hon. Raoul's antecedents, that he had two ancestors in the Rebellion of 1837—De Lorimier and Dagnette—and their division of the family has been remarked for the ardently reform temperament of its members.

When the senator-to-be was a lad in knickerbockers he developed fluency of speech, and he had the good sense to become fluent in both French and English. His father, impressed by his aptitude, sent him to Montreal College, and later to Laval University law school, where he graduated B.C.L. From his early manhood he has been keenly alive in the political game, and he is remembered as a budding speech-maker as far back as his seventeenth and eighteenth years. At that time the only Liberal club in Montreal was the Club National. It served the purpose of a base of supply for sending out speakers into the neighboring ridings. Also, of course, it was a training school for amateur debaters, and among such members as the afterwards Honorables L. P. Brodeur, Rodolphe Lemieux, and

Wilfrid Laurier, and Lomer Gouin, young Raoul Dandurand found models after which he could fashion his own forensic capacities.

A PRACTICAL MAN.

But, with all his liking for debate and the more popular opportunities that platform performance gives of making a fair presentation before one's fellow men, it was as a campaigner, as a manipulator of the scenes behind the debating stage, that Dandurand made his mark. In this very considerable and apparently very necessary department of politics he learnt quickly and well, until few men, even in Quebec, could show themselves his superiors in handling the machinery of a political campaign.

In 1896 he was the master manager of the Quebec onslaught, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He covered the province, from south to north, from east to west, in the Liberal interest, making many speeches and providing material for many more speeches than others made. Certainly the enthusiasm of the French-Canadians, which was the most distinguishing feature of Sir Wilfrids coming into power, was to be put down largely to the credit of Mr. Dandurand, whose influence right up to now counts much in holding Quebec true to the Laurier traditions.

Canadians of retentive memory will recollect that Mr. Laurier then had notions of reforming the Upper House, and the method he tried to follow was that of sending up there a leaven of men of mental calibre, men of standing on the public platform or of achievement in commercial life. The Senate of the day was overwhelmingly Conservative, and there was room in its organism for new blood as well as younger muscle. Among Laurier's first nominees was Mr. Dandurand, who, at thirty-seven, was entitled to be regarded as a senatorial stripling among gray-heads. But fifteen years of desk-polishing in the Upper House have made Senator Dandurand a gray-head himself, though his actual gray hairs are yet few.

The Senator, following his leader, may not have now so enthusiastic a bent to reform the Gilded Chamber, but he must be given credit for trying hard, along the lines he believes to be most effective, to make the Senate of some use and some weight in considering the affairs of the nation. He has stood out for intelligent discussion, and if need be amendment and revision, of the legislative efforts handed up by the Commons.

During the days when he was a practising barrister first and a politician afterwards, Mr. Dandurand wrote, in association with Mr. Charles Lanctot, Deputy Provincial Attorney-General, two legal books that achieved some fame—a "Treatise on Criminal Law" and a "Manual for Justices of the Peace." He also studied extensively the ramifications of law as it affects corporations, and his authority is regarded as valuable on the various large concerns in which he is interested, although it is years since he gave up the law as his professional occupation.

Probably Senator Dandurand's most heroic role was performed in his capacity of director of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, when, some months ago, the famous "run" on the bank occurred and four million dollars were withdrawn. As everybody knows, the City and District circum-navigated the crisis, but only a few men on the street know just how. The senator happens to be a big man with the Bank of Montreal, and it was borrowed Bank of Montreal bills that paid the panic-impelled City and District depositors when they rushed the harassed tellers. In case these stacks of notes were not high enough—for as the anxious moments of the "run" passed nobody knew when or if there would come any letting-up of speed—Senator Dandurand had called up a big pile of gold. A number of the scared depositors, one or two of whose accounts ran well into four figures, were ostentatiously handed gold in payment of their balances. The coin was good, but it was heavy. And there seemed such a mountain of it on hand. After all, what was the use of taking it away—a proceeding that, any-

how, was physically impossible in several cases. A few timid ones were found to take the gold, but the majority returned it to the bank's cellars. The news of the banks gold mountain reserve spread over the most affected portions of the city, confidence was restored, and the panic was soon a thing forgotten.

The Senator has at least two other company directorships that take up a good deal of his time. He is on the board of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and that of the Saufgard Assurance Company. The foundation of his fortune, which is estimated on the street as on or around the half-million mark, he owes principally to real estate, for he has made many timely and some lucky investments in land.

Ten years ago, when most of the present townsites merchants were cubs at or not in the game, Senator Dandurand and his partner, Mr. Louis Boyer, placed on the market two townsites, Rosemount and Westmount Plateau, that proved profitable booms. Rosemount is now an extensive middle-class section of Montreal, whilst the Westmount-Beyond townsites formed the nucleus of what is now the town of Notre Dame de Grace. The two partners are said to have cleared about fifty thousand dollars on the two townsites—which was pretty good trading a decade ago, when deals were not so spectacular as they are now.

The extent to which a man's fortunes, both social and political, may be helped by his marrying is exemplified in the case of Senator Dandurand. He married early in life Josephine, second daughter of the late Premier Marchand of Quebec. Before she stepped out of active public life she was a busy member of the Local Council of Women. She was also an authoress of note, contributing literary sketches and poems to the now defunct woman's periodical, the "Journal de Francois." A volume of poems which she afterwards published led to her being crowned laureate by the Royal Society, and later, in 1898, she was appointed "Officier d'Academie," the first Canadian woman to receive this honor.



The summer house at Green Head, where Mr. E. G. Nelson was living when he completed
"My Own Canadian Home."

"My Own Canadian Home"

Editor's Note.—The following story of Edwin Gregson Nelson, born in St. John, N.B., in 1849, and the author of this well-known Canadian patriotic song, as told by the Rev. H. A. Cody, will be especially welcome to all readers of MacLean's Magazine. The author of the *Frontiersman*, and the *Long Patrol* is already familiar to Canadian readers.

By H. A. Cody

Author of "The Frontiersman," "The Long Patrol," etc.

A MAN once asked Mahomet what was the best monument he could erect to the memory of his friend, and there came the terse reply "Dig a well." The meaning is most apparent. A monument of stone would be of little practical value, and ere long would crumble into dust, but the well would endure, giving strength and joy to millions.

A true poem is like a well dug in the midst of a weary land. It is a perpetual fountain of delight and inspiration. Kingdoms, governments, and systems

pass away, but a poem enshrined in the hearts of countless men, women, and children lives throughout the ages.

"Its echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

Too often in a material age the importance and influence of a poem is overlooked. Sentiment plays a larger part in our lives than at times we are ready to admit. It is a simple as well as an instructive task to trace the history of certain well known poems which

have exerted an important influence upon various generations.

Apart from helpful hymns there have been written at certain critical periods poems which have stirred nations and moulded the thoughts of the age. But too often while the songs live and become familiar household words the writers who carved the monuments have in many cases been forgotten. People drink of the water, and are refreshed but know little about the source from which the streamlet flows.

This is only too true in connection with a distinctly Canadian song, well known, and which thousands of children sing on National occasions. "My Own Canadian Home," which is now sung next to the National Anthem, was written by a man of whom the world knows very little. It was composed under somewhat peculiar circumstances which should be of interest to the many who sing it and love the words of that stirring song. This article, therefore, is an attempt to lift the veil of oblivion which has rested too long upon the author of "My Own Canadian Home," and to set forth a few facts concerning his life, and the history of his best known production.

Edwin Gregson Nelson was born in St. John in 1849. His father, Valentine Henry Nelson, was a Scotclunan by birth, and kept a bookstore in the city on the north side of King street where Messrs. Manchester, Robertson and Allison now carry on their big business. He was a man of considerable talent, and devoted his spare time to the writing of poetry. His only published book of which we have any record was "The New Brunswick Minstrel," containing not only a number of his own poems but selections from other authors as well. As was the custom in those days, he lived over his store, and here his only son, Edwin, was born. Thus from his early days the future author was brought into direct contact with books and magazines, and it was only natural that he should become a reader and booklover, and follow in the footsteps of his father. His thoughts turned to writing, and during the period when he was an assistant to another booksell-



Mr. E. G. Nelson, author of "My Own Canadian Home."

er in the city he produced a number of articles both prose and poetry, which were for the most part published in the Stewart's Literary Quarterly Magazine, a periodical issued in his native city. He had very little leisure in which to write, as he had to remain in the shop until a late hour in the evening. Most of his literary work was done at meal time, and accordingly he had little opportunity for careful revision. "He wrote," says the editor of the Quarterly, "on little bits of paper, old envelopes, and newspaper wrappings, with a stubby lead pencil, and his stories came to me half a dozen sheets at a time. He kept his matter well in hand, and really turned out in this manner many sketches and tales which did credit to the Quarterly. He was always original and bright, and I used to be asked the name of the author of the things he wrote. Occasionally he sent me some verses, and these often were very good, though he made no pretensions to the title of poet."

At first Mr. Nelson wrote under the name of "Edwin St. John," and several of his stories, such as "A Courtship by

Proxy," "Almost a Romance," "Uncle John's Story," and a number of poems entitled "Spring," "Xmas," etc., were thus signed. These early verses show little indication of the imperial spirit which breathes through his later and familiar patriotic poems. His stories were always well conceived, and carefully wrought out. His verses were mostly of a sentimental nature, such as "A Heart Sigh," and "Lines to a Young Lady who declared that she knew not the meaning of love."

Occasionally the note changed as when in "A Pilgrim's Progress," he describes the course of a young man from his first "cooling drink of beer," to "a drink of Yankee rot," and the results which followed. Lines such as these were but natural to one who was such an earnest temperance advocate, for besides belonging to several temperance societies, he wrote a number of articles against the liquor traffic.

In the early seventies following a serious illness, Mr. Nelson moved to Prince Edward Island, and located at Charlottetown. Here he began business as an "Importer and Repairer of Sewing Machines." Just what qualifications he had for this work is hard to tell. But even here he found use for his poetical muse. One of the machines he handled was called the "Wanzer," which won two gold medals at the Centennial Exhibition. He commemorated the victory in "A Legend of Ye Centennial," a poem of several verses, and written in a somewhat humorous strain. But sewing machines evidently were not in Mr. Nelson's line, for after staying a few years at Charlottetown we find him returning to St. John. His farewell to the Island was expressed in the following poem of two verses:

"Oh fair Prince Edward Isle! thou happy land,
With smiling peace and teeming plenty blest,
Sweet isle of sunny slopes and pleasant glades,
And bright-eyed maids, whose powers must be confessed.

"Fain would I linger yet awhile to stay,
Amid thy charms, where I delight to dwell,
But duty calls and beckons me away
To other scenes; dear Island, fare-thee-well."

Upon his return to St. John Mr. Nelson again entered into the book selling business, this time on his own account the year after the great fire of 1877. His first store was at the head of King street, in what is known as the "Trinity" block. Later he moved to the corners of King and Charlotte streets, where he continued in business up to the time of his death in 1904.

"His shop," wrote a personal friend, "was a favorite place of resort for reading men, as he was probably a better authority on books and authors than any other book dealer in this part of Canada. He would not keep or sell certain publications which he found offensively anti-British. He always gave the preference, so far as he could influence the trade, to British books over those from the United States, and exerted a large and continuous influence in eliminating from Sunday School libraries literature which exalted United States institutions and patriots, and was unfriendly or offensive to loyal British sentiment."

The spirit of Canadian patriotism and imperialism became very strong in Mr. Nelson's heart and mind until it



The home in St. John, N.B., of the author.



The exact cliff at Green Head, where Mr. Nelson completed "My Own Canadian Home." He sat where the cross appears in the picture.

grew into almost a passion. He was continually writing articles for newspapers along this line. He was one of the founders and charter members of the St. John branch of the Imperial Federation League, and a member of the executive of the New Brunswick branch of the British Empire League. He was also a member of the executive of the Canadian League. Little wonder, then, that at length his thoughts should flower into perfection in poems of a purely patriotic nature and form the crowning and monumental work of his life.

The first of these was conceived in a manner of considerable interest. He was travelling one day with several men on a steamer on the St. John River. It was a beautiful summer day, and while sitting on deck his companions began to talk about the wonders of Europe dwelling especially upon the fair Italian skies. When the conversation ended and his companions had wandered to some other part of the steamer, Mr. Nelson remained behind, and stood looking upon the fair prospect around

him on both sides of the river, and the deep blue of the skies overhead. It was a scene of entrancing beauty, and thrilled the heart of the loyal enthusiast. Drawing an envelope from his pocket he jotted down several lines of the poem which is now so familiar.

"Though other skies may be as bright,
And other lands as fair,
Though charms of other climes invite
My wandering footsteps there,
Yet there is one, the peer of all,
Beneath bright heaven's dome,
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian home!"

Having done this he replaced the paper in his pocket, and engaged with business he for several weeks forgot about his hasty production on the steamer. Happening to come across it one day he showed it to a friend whom he considered a good critic. The latter was pleased with the words and suggested that he should not only complete the poem but add something of the true Canadian heroic spirit. At this time Mr. Nelson's family was spending the summer at a spot a short distance from St. John, known as "Green Head," the birthplace of Mrs. Nelson. Whenever possible Mr. Nelson would leave the city and hie away to his home in the country, and live for a time among the trees, flowers, and birds. Near the house stands an old abandoned lime stone quarry, and on the top of the bare face of rock one hundred and twenty feet in height is a point from which one can obtain a magnificent view of the St. John River for miles up stream, and the surrounding country. This was Mr. Nelson's favorite retreat, and here with pencil in hand he, like Virgil of old licked his lines into shape, and added the two verses dealing with the heroic spirit as had been suggested to him.

The poem was published in 1887, and set to several tunes but that of Mr. Morley McLaughlin has proven the favorite. The first time it was sung in public seems to have been in Trinity church school room in St. John. A local paper says that "The opening chorus of "My Own Canadian Home," will be long remembered as the first pro-

duction of what is destined to become a Canadian National hymn."

It did not take the poem long to be generally accepted, and everywhere it elicited much favorable comment.

"The poem is already well known," was the remark of a newspaper, "not only on account of the pleasant rythm of its verse but as well for the strong and noble expression which it gives to Canadian national feeling."

In all parts of Canada, at school gatherings, and at patriotic meetings "My Own Canadian Home" found its way. Its influence began to spread and it became recognized outside of our own country. Of the numerous cases which might be mentioned two must suffice. The poem was accepted by the riflemen of Sussex, England, and was sung on the occasion of the visit of the Canadian team several years ago, the band of the London Scottish regiment playing the accompaniment. A copy of a Demerara paper of September 26th, 1891, contained the words of "My Own Canadian Home," with the announcement that "E. G. Nelson's song to the music of Morley McLaughlin would be played that afternoon in the Promenade Gardens by the volunteer militia band." Thus in four years the poem had not only won the hearts of Canadians but those of other lands as well.

If imitation is the sincerest flattery, so is plagiarism, and for downright impudence in this respect a Colorado paper of August 3rd, 1892 carries off the palm. It deliberately used several of the verses of Mr. Nelson's song, merely substituting Colorado for Canadian.

Not only in the writing of "My Own Canadian Home" has Mr. Nelson performed a distinct service, but he has written others which are also widely sung. Of these "Up with the Union Jack," was composed in answer to the blatant cry that "the British flag would soon be hauled down, and that another would rise in its stead." "Raise the flag" was written at the request of Colonel George T. Denison, a great personal friend of Mr. Nelson. The former was to present a flag to a certain school in Ontario, and needed a suitable song

for the occasion. "Raise the Flag" was accordingly composed, and is now in almost every collection of Canadian National songs. Another of his songs, "Canada, Land of the Free," has also had a wide circulation. It was first sung at the Centennial school in St. John, and on that occasion Mr. Nelson gave an address on patriotism.

For these three songs Mr. Nelson himself wrote the music, for he was a musician of no mean order. From his mother, a highly educated woman, he inherited this talent. He sang well, and could play upon almost any musical instrument.

It was a cause of much satisfaction to Mr. Nelson to know that he had assisted in some degree in arousing and strengthening the patriotic spirit in his own loved land. Numerous were the letters he received from far and near, from friends and strangers, testifying to the help and inspiration his poems had been. He had not written for money, and "though," as one said, "he secured copyrights, he gave permission to publishers of school readers, song collections, and other publications circulated among Canadian people to use them without charge. He regarded this as a contribution he ought to make toward the promotion of a Canadian and Imperial spirit throughout the land."

Thus lived Edwin Gregson Nelson, a quiet humble man, who sought not for popular applause, or the approval of the great. He was content to perform his task and let the work tell. His own feelings were well expressed in verse several years ago when asked what he would be in life. He replied:

"What would I be? An honest man,
Of spotless fame, though humble name;
My aim to make as best I can,
My light to shine with purer flame.

"What would I be? A trusty friend,
With heart sincere, of flattery clear,
More willing far to give than lend,
And prompt a fainting heart to cheer.

"What would I be? A friend of man—
From king or queen, to poor and mean—
And leave this world where now I am,
Better than tho' I had not been."

The Print of the French Heel

Editor's Note.—The first instalment of this clever mystery story appeared in the July number. The conclusion will follow in the September number.

By Robert E. Pinkerton

CHAPTER III—*Continued.*

Mr. Burt presided over the table with the ease and geniality that would have marked a similar dinner in his former home in Chicago. Only once did he apologize.

"I am sorry that I cannot offer you some wine," he said, "but the canoe in which two cases were coming up last summer was wrecked, and we have been without it for a year."

Not once, in word or feature, in his eyes or in the tone of his voice, did Mr. Burt betray the feeling he had so frankly stated he held for his guest.

In compliance with his determination, Lawrence did not tell how it happened that he was in the country.

Their talk was from the first of their *alma mater*, for early in the dinner Lawrence had spoken of the fact that they were from the same college.

Mr. Burt's affability and geniality increased when he learned this, and he talked of his college days for an hour or more.

When the cigarettes were lighted there was a pause in the conversation. Finally Lawrence burst forth impetuously:

"I may be treading on forbidden ground, Mr. Burt, but I cannot down my curiosity. I can account for the books, the bath-tub, the electric lights, the pictures, all this," and he indicated the table, "but the hardwood floors are a mystery that I cannot fathom."

Mr. Burt laughed.

"They were a mystery to me, too, until I discovered the answer. When I built this cabin there was a grove of

oak-trees on a point a mile down the lake.

"I could not imagine how they got there, but I took them anyhow. Only last year I learned that late in the seventeenth century there was a Hudson Bay Company post on that point, and that the factor, an Englishman, because of a love for the tree of his native land, had sent for a gallon of acorns and planted them.

"They did not fare very well, but the grove was two hundred years old when I came, and I managed to get enough timber for the floors. What is your explanation of the rest?"

"I did not see how you could have hauled in the lumber," replied Lawrence, "but I did see how it was possible to transport the rest by canoe. But it must have been a stupendous undertaking."

"Yes, and it required three years to get all this in and into shape," said Mr. Burt. "The piano, bath-tub, dynamo, waterwheel machinery, furnace, cooking-range and several other things were, of course, made to order so that they could be taken apart and transported in pieces weighing no more than one hundred pounds.

"Everything was assembled in England and shipped to Fort Severn, on Hudson Bay, at the mouth of Severn River. From Fort Severn to this place is almost three hundred miles by canoe, with many portage. In all there are one hundred and sixty-four canoe-loads in the house and its furnishings. Indians spent three summers getting it in."

The conversation turned to the far

north country, and a new bond was formed by the love of both for the wilderness, for the north, for the canoe and the rifle.

Mr. Burt told how he got the big moose head in the library down north of Cat Lake, and the record caribou antlers northwest toward the Nelson River.

For the first time the girl in the canoe was mentioned when he said that his daughter was responsible for the big bear rug in the living-room, having killed the animal when canoeing alone up the river.

So interested was his host, and so great was Lawrence's interest in the things of the forest, it was after midnight before he took his leave and went to his own room across the hall.

At six o'clock the next morning he was called by the valet.

"Your canoe is ready, and your outfit packed, sir," he said. "Your breakfast will be brought to you here. Afterward Mr. Burt will see you for a moment in the library."

Lawrence quickly dressed, and ate the breakfast the valet brought him.

He found Mr. Burt standing by the window in the library. He was dressed in woolen clothing, the *botte sauvage* on his feet, his clothing more in keeping with the tan of his face and neck than had been the evening clothes of the night before.

As Lawrence saw him standing there, looking out over the lake, his first impulse was to explain his relations with his father, convince his host that he had not come on the errand he believed.

As he was about to begin, Mr. Burt turned.

His courtesy and good nature had disappeared with his evening clothes, and only hatred was in the eyes behind the glasses.

"Young man," he said, "you are the third sent by your father to this house. As you undoubtedly know, the others never returned. They left here safely, fully equipped, but, I have learned, never reached the outside.

"In view of their failure, I wonder that even your father should send you on so dangerous an errand. The others

delivered written messages. Yours, undoubtedly, was to be verbal. There is no need for you to give it. I know it.

"I might add that I have to thank you for a pleasant evening. I was glad of this first opportunity in years to talk with one of my own kind, one from my own college. My offer of a truce may appear to be inconsistent with my true feeling, but I think you can understand."

Lawrence, moved by a note of loneliness which was the first indication of weakness on the part of his host, felt an irresistible desire to tell his true story.

He liked this gray-haired exile, and the memory of a tumbled mass of brown hair beneath a gray felt hat, a lithe, strong, young figure swaying in the rhythmic stroke of the expert paddler, all but forced him to speak. But Mr. Burt went on:

"You are to leave this morning. You will have supplies sufficient to reach the Canadian Pacific. This is the second day of June, and you should reach there the last of the month, with good luck.

"Were it not that I know your father so well, and were it not that I believe no good can come from such stock, I would be tempted to be less harsh with you, for, frankly, you surprised me last night.

"I would believe that the fact that my daughter saved your life would lead you to report that you return empty-handed. As it is, I expect nothing and ask nothing of you. Your canoe is ready."

Mr. Burt opened the door, and, dazed, Lawrence went out.

The vehemence of his host's denunciation had not affected him, but the knowledge that he owed his life to his lady of the French heels momentarily robbed him of speech, and he stood motionless in the hall.

Burt, about to close the door, and mistaking the reason for Willson's remaining, said:

"Perhaps you have heard how the Hudson Bay Company sent those who had incurred its disfavor out on the long traverse?

"You know that, under the circumstances, I would be justified in doing the

same with you. You will notice that I am sending you away—but fully equipped.'

He abruptly shut the door, and Lawrence went down the hall and out onto the verandah.

There the valet waited for him, and led the way down to the beach, where a birch canoe, with a well-filled pack-sack in the bow, and a rifle leaning against a thwart, rested half out of the water.

"The mouth of the river by which you came is five miles down the west shore," he said and turned up the bank.

Lawrence did not realize at the time that the man had omitted the "sir."

He was occupied with the thought that the direction he was to travel was the same as that taken the preceding morning by the girl in the canoe.

An hour and a half later Lawrence reached the mouth of the river.

He found a waterfall there and a portage on the east side. He went across first with the pack-sack.

Half-way over, when at the top of the end of a ridge, he found that the trail was hard packed.

The place seemed vaguely familiar, and he set down the pack. Before him, in the now hardened clay, was the print of the French heel that had been the last thing he remembered before waking in Mr. Burt's house!

"This is where she found me," he thought, looking at the little hole in the ground, now slightly distorted by the drying earth. "I wonder how she got me over to the cabin."

All that day and the next Lawrence poled and paddled and portaged up the river.

The third day was the same, and late in the afternoon of the fourth day, when his canoe was given a sudden twist by the current as he was poling up through a stretch of rapids, the bow was thrown heavily against a jagged rock and suffered a bad tear in the bark.

He was just above an island in the middle of the river and drifted quickly to the upstream point. Landing, he examined the break and then went up the bank to find some spruce pitch with which to mend the hole.

Lighting a small fire to dry poplar twigs, which burned without smoke and gave a hot blaze, he melted the pitch. While applying it to the patch over the tear he glanced up to see an Indian, alone in a birch canoe, poling up the stream along the west bank.

It was the half-breed he had seen at the Burt cabin. The native saw him but gave no sign and continued on up the stream.

His canoe mended, Lawrence went on until sunset, when he stopped and made camp for the night.

After the first two days of the journey his strength had fully returned, and he traveled all of the long days.

The next morning he was up at daylight, which, in that latitude and at that time of the year, came early.

Opening the pack-sack to get the materials for his breakfast, he found that all the food was gone. At first he thought nothing else had been disturbed, until he searched for the box of cartridges and found they, too, were missing. For a moment Lawrence was dazed.

Except that he had a canoe and a blanket, his condition was little better than when his own canoe had been wrecked and Hardy lost.

His first thought was to return at once to Burt's. Then he remembered the Indian who had passed him at the island, and, as a shock, came the last words of Franklin Burt:

"You will notice that I am sending you away—but fully equipped."

Burt had emphasized "sending you away."

"He was clearing his own skirts in case his actions should become known," thought Lawrence. "He's a pleasant sort of murderer. There is no use in returning to his place."

"He meant to kill me, to prevent my getting to the outside, but he didn't want me smeared around his place. That Indian is probably down-stream waiting to see what I do."

"I could make Burt's in a long day, down-stream, but that is useless. It's at least fifty miles, with the long portage, to Cat Lake, and then, after crossing that, I will have a good run down

Cat Lake River to St. Joseph Lake and Osnaburg house.

"But it will take me five long days, and maybe eight or ten, and there's nothing to eat between here and there. That's the only way, and there is no use delaying."

Lawrence immediately set his canoe into the water and poled on up-stream.

He smiled grimly when he made the first portage, for only one trip, with his blanket and the canoe, was necessary. For two hours he poled steadily.

Turning a sharp bend in the river, and working over to the west bank to avoid some bad rocks, he almost ran the bow of the canoe on a pack-sack which was washing gently in the shallow water near the bank. Pulling it out, he pushed in to shore and opened his find.

In it were a tea-pail, a small frying-pan, raisins, ten pounds of flour, three pounds of bacon and baking-powder.

"I guess that fools old Burt, unless he ordered the half-breed to keep on my trail and see that I die," he mused. "But how did this pack-sack happen to be here? It hasn't been in the water long, and it is not one of the sacks Jerry and I lost. But I'm not asking any questions. It'll see me through to Osnaburg house."

Spreading the contents of the pack-sack on the bottom of the canoe to dry, Lawrence pushed out and started up-stream. He poled steadily for two hours and turned a bend into the foot of the rapids in which he and Jerry had been upset.

The river made another and sharper bend just beyond, and around this he knew he could find good going on the beach and carry around the worst of the rapids.

But fast water lay between that point and himself, and every energy was devoted to the pole.

Standing sidewise in the canoe and toiling in the worst of the current, Lawrence was so startled that he almost dropped the pole when he heard a cheery "B'jou" at his back.

Turning, he saw, not more than fifteen feet away, a girl sitting on a rock in the middle of the stream.

CHAPTER IV.

A MIDNIGHT BATTLE.

As Lawrence stared, hardly believing what he saw, the current caught the bow of his canoe and swept it back down the stream.

"You are not going to leave me when I have waited so long?" she said laughingly, and Lawrence snubbed the canoe, quickly turned its head again up stream and over toward the rock on which the girl was sitting.

The water boiled and foamed below the rock, but the current was not so swift, and, in three minutes, the girl had grasped the bow and pulled the canoe alongside.

"Thank you," she said as she stepped in and picked up a paddle. Settling to her knees, Indian fashion, her feet, thrust out behind, touched the bacon.

"You will have to take that meat away," she said. "I can't stand the sight of food. I haven't had a bite since yesterday morning when we upset."

"What!" exclaimed Lawrence. "Nothing to eat for more than a day? We'll go ashore and fix up something. You must be nearly starved. As a matter of fact, I haven't had anything to eat since last night.

"Some one stole all my grub and ammunition last night, and I found this pack-sack in some shallows a couple of hours ago. I thought I would go on until noon before I breakfasted. How did you get onto that rock?" he asked as they landed.

"You know yourself what the rapids above are," she said. "I saw your canoe lodged against a rock. Ashawa, the old Indian who was with me, and I portaged and set in just above where the worst begins.

"As we pushed off he caught his paddle between two rocks and broke it square off. Before I could turn her up-stream the canoe was swept back and into the rapids, sidewise. I haven't seen poor Ashawa since. His head must have hit a rock.

"I went through, how I don't remember much, and landed up against

that rock. I struck awfully hard, but managed to hang on and crawl up on top. I have been there ever since.

"I would have tried to swim to shore, but I was bruised when I hit the rock and did not feel able."

"You plucky little thing!" exclaimed Lawrence as he pushed the canoe to the bank.

"Here, lie down on this blanket and get warm. You look as though you were chilled through. I'll get the quickest meal you ever saw."

He tucked the blanket around her and started a fire.

Cutting a couple of slices of bacon, he put them into the frying-pan and set it over the fire.

Then he filled the tea-pail at the river and hung it in the blaze.

After getting more wood, he mixed flour, baking-powder and salt, poured in the grease friend out of the bacon, added water, and turned the mixture into the frying-pan.

Thirty-five minutes after he had started the fire he set a big loaf of bread on a warm rock near the coals and sliced more of the bacon.

"You brown a bannock beautifully," said the girl, who had been watching him, although pretending to doze when he looked at her.

"Thank you," said Lawrence. "I hope it is as good as it looks. The tea is ready, and as soon as I have fried the bacon our feast will be ready."

And there, in the midst of the greatest, and least inhabited wilderness in the world, four hundred miles from civilization, the young man and the young woman sat down to a meal of baking-powder bread, bacon and tea.

Raised in cities, but lovers of the woods, both of that bigness and broadness, directness and simplicity which the woods instil in those who love them, it was the most natural thing in the world that, boylike and girllike, they should sit and laugh and make merry over their meal, forgetful of the strangeness of their meeting, death just averted and even possible future perils.

"We have enough food to last until we reach your home," said Lawrence as they finished and the necessity of de-

ciding what should be done confronted them. "It must be more than a hundred miles."

"I'm ready," said the girl as she got stiffly to her feet. "But we will have to hurry to make it by to-morrow night. I have made this trip twice, and it generally takes two days from here."

"Where do you go, and where, if I may ask, were you going when this happened?" asked Lawrence, as he set the canoe into the water and held it while the girl took her place in the bow.

"Ashawa's brother, who has been trapping over east of Cat Lake this last season has a sick child, and Ashawa and I were going to his camp. I'm sort of a doctor for the Indians around here," she said laughingly, "and they always send for me."

"And you go out alone with them?"

"No, only with Ashawa. Father and I would trust him anywhere. But don't let's talk about it," and she shook two big tears from her cheeks. "Ashawa, if he was an Indian, was like an old uncle to me, and I don't know what I'll do without him."

She turned her face ahead, and Lawrence did not see the tears that ran down her cheeks and fell into her lap.

They swung out into the stream, each paddling strongly and swiftly.

For an hour little was said.

They passed Lawrence's camp of the night before, the island where he had seen the Indian, through rapids and smooth water, across a lake and into the river again.

If Lawrence had not hesitated to turn again to the house of the man who had tried, for some unknown reason, to kill him, he did hesitate to broach the subject to that man's daughter.

As he watched her shoulders and back plying the long, quick stroke of the expert, keeping to the pace despite the pain which she must feel in her bruised legs, as he thought of her courage and cheerfulness in the face of the death of her friend, and of her own peril, he had a feeling that this daughter of the forest knew nothing of Burt's efforts to have him killed, or of the reasons for the exile of her father and

herself in the desolate northland.

He did not stop to think that his return with Burt's rescued daughter might result in the father permitting him to leave the country unmolested. He knew the only thing to do was to get the girl safely back.

In any event, that would only square himself with her, for she had saved his life less than ten days before.

They did not land until sunset. Then, at a point where the beach widened and ran back to a perpendicular bank, Lawrence turned the canoe in.

As the craft gently grounded, nose upstream, the girl made an ineffectual effort to rise. Lawrence saw the movement and the pain in her eyes.

"Wait and I'll help you," he cried, stepping out into the water and hurrying to the bow. Grasping her elbows he lifted her to her feet and then to the beach.

"I'm all right now," she said, with a wry little smile. "I'm just sore and stiff, and—look out—the canoe!" and Lawrence sprang to catch the boat as the current caught it.

"Canoes are our hoodoos," he laughed, in an attempt to cover the agitation which had seized him upon his nearness to the girl, and which had almost resulted in their craft being swept off down-stream.

"We'll fix it so that it can't get away," and he carried it to the overhanging rocks of the bank.

"You sit down while I get wood and cook supper," Lawrence said, fixing the blanket so that the girl might rest against a rock. "You must be very tired."

"Oh, I've stood lots more than this, but I never went a whole day without food, sitting on a rock in the middle of white water," she laughed.

"I really am ashamed of myself because I don't help make camp, but I guess I am tired."

"Luckily it's cold, and there will be no mosquitoes after dark," said Lawrence as he started a fire. "I suppose you are accustomed to them, having lived here so long."

"Did father tell you how long we had been here?" asked the girl.

"No," he said, looking up quickly to determine just what the girl meant by the question, "but, from things he said, I imagined it must be five or six years."

"Do you like it, up here so many hundred miles from any one? I dare say there is not a white woman within four hundred miles of your house."

"I love it here, and, with father, I never get lonesome. Then, I would love it any way, for father must live in a place like this to keep well. I would go anywhere with him if it were to benefit his health."

"Eh! Yes, of course. You seem to be thoroughly of the woods woodsy, and there are few girls who would like it, who would become so expert as you."

"In fact, I feel that it is due to your love for the woods and the water that I am alive. I am sorry I did not see you to thank you before you left."

"I did not save you," quickly disclaimed the girl. "I just happened to paddle over to the mouth of the river for some pike fishing and found you on the lake portage. Ashawa was with me, fishing near the lake, and I ran to get him. He carried you to the canoe and paddled you home."

"Nevertheless I think I owe it to you, and I'll never be able to tell how grateful I am."

"But what did you do for me today?"

"Oh, I only paid back a little of what I owe."

"Oh, ho! And my life is of so little value that it has to be saved a number of times to compensate for the rescue of your own precious self?"

"You know that is not what I mean," Lawrence hastened to say. "I—I—how did you and your father learn my name?"

"You told us, of course," laughed the girl. "All the way across the lake you kept repeating your name and your father's."

This story will be continued in the September issue of this magazine.—Editor.

Fitting the Job to the Man

Editor's Note.—The appearance of business articles in each issue of the MacLean's Magazine has been one of its strong features. Ideas that have often been suggested to both employer and employee have been handled on previous occasions in a frank and free manner that has ably assisted business men in the solution of their practical difficulties. In this article the somewhat novel suggestion is made, as the title implies. There is no doubt that much waste and useless worry would be avoided by employers and by men themselves if they could be placed into the employments for which environment and natural ability have best fitted them. It was Frank A. Munsey who said that "You cannot get out of a man what God Almighty didn't put into him. You must suit the man to the job; not the job to man."

By Edward Jamieson

WHAT'S the matter with the lazy man?

Is it a microbe or an inheritance or a product of degenerating conditions or pure cussedness which causes his disinclination for work?

The problem of efficiency has been receiving a good deal of attention from employers of labor in recent years with a corresponding benefit, where inquiry has been intelligently applied, to their various establishments. Motion study and the routine of work have been made features of rearrangement in industrial plants and offices innumerable. And yet, it seems, little has been done to inquire into a means of promoting the immediate efficiency of the most expensive of all raw material, the human qualities of the workers. One of the most difficult things to deal with in any organization employing labor is the tendency of a certain percentage—and that usually a large one—of the workmen not only to "take things easy" but also to positively shirk all the work they can without bringing upon themselves unpleasant consequences.

While spending half a day in a large factory the other day the writer took occasion to watch a group of thirty men who were engaged in the same kind of what might be called semi-

skilled labor. They all worked well when they thought the foreman or anyone else in authority was watching but at other times what happened? Perhaps five of the thirty kept going at the same rate. Fifteen or twenty more kept on at a lesser, though what might be called a fair speed but the other four or five either stopped altogether or seemed to do as little as possible and still keep moving.

You will likely say that factory is badly organized. Perhaps it is, though it is under the direction of one of the so-called efficiency engineers who have become so familiar in Canada during the past few years. These men, however, were working at a process which it is difficult to handle under a piece-work system and where the plans of the expert did not seem to touch the spot. The writer ventures the statement, not carelessly, but only after a good deal of investigation, that such cases are not by any means infrequent in Canadian factories.

Observations of this kind coupled with figures given by the labor departments as to the multitude of men who, apparently from disinclination, spend only a small portion of their time in productive employment or do nothing at all, lead one into interesting conjec-

ture as to the economic benefit that would accrue, not only to the employers of labor but also to the state as a whole, if these lazy men—the malingerers and those who are brazen enough to offer no excuse for their idleness—could be cured. And since idleness, no one doubts, tends to lead directly to a myriad of other vices, one wonders how much better off the world might be, morally, as well as physically and financially, were it possible to get at the cause of this idleness and to introduce a remedy.

The writer has been giving the question a good deal of study for some time and as a result puts forth a theory. No originality is claimed for this. It may have been suggested before, though not to my knowledge. In any event it is worth while thinking about. We will work up to it with a few examples from actual business life.

FINDS HIS WORK ON THE FARM.

A well-to-do farmer in the county of Essex, Ontario, was speaking of one of his men who gave one the impression at once of being more-than-ordinarily capable. "It's a peculiar case," he said. "That man strayed around here one day about two years ago looking for something to eat. I was needing help, something about him caught my fancy and I offered him a steady job. He's been with me ever since and while he knew nothing about farming then he has developed into by far the best man I've ever had. In another year I'm going to start him in one of my other farms on a share basis and I expect he'll marry the daughter of my neighbor over there," pointing across the fields. "The peculiar thing about it," he continued, "is that on his own confession he was no good at anything before. He had a good place in a Detroit automobile factory and before that was in a foundry in Buffalo but he said he couldn't stick at anything. He'd been tramping two weeks before he struck here, and had boozed away all his money. I don't think he's touched a drop since."

The proprietor of a daily newspaper

in a small city furnished the story of another case pointing to the same conclusion. "See that boy," he inquired, after we had passed through his "local" room where a young man apparently about eighteen was running hurriedly through a batch of proofs at a big table. "Came to me as a printer's devil about five years ago, and I think he was the laziest young galute we ever had. He wouldn't sweep the place clean, he played sick whenever he thought we would stand for it and he loafed half the time in the cellar. I would have shipped him in a minute but that his father is a special friend and wanted the boy to be a printer. One day he brought in a story of a big fight between some foreigners down on the flats the night before which none of the other boys had gotten wise to. It was so well put together and I was so sick of his other work that I thought I'd try him on the news end. He took to it like a pup to a bone and began to bring in good things nobody else had ever thought of looking for. He was on the job late and early and hustled around for news like a new man. It seems to be a case of him striking his job. Six months ago my city man left to go to the west. I put Jim on the desk till I got another man from the city but he filled the place so well I haven't got anybody else. And, as you can see, he's as happy at it as a small boy at a circus."

Still another case, this time that of a woman, works us further along to the theory.

One of the smaller Canadian cities is noted for the excellence of its public library and a good deal of this reputation is due to the energy, efficiency and years of continuous effort exercised by its librarian, now a woman in the forties. "That is surely a case," said a member of the board to a visiting friend after leaving the building, "where the woman fits her job. I can remember her well as a girl for her family is a connection of my own. After she left High School she had six or seven different positions but couldn't or wouldn't stay in any of them. About

twelve years ago, at her mother's earnest solicitation, we gave her the place as assistant here and it seemed at once as though she had struck her bent. Since that she's made our library what it is."

HAS EVERYBODY A FORT.

Many similar examples can be recalled by almost anyone who takes an observing interest in business or public life. We all know indifferent preachers who have become splendid business men, dissatisfied farmers who made a success at salesmanship, inefficient teachers who made their mark as capable executives, and all of whom have been happy in their new employment. These are cases where the individuals have stumbled or happened into employment and environment for which they were physically and mentally suited.

A mighty large percentage of us have gotten into our own employment in the same way and quite a considerable percentage of us, I submit, work either because we have to provide bread and butter and such luxuries as we can in life or because a certain strength of character forces us to work because it is the proper thing to do.

How many of you who read this article are really satisfied with the work you are doing? How many are there who, consciously or unconsciously, do not do their work under greater or less mental protest? How many are there who really *get fun out of their work*?

Now for the theory. The writer believes thoroughly that if some system could be devised to fit the man to his job, as it were, so that every one, so far as is possible under existing conditions of society and labor, could get fun out of his work *there would be no lazy men*.

The big question is, naturally, how to get at the remedy—how to size up the man.

Very interesting attempts to solve at least a part of the problem are already being made in at least one industrial plant in Canada. Whether the suggested theory has been considered by those responsible for the establishment of the new department is extremely
Sig. 3.

doubtful. They have gone at the matter as far as possible from a practical standpoint with the sole aim of promoting economic efficiency in their plant. In this establishment — the name of which for various reasons cannot be mentioned—several thousand men are employed in what might be generally termed semi-skilled labor and owing to special local conditions the movements of men, and consequently the applicants for employment, are very numerous.

IN A BIG STEEL PLANT.

The head of the employment department is a college man who has given a good deal of study to sociology, anthropology and several other "ogies" of the same kind. For a time at least, to test the practicability of his suggestions he has been given carte blanche in applying his own ideas. The usual system of "hiring and firing" by the foremen of the other departments has been abolished *holus bolus* from this plant. From forty to fifty applicants a day are ordinarily put through the workings of the system. What happens?

The man looking for employment is taken individually into the official's office and given a rather ordinary-looking application blank to fill out. Following this a series of questions is put by the department head who has been studying the applicant, from his desk a little behind and to one side, in the meantime. This scrutiny, it may be mentioned, is considered a much more important factor than the filling out of answers to stereotyped questions though both have their purpose.

During the few minutes the man has been in the room he has revealed a good deal more of his character and capabilities than he has any suspicion of. First his walk, then his method of seating himself and his general appearance, give a good idea of his physical abilities. Then his behavior during the verbal examination goes far to the studied observer in denoting character and mental traits. Are his eyes steady or shifty? Almost certain evidence of honesty or the reverse. Are his verbal answers frank

and straightforward or hesitant and seemingly made for the occasion? Does he keep himself well occupied with the matter in hand or are his eyes and thoughts straying to other things about the room? Is his eyesight good? Is he dressed as becomes his station?

CHARTING THE APPLICANT.

These and a lot of similar factors enter into the examination. Many of these, obviously, must be treated relatively, but they are determined so far as is possible on a scientific basis.

The sole machinery of the department in question is a large indexed filing cabinet. Every employee of the plant is represented in this by at least two cards and some—the recent comers—by three: the signed application blank, a red card bearing the records of the examination made by the head at the time of entering and a blue card prepared for a listing of that employee's record.

It is reported that the men who have been accepted frequently wonder why they have been assigned to a class of work they consider quite out of their line but, as results go to show, their capabilities and temperaments have probably been gauged much more correctly than they were able to do themselves.

The question of how the system is working out is rather a large one but it was answered in a way that leaves no doubt as to the excuse for its existence. "Well," said the man who was largely responsible for its instigation, "I can give you an idea but nothing very definite. We've only been trying it a few months and that time is too short to arrive at any close figures. I can say that it is bound to be a success in a good many respects in a plant of this kind at any rate. The number of changes of employees, roughly speaking, last month was about twenty-five per cent. less than the corresponding month last year when the foremen did the hiring. We're gradually getting a class of steadier men into the plant. A rather interesting feature in this connection," he went on, "is that I've taken on a number of men who were formerly

employed by the company but for various reasons had left or been discharged. I've put these men, in almost every case, at a different class of work and so far," with a glance toward the card file, "all but two have stayed with us."

The idea seems to have had a material value in its application in this plant. Why can it not be applied with advantage in many other lines of business?

SALESMANSHIP IN THE STORE.

Inquiry as to methods in vogue in allotting employees to the various departments has been made in several of the departmental stores. In two or three cases classes of instruction in salesmanship are held for new employees, but in no case is any plan followed corresponding to the one outlined above. The usual plan seems to be to follow the course of least resistance and to allot the new men and women where there are openings regardless of their qualifications. Is there not room for beneficial rearrangement here? Is it any wonder that Sadie Jones, who loves finery and spends half her leisure time talking about clothes should be inattentive and tardy in the book department or that Jennie Robinson, who reads Dickens and Scott and Arnold Bennett with appreciation, should be a disappointment in the cash office? Of course there are hundreds of cases where the Sadie Joneses and Jennie Robinsons force themselves, with more or less mental difficulty, to be efficient and valuable employees. But the probability is that they will never reach the heights nor have the same comfort out of their work that they could have had in other departments.

WHY NOT TEACH IT.

One place above all others where the system might be applied is in our colleges. This fact seems strange at first sight but it is none the less true. Perhaps there is no class of young men who need direction as to what field to enter for their life work more than do the graduates of our colleges granting arts degrees. In a group of twelve men in the senior year at Toronto University

last spring there were three who were perfectly satisfied that they had chosen the proper calling. Four others had some hazy ideas but were likely to take the first favorable offer that came to them and the remaining five had made no decision as to their future activities. This is perhaps easier to understand when we recall that the arts courses make no pretensions as to giving practical aid in the earning of a livelihood. In the technical courses, obviously, the outlook is different. As our Canadian educational system works out, however, if one wishes to make his college course of any practical service he must decide, not on entering the university, but back in his early years at high school, before he has a chance to look at the world or even find himself, what he wants to do in later life. The writer remembers one man in his own class who came to college with the intention of entering the ministry. With new light that idea palled and he gravitated to law, medicine and newspaper work after taking his degree. He ended up as a real estate agent, where apparently,

he is happy and markedly successful. *Why not a course of training in the colleges which would equip men to take positions similar to that occupied by the head of that unique employment department in the steel plant?*

Is there not an opportunity here, also, for a new business? The phrenologists have made a pretence at possessing such directive powers so long as we can remember but the very evident quackery on the part of at least most of their clan has provided against any general faith in their abilities. Is there not a profitable opening, however, for a large number of men and women—perhaps some of them not satisfied and unhappy in other employment—who through close observation and a thorough study of whatever science has to present on the subject would be able to direct other young men and women—and do it more intelligently and in a way more certain of result than the present hit and miss method—to their future activities. *This question of fitting the man to his job seems well worth thinking about.*

If you consider yourself a worm of the dust you must expect people to trample on you. If you make a door-mat of yourself, people are sure to wipe their feet on you.

* * *

More men fail through ignorance of their strength than through knowledge of their weakness.

* * *

You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

* * *

The curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.

Dr. O. S. Marden.

The Middle Strata

Editor's Note.—A Canadian writer who is attaining prominence in the literary field gives us here a story of the city. It is in these that he has done his best work.

By Ed. Cahn

"No, there is nothing the matter with you, Miss Deering, except that you are becoming rather too self-centered. You need to get out of the rut you are in. Get some fresh impressions."

"Now Doctor! Don't tell me I must go in for society. I hate it you know. Can't you give me a tonic or a pick-me-up of some sort? I am so bored all the time, I know that I need something."

"Medicine is the last thing I will prescribe. It is too bad that you have so much money and so few troubles. Have you ever felt any curiosity to see how the other half lives?"

"I have been slumming, of course, everyone goes."

"I meant the great middle strata, when I said the other half. The submerged tenth is fairly well known. You really ought to investigate the middle ranks. It would be interesting. Suppose you think about my prescription which is a mild dose of the middle layer, then take it, and report say a week hence."

"Doctor Brill shoved his prescription pad away and stirred in his chair. By those two movements he invariably signified that the consultation was at an end.

Miss Deering rose. Her pallid face wore its usual bored expression tinged, however, with just the faintest ray of interest which, by the look of her firmly closed lips, was doomed to an early death.

"How extraordinary you are, Doctor Brill. You will drive me to the taking

of those remarkable cures advertised in the papers."

"I think not. I hope that you will not forget that I expect you to let me know how the cure is working, this day week. He bent his serious blue eyes upon her for a compelling instant shook her limp hand heartily, opened the door and the next instant had disappeared with a waiting patient.

Viola Deering stepped into her luxurious automobile and was whirled homeward. At first she was inclined to be annoyed with her man of medicine but his suggestion interested her after all. Suddenly she decided to vary her course a trifle and spent an amusing hour in one of the cheaper department stores, carrying an armful of bulky parcels to the automobile, herself.

Arrived at her home—outside, all pink brick, white enamel wood trim, real old Colonial door and knocker, diamond pane windows and filled inside with order, a somewhat cold taste in decoration and furnishings, but comfortable in every detail, she summoned her housekeeper and gave orders for the week to follow. Then, still carrying her parcels almost jealously, she proceeded to her room.

She packed a small handbag and then arrayed herself in her recent purchases. Making sure that she could depart unobserved Miss Deering picked up her bag and tip-toed out of her own house as quietly as a dismissed domestic.

Two blocks away she boarded a street car and half an hour later was climbing the rickety steps of a boarding house near the centre of the city, whose standing advertisement said that its

board was good and its terms reasonable, and to which Miss Deering knew that the social workers in her club often directed people.

The landlady, a stout woman of forty with a worried, choleric face, looked Miss Deering over appraisingly.

"Yes, I have a vacant room." She said at last.

"Could I see it?"

The landlady seemed to consider, the while she stared at her would-be guest as if to read her past life, future prospects and financial and moral reliability in her face, ringless hands, ready-made suit, three-dollar hat and elegant handbag with silver fittings. Miss Deering had not paid sufficient attention to that detail. It did not harmonize with the rest of her aspect and her coolly superior manner was also much against her, had she known.

"Are you working?" demanded the landlady, pulling a bunch of keys out of her belt and half turning toward the gloomy stairs.

"No. I—that is, I am looking for work."

"Oh. Well, you'll have to pay in advance. Do you want a hall room?"

"I can't say, until I see it."

"It's two flights up."

They climbed the steep stairs. One horrified glance at the tiny cell known as the hall room, its bumpy bed, bureau on three castors, and decrepit wooden chair was enough for Viola. She decided to see a better room and, ten minutes later had paid a week's board, and was in full possession of her new quarters.

She made a tour of the place, disgustedly examining every dusty corner, noting each untidy, unhealthful, uninspiring detail. She wondered how many hundreds of people had slept in the old-fashioned black walnut bed and if the bedding had ever been renovated, and contrasted the room with the poorest one she supplied her servants, and smiled.

That evening, she waited until she thought most of her fellow boarders would be assembled in the basement dining room and then descended. There

was a little hush as she entered. Every pair of eyes was frankly fixed upon her.

It was disconcerting to be kept standing there in the middle of a huddle of not immaculate tables. A few faint rays of the waning daylight struggled through the windows, which looked onto the bottom of a light well. The unshaded gasjets flared and smoked, the stale air reeked with oily food smells.

No one spoke to her and at last she decided to seat herself. She was drawing out a chair at the nearest table when a pert voice said "That seat's taken!"

Miss Deering drew back, and there was a titter. Just then, Lena, the waitress, kicked open the kitchen door and entered, her tray laden with little round stoneware bowls of cabbage soup. She set them down and pulled out a chair at a vacant table in a corner. "You kin set here," she said, and smiled.

The new guest felt warmed by it and took her seat with a feeling of genuine gratitude.

"Cabbage er tomatt—o soup?" inquired Lena, wiping a spoon on her apron.

"Tomato, please."

"What's yer name? Everybuddy'll be askin' me."

"Oh, Miss Deering. Do you introduce people?"

"Law no! Don't wait for that, here. W'y they just come up an' talk an' you do the same. Cabbage did you say?"

"Tomato."

"All right."

The room was again abuzz with talk. No one paid the least attention to the newcomer. The guests plied knives and forks and tongues industriously. They varied from a fine faced old gentleman of over eighty to a fluffy haired blonde chit of seventeen who was somebody's typist during the day and another somebody's "steady company" every evening.

In spite of the fact that adversity had compelled the old gentleman to live in Mrs. Black's boarding house for over ten years he still possessed the courtesy

of another age and he smiled and nodded to those who spoke to him, with the air of a grand duke.

There was a smart appearing woman of about Miss Deering's age who sat next to the old man. She complained a little of the fatigue of the day. Miss Deering observed that her eyes were heavy, her hand trembled as she lifted her teacup and she seemed to be forcing herself to eat. "The woman is tired to the point of utter exhaustion," thought Viola.

"I hope you will be able to get some sleep tonight," said the old gentleman.

"No chance. I've got to work."

"You are not going back to the store?"

"Yes. Stocktaking."

"Already!" cried two voices at once from the next table.

"We don't begin until next week. Gee! How I hate it. You look awful tired, Miss Glass. When are you going to get a rest?"

"When I die, I hope." A laugh greeted this.

"You should get married, Miss Glass," remarked a loudly dressed young man with red hair who was bolting his food at an alarming rate.

"That's what everybody tells me. But I don't see much hope for me with all these pretty girls here. Besides, who ever heard of an old maid getting married?"

"Cheer up, there's hope yet." This was from a pop-eyed dried-up looking woman who presided at what Lena called "the family table," for it was sacred to the Burns family. Father, mild and colorless; mother, the speaker; daughter, Hilda, who was learning French and corresponding with a divinity student; sister Dodo, a student of music; Bob and Leslie, schoolboys, aged twelve and fourteen, and like all other boys.

The family dutifully applauded mother. The rest laughed only faintly, so Miss Deering concluded that Miss Glass was rather better liked than Mrs. Burns.

Mrs. Carpenter at a far table, raised her voice a trifle. "Miss Deems has got a 'kise.'" There was a ripple and gen-

eral attention. "Miss Deems is English and says 'kise' for case; she's a nurse," explained Lena to Miss Deering whilst she removed the soup plate.

"At last!" said Mrs. Burns.

"Yes. At the King Hal Hotel. She was to give the man hot applications right away, the doctor said."

"Fancy! Oh!"

"Oh his wife is there, so it is all right."

"Of course. Well, it's a good thing for Miss Deems. She has been idle so long. I hope the man stays sick a month," said Miss Glass.

"Mercy on us, Miss Glass, you don't wish him any ill fortune or anything, do you?" cried Mr. Carpenter.

"If some one has had luck it means good luck for somebody else. Life's a see-saw."

"What she meant was, Jim, that she hoped the man would fancy he was ill."

"Not exactly, Mrs. Carpenter, fancying and being, are usually the same. Men are such babies anyhow." Miss Glass got up and pushed her chair back in place.

"There's another nawsty one!" exclaimed Mr. Struthers, the blonde Englishman who was writing a book.

Miss Deering watched Miss Glass' superb figure out of sight, wondering meanwhile if she could possibly be as near collapse as she looked.

A large black haired woman came in. "Hello, everybody," she said breezily.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mack," said the family primly. The old gentleman nodded gravely, the red haired young man put out his hand and wrenched a chair out. "Hello, Carrie," said he. "How is the whole vile world?"

"Great! I feel fine; tired as a dog; going motoring with my friends to-night—away out in the country; going to dig up a lantern 'an' see if I can't locate some flowers. What we got for dinner? My, but I'm hungry. Hello Donnie! How's Donnie! Heard you come in last night, you scalawag. Bet it was three o'clock if it was a second."

"Aw now, Mrs. Mack!"

"Well, it was. I know, because that kid across the alley always starts to yell



"Yes, the best work! Oh, I am so happy!"

about one and it had been at it for a couple of hours."

"Um hum, it was a quarter after three," said Mr. Samuels. "I was up and looked at my watch."

"How did you know that I was there?"

"Seen your light, of course, you mutt."

"Now I've got you! I didn't have a match and couldn't light the gas. I went to bed in the dark!"

"Say, Miss Welsh, I saw you out last night," called Donnie to the little typist.

"Did yeh?"

"Yes. Gee, you was all lit up in pink. Who was the fella you was with?"

"Friend of mine."

"You want to be careful of him. I knew a fella once that looked just like him—he was a porch-climber."

"Oh, you!"

Most of these sallies were greeted with general laughter. Miss Deering noticed that conversation did not impede the speed with which they all ate, and that none of them seemed to be anxious to linger. Everyone looked tired but still nervously alert. Some were planning the evening's entertainment. Nearly all talked of the theatres and ball games; those who were in funds did not mention money, those who were not, bewailed its absence aloud.

As Miss Deering began on the roast, the family rose as one man and departed. Dodo and the boys stalked out, eyes straight ahead. Hilda and her mother nodded right and left, graciously. Mr. Burns picked his teeth and slouched in the rear, bored. Miss Deering pitied him, she at least was not bored, but she knew very well she would have indigestion after this greasy meal.

After the Burns' had disappeared the room became noisier. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter were laughing hilariously at a joke being told *sotto voce* by Mr. Ewing, the confirmed bachelor who was reported, Lena said, to have lots of money but was awfully queer. Mrs. Mack was making shameless love to Donnie, the handsome but dissipated young salesman, while the red-haired

young man leaned back in his chair and regarded them with amused, half-shut eyes.

Donnie was not at all deceived by Mrs. Mack's pretence of the maternal. He teased her by pretending to look upon her as a son looks to a mother, and his impudence was almost shocking. Viola watched the little farce, and felt contempt, then amusement, then suddenly she understood and while she bit her lip to keep from laughing at the funny side, her cold heart ached for Mrs. Mack.

The landlady bustled in and sat down opposite her new guest. The most of the boarders ignored her as completely as she ignored them. Miss Deering she favored with a nod. "Well," she said fretfully to the room at large, "the Burns' are going to leave me."

"Really?" cried Miss Welsh and her chum added, "I thought they were fixtures here."

"Nothing is a fixture in this world. Lena, this soup is too salty. It's the queerest thing how that cook will oversalt everything. Yes, they are going."

"Where to?" Mrs. Mack took her hand off Donnie's arm and turned around.

"Oh, they are going to live in somebody's house while the somebody is away."

"I shouldn't like it, myself."

"No."

"I would, if it is were a nice house."

Donnie and the red-haired young man took their leave, and the bald Englishman followed. Mrs. Mack's air of gayety fell from her like a garment. She attacked the remainder of her dinner and did not look up again. The old man stalked stiffly out of the room, his cane held before him, for the hall was dark.

There was a clatter on the stairs, three sporty looking young men and three slender, overdressed girls came in and seated themselves noisily.

There was a faint rustling at the door. An old, white-haired woman in a very dirty white waist and a very dirty black satin skirt came slowly in, catching at the edges of the tables as

she passed. She wore an uncertain smile as if she pled, half laughingly, for indulgence. She was almost blind.

The landlady watched her safely into her chair and then turned away. Everyone looked at her but no one took the trouble to speak, for she was a little deaf and her old brain did not work quickly. One was apt to have to repeat an inane remark several times, so what was the use? It is easier to let old people alone.

Miss Deering waited in vain for a finger bowl, then, remembering that the others had concluded without, she excused herself and went upstairs.

There were lights under a few doors. Someone was worrying a disjointed tune out of a mandolin, Donnie's fine bass voice was singing the latest rag-time hit, and as Viola reached her door the flat notes of a tuneless piano in the parlor tinkled upward. She was fond of music, but she hated noise, so she shut her door with a bang, something she had not done in as long as she could remember. "Heavens! How soon one becomes middle class!" Her room was stuffy, a peculiar odor, half kerosene and half carbolic acid, pervaded everything. She lit the gas and her aristocratic nostrils trembled with disgust. She was sorely tempted to return to her own cheerful library but decided against it.

She had nothing to read, and there was nothing interesting or even restful in her room. Somewhere a child was crying weakly. It disturbed Miss Deering so that at last she was forced to don her street things and venture forth.

There was no where in particular to go. The stores were closed, the churches dark, and there was no park within walking distance. She wondered how people who had to live in Mrs. Black's boarding house the year around, managed to keep from going mad every evening. For the first time she realized how lonely life can be, and turned her steps into a quiet street, pondering as she walked.

Two girls passed her arm in arm. She recognized Miss Welsh as one of



"Making sure that she could depart unobserved, Miss Deering picked up her bag and tip-toed out."

them for she was speaking. "I just sung out, 'that chair's taken,' I wasn't going to have any old maid with a face like a quince, seated at my table."

"I don't blame you. An old maid is no good to herself or anybody else. They are all as selfish as they can be." Miss Deering realized that she was the subject of their conversation and too, that for the most part, she *was* no good to herself or to anyone else. She turned this new idea over and over, could it be that the old self she had discarded that day was the unnatural one and this other, dressed in ugly garments and thrilling through and through with pity for the old blind woman, and foolish, overworked, heart starved Mrs. Mack was her better self?

At last she noticed that it was nearly ten o'clock. She had wandered a long way away from the boarding house and was very tired. There was a lunch room at hand, in fact, it was the clock in its window that had startled her.

White enamel letters below the name announced that ladies were served. Why not go in for a cup of coffee?

Miss Deering hesitated only a second then opened the door and went in. There was a long counter, three young Greeks presided behind it and a row of rather shabby young men perched variously on stools before it. Several wore their hats.

At the rear of the room were some small tables and two women were seated at one of them. Their presence was all that saved Viola Deering from mounting a stool at the counter.

She ordered coffee and crullers, genuinely tired from physical exertion for the first time in years. The coffee came in an enormous china cup that resembled a hollow cobble stone. The waiter had put milk into it unbidden, as a matter of course. Viola helped herself to a spoonful of coarse sugar and thought it all amazingly good.

She looked around her with the liveliest interest. To be sure, there was dirt in the corners but on the surface, things were surprisingly clean, and the prices on the flyspecked bill-of-fare, incredibly cheap.

A young man came in, swung himself to a stool, threw his hat onto a peg and gave his order all in a breathless moment.

"Adam and Eve on a raft!" yelled the waiter to the cook behind the swing doors. "Stack o' wheats!" shrieked another. Miss Deering wondered just what these things would be but she forgot to watch to see, in her interest in another newcomer.

He was a young man, very shabbily dressed, he walked slowly and in every line of his face was the unmistakable sign of consumption. He took a stool and listlessly drank a cup of coffee and ate some pancakes. It was noticeable that he did not twine his legs around the stool in the hearty manner of the others.

"How you feelin', Bill?" inquired one of the waiters.

"Fine, I don't think. The doc says I ought to light out for Colorado before the con gets me."

"Going?"

"Who, me? Oh, my yes! In my private car." He paid for his meal and with a gasping, "So long," went out.

The men on the stools looked after him, some indifferently, but most with pity. The Greeks shook their heads at each other. Then, one more emphatic than the others, observed that it was a blanked shame about Bill. "Here he works like a son-of-a-gun since he was so high. Father, he is dead; mother sick; five, six kids, all girls. Bill has to buy them shoes, send 'em to school, and do everything, it's all up to him. He gets sick, but he's got to work or they all starve, naturally he gets worse. Now look at him. It's a damn shame. Things are not even in this life. Look at those rich fellers that roll in money, and then look at Bill."

"Why don't he make the kids get jobs," asked a messenger-boy practically.

"Him! Them girls is to be ladies—only!"

The messenger-boy made a grimace and demanded custard pie.

Miss Deering finished her coffee and beckoned the sympathetic Greek. "Sit down," she said, "I want you to tell me all about that young man with consumption. Do you know his name and where he lives?"

The Greek, after a prolonged stare, gave her all the information she asked. She made a few notes on a scrap of soiled wrapping paper, with the Greek's stubby pencil, and then she paid for her coffee and left.

"Who's your frien'?" asked one of the others as Viola opened the door.

"Her? I dunno. One of them ugly old maid angels, maybe."

Verily, the middle strata was frankness and carelessness itself!

"Old maid." How sour she must look, that everybody knew it. But about Bill, should she follow the sensible rule and thoroughly investigate his case, or, should she carry out the plan born in a moment?

In a stationary store she purchased writing materials, from her coat pocket

came her check-book and under the coldly incurious eye of the saleswoman Miss Deering wrote a check and a note which said: "Accept this in payment of a debt which you know nothing about. I expect you to leave for Colorado within three days."

"Very cordially yours,
"Viola Deering."

P.S.—I have instructed my bankers to give you no information about myself."

Miss Deering wrote a brief letter to her bankers making good her postscript, posted both letters and took a car to Mrs. Black's boarding house. It was after eleven o'clock when she opened the door.

All was quiet, the gas in the hall was turned low, the faded red carpet looked warm and mellow, the old walls, in their dim, dingy paper seemed to be brooding upon all their ears had heard in all the countless days of their long lives. Somewhere a board creaked, and the sounds from the city penetrated faintly.

Viola ran up the stairs as lightly as a girl. Mrs. Black was coming down and they met upon the landing. Miss Deering's face was bright with a smile, and the landlady, surprised out of herself, returned it. "You look happy, Miss Deering, have you found work so soon?"

"Yes! The *best* work! Oh I am so happy."

Mrs. Black smiled again. "I am glad. Goodnight and sweet dreams."

Viola undressed in a glow, humming a tune. She could have danced, she

felt so happy. Once in bed, she painted the darkness with her rosy plans.

"I'm not going to be an old maid. I'll be a bachelor girl. I'll stay here a week and do all I can, then I'll report to Doctor Brill. To think that I was ever bored. Oh, it's great to have money to use. I wish I had known long ago how fine it is to help people in the middle strata. Won't Bill be surprised?"

"Tomorrow I will make friends with the old gentleman and the poor, half blind old lady. I'll do something for them without their knowing it. Miss Glass is going to get a rest if I have to buy her store and dismiss her from her place.

"Yes, I'll stop being a sour old maid with a sour face and a bored soul. I'm going to get busy, and slangy and alive! I have been shirking out of my job which is, I verily believe, playing deputy Providence. I'm going to need a card index to keep track of my people. Hum, hum, I'm so deliciously tired. How I shall sleep. I wonder what we will have for breakfast, I'm almost hungry.

"Doctor Brill knew what I needed. . . . He is a wizard. . . . I must endow a cot in his hospital . . . poor Bill . . . six little girls . . . he wants them to be ladies . . . what will he think . . . when he gets my note? . . . He had beautiful eyes . . . I noticed . . . Not an old maid . . . face like a quince. . . . a big bachelor girl brother to . . . the . . . middle strata."

Miss Deering was asleep.



His Wife

Editor's Note.—According to Adam Smith, the essence of what we are pleased to call our common-sense marriages of to-day positively forbids that a person marry beneath him in social position, and advises that mutual esteem be founded on a substantial bank account. Those who believe in "fore-ordained mates," in noble and steadfast womanhood, will appreciate the author's diversion from the popular ideal.

By Temple Bailey

AS Mortimer came up from the links to the porch of the country club, he was conscious of the constrained attitude of the men who greeted him. The fight was on, and, with his jaw set, he dropped into a chair, determined to win out.

Then arrived Dicky Dolliver: "Say, all of you, Maude and I want you at Granite Cliff for the weekend."

There was a murmur of delighted acceptance.

"It will be a sort of house-warming for you and Janet," Dicky assured Mortimer. And silence fell on the group.

From a wicker chair in the west corner came the first negative.

"By Jove, Dicky, I forgot! We've a dinner on."

The others found equally plausible excuses.

Dicky stared at them blankly. "Oh, I say, look here, you can't all be tied up, not this time of year."

They were, they persisted, and—it would be impossible.

Mortimer's keen eyes accused them. "Not one of you has an engagement you can't break." He turned to Dicky. "The trouble," he said, "is Janet."

In the stiff silence which followed he seemed to gather himself together.

"We might as well have it out," he said at last. "You fellows don't like my marriage, and you want me to take my punishment. Dicky's been away for a year, or perhaps he wouldn't be so rash——"

The boy flared at that. "I'm not a

cad, and—and I've seen your wife, Justin."

Mortimer's glance flashed upon him radiantly. Then to the frigid group: "Perhaps if you knew the whole story ——. You must do me the justice to listen while I tell it. After that, if you want to make miserable the woman who saved me from death—from worse than death——."

He had their interest now. Even Herrick, the arbiter of social destinies, bent attentive eyes upon him.

"Not that your scorn could touch her," Mortimer flamed. "You can't hurt her. But she would grieve if she knew that my marriage to her had cut me out of your friendship. I want to save her that. Otherwise, she needs nothing that you can give her."

"That's right," was Dicky's confirmation. "If you fellows haven't seen her, you've got something coming to you."

"Go ahead, Justin," said Herrick, and motioned to a hovering waiter.

Mortimer sat on the porch rail and looked out into the purple October twilight and talked to them. They could see only the vague outline of his big figure, his long, lazy equipment of beauty and strength.

"You know my boyhood," he began, "and most of you knew my father. A great man, with one great fault. And you know, too, that I inherited that fault. You remember my mother, and how little she was able to understand either of us. She had the ideals of the women of her upbringing; she was a

sweet saint, ready for Paradise, but with no knowledge of the 'fight of the two natures which are within men.

"I was twenty-one before I knew that I was controlled by a master stronger than myself. I didn't admit it even then, but there were times when all my strength of will could not hold me steady.

"I think most of the men of my set understood where I was drifting. Dicky here"—his hand went out affectionately towards the boy—"used to urge me to go away—anywhere. Once he begged me to marry, but I don't think he dared suggest it a second time. I wasn't going to let any girl that I knew undertake the discouraging task of reform. Yet I liked the companionship of women, and they danced with me, flirted with me; but not one of them held out a helping hand."

He drew a long breath. "That is why Janet means so much to me. I wish I could make you see her as she looked that first day. I had left a city full of slim-hipped, hobble-skirted rouged and powdered, with pearls in their ears, and with chains swinging to their knees, a race of civilized barbarians, to whom religion meant little, to whom money and social position meant everything, to whom motherhood was only a name, and wifehood a temporary state.

"And upon the shores of a sapphire lake I came upon a girl, wide-bosomed, deep-eyed, hanging clothes on a line in a May day wind, which blew a drift of apple-blossoms over her from the trees beyond. She had on an old green gingham gown, with the sleeves turned up, and the collar turned in to show her white neck.

"My quest for accommodations had taken me through the country. My doctor had sent me away from the city—away from my temptation. But not until I came upon the girl in the apple orchard had I cared to stop.

"I asked if they had rooms, and was told competently that they had. We went upstairs to look at them. There was a rag-carpet, woven blue and white; the bed was an old four-posted cherry

one, with knitted trimming on the counterpane. Between the snowy muslin curtains was a glimpse of the blossoming world below.

"The girl who showed me the room, the girl who had hung the clothes on the line, the girl, who made terms with dignity and with perfect unconsciousness, was—Janet.

"Her mother was out, and my request for lunch was met somewhat seriously. Could I eat on the kitchen table? I could, and I had strawberries and cream, raisin cake, a ball of white Dutch cheese, and a little jar of currants put up in honey.

"Janet left me to eat alone, and went on with her washing. I could see her with her elbows deep in the suds, the apple-blossoms drifting over her—a shower of fragrant snow.

"In the mid-afternoon, three children came home from school, and at night the mother. She was a second edition of Janet. Age had not touched her, except to give her a deeper bloom and perhaps a heavier step. Scotswomen, both of them, they asked grace before meat, and counted only those things worth while which made life better and worthier.

"I settled down there to read and grow stronger.

"But I found things to do. On Tuesday Janet ironed, and brought her board out under the trees. So I read to her, and found her possessed of a simple philosophy. On Wednesday she mended, and I placed her heaped-up basket beside my chair. We talked of many things, and I found her a thinker.

"On Thursday she baked, and I stoned raisins for her. On Friday she swept and cleaned, and I was turned out, and discovered that the time hung heavy on my hands. On Saturday the mother had a half-holiday; so I insisted on a picnic, and took them all for a drive to the lake, and we had our supper there.

"It was in those days that my first feeling of reverence for woman was waked.

"The girls that I had met were a protected class, and we men had con-

spired to keep them so. I had taken my feeling for their undoubted innocence for reverence; but now I was to learn that I had always thought of them, subconsciously, as an inferior sex—the masculine in me had refused to make concessions to them.

"But here was a woman who ruled a little kingdom. For I soon found that Janet was queen of her small circle. Her mother was the widow of a Scotch clergyman. They had come to America in Janet's childhood, and when the father died the two women set themselves to do what was at their hand. The girl might have taught in the district school, but there was more money in their primitive laundry work, and they had no pride greater than their pride of independence.

"A younger brother was working his way, with their help, through college. Janet told me of him, and showed me his picture.

"There are many temptations in town," I warned her, but she shook her head.

"He's a strong laddie," she said.

"I learned thus indirectly to know her contempt for weakness. Can you imagine my humiliation, therefore, when, one night, she found me, very late, curled up under the old apple-tree, dazed and incoherent? I had gone to town that day, ostensibly on business, but secretly mad for that which had been withheld for weeks.

"She got me into the house quietly; and the next morning was mending day. I took my book to a far corner of the orchard—I was ashamed to claim her society after such a revelation; but presently I saw her coming towards me, with her basket held high, swinging along with step as light as Diana's under a hunting moon.

"She sat down beside me and talked first of her work; but she was very straightforward, and at last came to the subject that was in both of our minds.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"I had to tell her the truth. 'I went for it.'

"She laid down her work and looked at me. 'It's your master?'

"I'm afraid, yes."

"I saw the color flame into her cheeks. It seemed to me that she trembled, but I was not sure, for she had herself steady.

"Then it is something to fight?"

"I nodded.

"And you came up here to do it?"

"Yes."

"She seemed to stiffen suddenly; but when I looked into her eyes they were deep wells of tears. Yet her voice was unshaken and her hand was firm as she leaned forward and laid it on mine.

"You are not going to town again," she said, 'for—let's set the time—six months? Shall it be six months, Mr. Mortimer?'

"If she had said six years, I should have consented. It seemed to me that she radiated strength. I felt that my future was builded upon a rock.

"We said no more after that; but in the days that followed, I found that she drew me towards things which kept my hands and head busy. I helped her in a garden; she had the children bring to me their lesson problems; she took long walks with me along the rough shore at the hotel, upon the cliffs."

The stars were out now, and a little crescent moon. From a distant wing of the house came the tinkle of glass and the murmur of voices. Dinner was being served to belated golfers and to the first early evening arrivals.

"There was another thing," the quiet voice went on. 'It's not easy to tell; but I want you to know her. Whenever there was a quiet time of work, she brought a little worn book and had me read marked passages aloud—verses like this: 'The rock of my strength and my refuge is in God,' and, 'Lead me to the rock which is higher than I.'

"I cannot say that she waked in me a conscious religious response, but she led me gradually toward an ideal. I began to see in her something that I had never before recognized in any woman. I had no thought of love. It was until four months had passed that I knew what Janet meant to me.

"In these months there had been contests of will, when I had set my face steadily towards town, and she, as steadily, had set hers against it. And

every time she won. I think it wore on her a little, for the color went out of her cheeks, and there were shadows under her eyes. Her mother insisted that she must have rest—a trip to an aunt's in a nearby town. But Janet would not go, and I knew why she would not.

"Are you waiting for six months to pass before you will leave?" I asked her one morning, as I followed her into the orchard. There were apples on the trees.

"Oh, no," was her guarded reply. Then, because she could not lie, she stopped and looked at me, and said quickly, "Do you think it would be safe?"

"Of course," I bragged. "It has been four months—and I could stay here. Anyhow, it will be a test. Let's try it."

"But if things should go wrong," she cried, "I think I should know it—I believe I should know——"

"She packed her little trunk after that, and I took her to the station. 'Dear Janet,' I told her, at the last, 'you have been a tower of strength to me.'"

"As I drove home in the early twilight, the spirit of sweetness and steadfastness was upon me, and it lasted a week. Then came a season of rains. The orchard was a sodden swamp. The wind howled in the caves and made my room a haunted corner. There was no haven but the kitchen, and even that place of cheer failed for comforting; for it was there that I most missed Janet.

"And then the whisper of evil came to me. A devil stood all day at my elbow and urged, 'Go to town—it's there.'"

"I tried to fortify myself with her weapons—the little worn testament, hard work, exercise—but all had lost their power.

"Once I thought I would go to her, but something held me back. 'Surely, you are not a weakling,' whispered my tormentor, 'that you should put your burdens on a woman's shoulders!'

"It was on a rainy Monday afternoon that I went to town. I stayed four days, and was then drawn irresistibly back. I knew I was not worthy to stand upon the threshold of that homely cottage,

but through the blur of my consciousness was the thought of the One Woman. I must get to her or die.

"Yet it was not physical death that I feared, but the death of that which she had waked in me. I did not want to go back to the sordidness of my old life. It was as if I had had a glimpse of heaven when I had known—hell."

There was a long pause before he went on. The shrilling of insects seemed to emphasize the stillness. Lights twinkled along the line of the curving roadway. Now and then an automobile swerved up to the steps, discharged its laughing load, and went on. Women in light gowns, men in evening clothes, were illumined for a moment by the swinging lantern above the entrance, and then disappeared in the shadows.

"It was dark and stormy when I arrived at the station. I plodded heavily along the muddy road, my steps uncertain, my head bursting. The wind beat upon me, and the rain soaked me, but I did not care. I began to sing loudly, and, singing, staggering, must have followed the wrong road, for I found myself presently on the shore of the lake. It was a rocky shore, and I had come out on the edge of a cliff—not a high one, but with a steep descent that made my position, in my unsteady state, a dangerous one.

"God knows what thoughts go through a man's brain at such a time, but suddenly I was consumed by a desire to quench the burning fire of my torment in the cool waters of the lake. I exulted in the thought of purification. I should come out fit to meet Janet!

"The surf was boiling beneath me, and the needle-points of the rocks showed above it. But my recklessness took no heed of danger. I sang wild snatches of a song—it was a silly thing—a remnant from some music hall—sung the night before by a line of show girls.

"I had stripped off my coat, and was untying my shoes when, suddenly borne on the wings of the wind, I heard an answering note.

"As I stood spellbound, I saw, far in the distance, a swaying light following the irregular line of the cliff. I called, and the answer rang out: 'I'm coming!'

I plunged forward and fell at her feet.

"When I opened my eyes she bent above me. She wore her old gingham gown, and it was drenched and torn. Her hair was wind-blown. But her eyes—and the light in her hands—I can't think about it—I can't tell it. But I knew then what she meant to me—what she will always mean to me.

"It has been a year since then. What I am, I am by the grace of God, working through a wise and steadfast woman.

"There are people who will say that she married me for my money. But she knows and I know that we are fore-ordained mates. My need of her strength, and her need of my love—these are our reasons."

He stood up as he finished.

"My world, if I must lose it, will be well lost for her. It is for you to say ____"

Before they could answer, there came the purr of an electric motor, and a big car loomed through the shadows. A

footman jumped down and opened the door.

A woman ascended the steps, and stood for a moment under the lamp, a gracious figure in shining white, her dark hair banded with silver, a rose-red cloak half slipping from her shoulders.

As Mortimer stepped down to meet her, her hand went out to him. "Justin," she said, "am I very late for dinner, dear?"

They were on their feet in a moment, the men who had judged her, hats off, heels clicking, and as she smiled at them, with parted lips, they had a vision of her as her husband had seen her on that night of the storm—in her wet green gingham, with her light held high.

And it was Herrick, arbiter of social destinies, who was the first to speak.

"Wake up, old man," he said to Mortimer, who stood proud but uncertain beside her—"wake up and present us. We want to meet—your wife!"

ANTICIPATION

Woven of rainbows art thou,
Fragile and shining and fair,
Texture of all that is rare,
Woven of rainbows art thou.

Tempting, enticing art thou,
Promise of exquisite bliss,
Fading at man's lightest kiss,
Tempting, enticing art thou.

Cruel and changeful art thou,
Thralling all men by thy gleam,
Only to vanish a dream,
Cruel and changeful art thou.

—Leslie Grant Scott.

A Woman Doctor Whose Hobby is the Feeble-Minded

Editor's Note.—In reviewing a life sketch of this talented writer and medical woman, the mind naturally turns to that Biblical reference to the foolish man who fears to go out because a lion is in the street. The indomitable courage and persistent cheerfulness of Dr. MacMurchy has driven from her path all difficulty and opposition. Such a life will be an inspiration to every reader of MacLean's.

By Arthur Conrad

ABOUT fifteen years ago the English mistress in one of Toronto's collegiate institutes took it into her head that she would like to do something out of the ordinary. For more than a dozen years she had been teaching school, day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, and the process was becoming monotonous. She was an active little lady, bright, capable and afraid of nothing, not even the frown of a disapproving male. Her reading, and she had read a great deal of informative literature, apprised her that the opportunities opening up before women in the study and practice of medicine were becoming more and more and more numerous and that the civilized world needed female practitioners for certain special kinds of work.

So in her spare time this English mistress read up texts, attended lectures and applied herself with the utmost devotion to the pursuit of medical lore. Long years of teaching made her an apt pupil. Moreover, she was whole-hearted and nothing interposed between her and the achievement of her purpose. She made wonderful progress, all things considered, and eventually passed her final examinations and was empowered by the law of the land to write M. D. after her name. hang out an illuminated sign from her front door and collect fees for

attendance on the sick and infirm.

From that day to this the name of Helen MacMurchy, M. D., has never been long out of the press. It is probably a more familiar name to readers of newspapers than that of almost any other Canadian woman. For Dr. MacMurchy has been doing things ever since she graduated in medicine. She belongs to that class of person who is never happy unless he or she is actively engaged in advancing some dearly loved cause. Because those objects, which this woman doctor has sought to gain, have attracted attention and because she has often had to fight her way against opposing forces to win her end, she has naturally come into a good deal of prominence.

No sooner had she started to practice her unusual profession than an obstacle loomed up. To complete her experience she applied for a position on the resident staff of the Toronto General Hospital. No woman doctor had ever had the temerity to do such a thing before, or if any had, her request had been so peremptorily refused as to leave no doubt that the male interns did not want any lady coadjutors. But Dr. MacMurchy was not deterred by precedent or by the fear of offending anyone. She applied, lobbied vigorously, got her numerous medical friends to work for her and ultimately won her point in the face of much opposition.



HELEN MACMURCHY, M.D.

More recently she engaged in another stiff contest. The movement to appoint a medical inspector in the Toronto public schools called forth a number of aspirants. Many thought that this work could best be handled by a woman physician. This was the view of the city press, which urged the appointment of Dr. MacMurchy. In the end she won a partial victory. She was named assistant inspector with special oversight over the girl pupils. But she had not been in office long before

there was a clash of authority and, being unable to conduct her department as she wished, she was glad enough to resign and turn her attention to another kind of work which had meanwhile awakened her interest.

This was the care of the feeble-minded. It is now seven years since Dr. MacMurchy was named by the Ontario Government to take a census of the feeble-minded in the province and begin a study of their condition. Since then, in the intervals of her growing practice, she has devoted more and more time to this important problem. Backed up by the Hon. W. J. Hanna, the provincial secretary, who is a great crony of the little woman doctor, she has become a specialist in feeble-mindedness and probably has reached the point of knowing more about these poor creatures afflicted by it than any one else in Canada. She has made the subject her hobby, has kept it in mind day and night, has read it up, written it up, and talked it up continuously. And now her zeal has been rewarded, if reward it may be called, by a nice government appointment, to wit, inspector of the work among the feeble-minded in the province.

Though small in body, the Doctor is mentally a giant. She is active, enthusiastic and determined. Her energy is tireless. Withal she is most capable, alike as doctor, lecturer, writer and administrator. One would go far before one would meet a brighter, more intelligent and versatile woman than this ex-schoolmistress, who became a doctor in order to broaden her opportunities.



A Little Journey to Vancouver

Editor's Note.—The regular contributions of the well-known writer, Elbert Hubbard, add to the pleasure of the reader by reason of his sane and plain spoken manner of approaching his subject. This account of his trip to Vancouver will be interesting because of his text—happy and healthy people are those who work. The spirit of the peoples of Western Canada, and especially of this rapidly growing city on the coast impresses the traveller with the bigness and hopefulness of Canadian life.

By Elbert Hubbard

NOT many moons ago I was in a New England town, and when I explained to some friends that I was soon to visit Vancouver a bright young man passed out this one: "Oklahoma is surely prosperous since they opened up the Indian lands to the settlers."

I didn't say anything, because there was nothing to say. But the ignorance of a great many worthy people in the States concerning Western Canada is colossal.

And so if I seemingly deal in bromides in telling about what Western Canada is, I trust I will be pardoned. At the same time, I fully realize the danger one runs of being put in the Ananias Club when he relates the simple truth about Vancouver.

Vancouver has the two necessities which we were told in the legend that Texas lacked: *i.e.*, *society and water*.

The business part of Vancouver is situated practically on an island—and an island is a body of land surrounded by water.

Vancouver is a distinctly modern city, without shanties, slums, rotting tenements, or traditions. In Vancouver no one says "It can't be done." "We never did it that way before," or, "I wasn't hired for that."

Vancouver voices the song of success.

Vancouver has done a few things that have never been done before, then she has done a few things that have been done before, but done them better.

Vancouver's population is growing at the rate of a little over two thousand people per month. And while its tight little island is limited in size, happily, across the bay in every direction are smiling hills, where the overflow of population finds homes.

These beautiful slopes, covered with natural forests, have streets and residences where five years ago the sound of the woodman's axe was the only thing that broke the stillness.

The waters of the silver bay, so deep in places that the plummet has not sounded its depth, form breathing spots which prevent too great a congestion of population.

Across these waters, on every side you can see motor boats plying backward and forward. Many businessmen, I noticed, instead of patronizing ferries or bridges, have their motor boats, just as we in the East have our automobiles.

Of course, there is no objection to your having both automobiles and motor boats. But to-day the private yacht is within the reach of even the plain people.

Vancouver has the best seaport on the North American Continent—a seaport made without dredging. Here the East and the West meet.

Vancouver is built on high ground, and neither floods nor drought are known in British Columbia.

The city of Vancouver first appears on the map with the completion of the Canadian Pacific in 1888.

It then had a population of five thousand people. It was a saw-mill town, where lumber was shipped by boats and railroad.

Incidentally it was a fishing town. Then it became a railroad town. And when the big iron ships came bringing cargoes, and sailed away for Honolulu, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, laden with Canadian products, Vancouver became a seaport that had to be reckoned with.

In 1895 the population was eighteen thousand; in 1900, twenty-five thousand; in 1908, sixty-six thousand; and between 1908 and 1913 Vancouver has practically doubled its population and increased its wealth by five. At this writing, June, 1913, Vancouver has one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

The prosperity of Vancouver is indexed by the prosperity of the C.P.R.; and the C.P.R. is the most prosperous railroad on the North American Continent to-day.

I rode into Vancouver May 20, 1913, on Section One of the Imperial Express. We had thirteen cars on the train; and the Imperial Express, on that particular occasion, ran in five sections, sixty-one coaches in all. Thirty-nine of these were standard sleeping cars, fourteen were tourist cars.

It will be seen from these figures that the people who came had money with which to travel.

To house these people properly, care for them and see that they were distributed according to their own sweet will, was a task that confronted the city of Vancouver and the railroad officials.

Happily, in Vancouver the municipality and the railroads work together.

The C.P.R. owns a first-class hotel in Vancouver, and is now spending an even million dollars in putting an addition on it.

When the C.P.R. began building hotels, say ten years ago, it was with the expectation that these hotels would have to be run at a loss. If they could

be made sustaining, the railroad officials decided that they would be greatly pleased.

However, let it be known that each one of these hotels owned by the C.P.R. from Winnipeg to Vancouver have been sound financial investments. They run practically full, even tight, the year round.

In Vancouver there are a dozen first-class hotels, and unless you telegraph ahead for accommodations, you probably will have to take a cot in the hallway, and be grateful.

The climate of Vancouver is practically that of Southern England. The extremes of temperature are not to be found here. The thermometer has never been known to drop to zero, and roses grow out of doors lush and lusty at Christmastime.

The winds from the west, blowing in laden with the smell of the sea, prevent lassitude and inertia.

It is a place in which to work, to think, to act.

The water supply is abundant; drainage perfect. Vast stretches of ocean beach and great forests unequalled by any to be found anywhere in the world afford opportunities for mixing with Nature.

If one were to name the advantages that Vancouver possesses for the building up of one of the greatest cities in the North American Continent, I would name these: Climate; water shed; proximity to lumber, stone and other building materials; hydro-electric power; harbor facilities; valleys stretching in three directions that afford an easy grade for railroads; opportunity for vegetable gardens and fruit farms unlimited.

In way of things that man has done for Vancouver, let us put the railroads first; for here meet the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, connections with the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific—all trans-continental lines.

Then there are five Pacific steamship lines, beside coastwise steamers, and tramp boats without limit—not to

mention a fleet of motor boats unremoved from improvements, so that equalled by any city in the world of the entire taxation is now borne by similar size. ground values.

The population of Vancouver is English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian, German and Hollanders. These are the people who possess energy plus, and the virtues for which man has never yet found a substitute—the virtues of *Industry, Economy and Integrity*.

Happy and Healthy people are those who work.

The same are those who are busy.

Vancouver seems to be peopled by the pick of Europe and the East.

Restless, ceaseless, hustling activity prevails in Vancouver. And with it all there is an animation, a good cheer, and an enthusiasm that is contagious.

One big thing that man has done for Vancouver is the inauguration of the Single Tax. Here is an experiment began in 1901, when fifty per cent. of the tax assessed on improvements was taken off and transferred to vacant property.

In 1906 twenty-five per cent. more was removed. The result is that a premium has been placed on enterprise. The builder is encouraged. Rents are proportionately reduced. The cost of business is lessened, and the land boomer is provided a wholesome degree of caution, in view of the fact that unimproved real estate bears the brunt of paying the taxes of the municipality.

The Fels bulletin, issued on May 26th from Washington, D.C., calls attention to the fact that the city of Seattle in 1901 was issuing building permits at the rate of four million, five hundred thousand dollars per year. In that same year Vancouver issued building permits to the extent of seven hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars.

In 1910 Seattle issued building permits to the extent of eight million, four hundred thousand; while in Vancouver in the year 1910 the building permits issued were nineteen million, three hundred eighty-eight thousand.

In 1910 all taxes in Vancouver were

Building permits issued in Vancouver for 1912 were twenty-one million; and it is estimated that building permits for 1913 in Vancouver will approximate twenty-five million.

Vancouver has hydro-electric power, practically without limit, and this electricity is supplied at a lower possible rate than steam can produce it, no matter what the fuel.

This electricity is brought from the mountains, and there are at least fifteen sources now available that will supply, when needed, over a million horse-power.

In talking with Mr. George Bury, First Vice-President and General Manager of the Canadian Pacific west of Winnipeg, Mr. Bury said to me, "The extent to which Vancouver has grown has been beyond the fondest expectations of any official of our company."

"As an example of our inability to foresee the growth of Vancouver, let me say that three years ago we owned a little piece of real estate, say 150 feet square, in Vancouver, situated where the Union Bank stands. An investor came along and offered us two hundred thousand dollars for the lot. We decided to sell it for the sum named, simply because we had no special use for it ourselves; and if anyone wanted it to improve we wanted them to go ahead and do it, for the good of the city and the good of everybody."

"However, a year after we sold this property we discovered that we needed it for ourselves, and we accordingly opened negotiations to buy it back; and we did buy it back at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

The Canadian Pacific Railroad station was built in 1905, replacing a structure that cost thirty-five thousand dollars, but which was too small for the purpose desired.

The new building was of pressed brick, and supposed to be strictly modern in every respect. It cost over a hundred thousand dollars. It is now

too small by half, and is to be torn down and replaced with a modern structure costing one million, five hundred thousand dollars.

The net earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railroad for the year ending June 1st, 1913, after paying all expenses, were forty-seven million dollars.

Ten years ago the net earnings of the company were eight million dollars.

There has been a great rise in land values of equal proportion, but this increase does not figure in the profits of the Company.

For the year 1912, the Canadian Pacific expended thirty-two million dollars in double-tracking, new equipment, and betterment of terminals.

The opening of the Panama Canal will give a big impetus to Vancouver shipping. A deal of grain that now goes east by rail will come to Vancouver and be transferred to ships.

The Peace River country, northeast of Vancouver, is a sort of undiscovered empire. Prospectors prophesy that within ten years' time the Peace River country will be producing fifty million bushels of grain a year. The railroads are making active arrangements to build in that direction.

Vancouver Bay, the Frozen River and the tributary waters constitute one of the world's great fishing grounds, the principal product being the Sockeye salmon. These fish come in schools and in such vast quantities that they are caught in endless buckets run by steam and loaded on to barges that hold a hundred tons.

There is a Canadian law which forbids fish being caught for fertilizer purposes, or for any use excepting human food. If the fishermen make a bigger catch than they can take care of they are obliged to post signs, "Free Fish To-day," and give away the catch to anyone who applies.

It is a serious offence to catch fish and throw them away. Thus the necessity will be seen of giving away fish before they have spoiled.

The law has taught the fishermen a

few good stiff lessons along this line; and in one instance that I know of, where several tons of fish spoiled and had to be thrown away, the company had the satisfaction of paying a fine of fifteen hundred dollars.

Here is a conservation of natural resources founded on commonsense.

Vancouver has a park system unequalled by any city in the world. This is not so much to the credit of the people as it is the rare good fortune of a gift from the gods.

A visit to Stanley Park, Vancouver, is unforgettable. The park covers an area, say of, nine hundred acres, stretching out two miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide.

The park is easily accessible from the city, stretching the long way adjoining the city, separating the city from the sea.

Nowhere else in the world that I can recall does a municipality own such a unique, natural forest, and then just remember next to this forest is the sea, where the unforgetting tide comes and goes.

To walk through Stanley Park is a thing to remember long. If there is a primeval forest in the world, this is it.

Trees, of course, live their life and succumb to the law of gravitation just as do men. They fall to arise no more. But there are trees in Stanley Park that are between two and three hundred years old. They tower hundreds of feet in the air.

The luxuriance of the foliage, the plants, the flowers, is eminently tropical. You can not walk through one of these British Columbia forests, nor force your horse through it. Giant ferns come far above your head, and the vines and plants form a mass impenetrable.

The early trappers had a way of felling trees so as to make a continuous thoroughfare where you walked on logs, leaping from one log to another.

This idea has been utilized in Stanley Park, so there are places where you can walk a half mile and not leave the fallen logs.

I heard of an Englishman who walked out to Stanley Park one beautiful summer morning when the sun was just coming up and gilding the tree-tops.

The English people are fond of thrills. Also they are fond of the out-of-doors and most of them like to walk.

This Englishman had heard of the beauty of the early morning, and desiring to be in good company he went alone, carrying, of course, his trusty umbrella—this by prenatal tendency.

And so he followed one of these wonderful Stanley Park trails, walking on the logs. On every side the vines, the flowers, the ferns lifted their dew-drenched forms in the morning air. The birds sang, twittered, made love, and busied themselves at their house-keeping tasks.

Now and again my English friend caught sight of a squirrel, and as he walked and communed with Nature rabbits ran across the road and the whir of quails could be heard.

Suddenly, the Englishmen saw a black form on the other end of the log on which he stood. This black form was moving toward him, rumbling, grunting, unmindful of the presence of man.

The Englishman thought at first it must be a great black pig. But he happened to think he had never seen a hog walking on a log.

He managed to adjust his monicle, and he made out that the stranger was a black bear. What to do—run, or charge the beast? If he ran the bear might run after him. If he jumped off into the ferns he would be hopelessly lost, and the bear might follow him. And without a second thought he lifted up his umbrella, and with a wild Balaklava yell started for the bear.

The bear was much more scared than the Englishman, for the beast gave a grunt of alarm and jumped into the greenery, disappearing from sight.

The Englishman came back to the hotel, recounting his experience. He was told that such incidents were common.

Land values in Vancouver have been constantly aviating. Land is limited in quantity. Population is without limit.

Land that is within easy distance of deep water, close to great railroad terminal facilities, with a thriving city where bank clearances are over seven hundred millions per year, of necessity possesses value.

Real estate is active in Vancouver.

Vancouver has sixty banks, mostly managed by Scotchmen with Scottish thrift. All are doing a safe business. All are making money.

The Single Tax makes no bid for the land hog. You've got to use your land or sell it.

If you are on the spot and know land values, big money can be made in real estate transactions.

If you trust to the genus boomer and buy by long distance you may get left, for the limit of the land boomer's faith in his project is the credulity of the public.

The land boomer will go as far out into the woods or on the prairies staking out lots as the gullible will follow.

If you are going to invest in Vancouver real estate, go out there and see for yourself how the land lies. Talk with business men, use good common-sense, and you can't go very far wrong.

If you are unable to go yourself, then deal with a man who is on the spot, and a man you know is not working both ends against the middle.



The Pull of the Finger

Editor's Note.—A story with a perplexing end, wherein careers in Western Canada are regulated in a peculiar manner. The author is a well-known American writer, whose "Falling in at Simpsey's," and "Captain Pike" may be known to many of our readers.

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Author of "Falling in at Simpsey's," "Captain Pike," etc.

ALFRED BECKHAM'S disgrace is an old and discredited story now. In its day it was a black and bitter thing. It estranged kinsmen and friends, broke a heart or two, and would have ruined a less courageous and honest man than young Alfred Beckham.

But it is not my intention to tell that old story, or even to give the revised and true version of it. It is enough for me to say that Beckham went to prison for three years. At this time he was a cashier in the firm of Rudd & Jordan, Bankers and Brokers. Jordan as the world knows, now that he is dead—was the man who should have gone to prison.

While serving his sentence, Alfred Beckham drifted into terms of friendship with a fellow prisoner of the name of Denis Paul. Paul was an older man than Alfred by twenty years, and, to a casual observer, would have seemed to be his opposite in everything. To begin with, Denis Paul admitted that he was guilty of the charge for which he was suffering. He had shot a fellow woodsman with the intention of killing him, but had missed a vital point by an inch or so. He told this to Beckham.

"Must ha' bin the light," he said. "The light warn't good in the woods that day. Thar ain't a man livin' I wouldn't track down an' shoot for that same reason. Thar ain't no justice in this law that don't let a man protect his own women folk. The pull of the finger—that's the best jedge an' jury I knows of!"

He raised his right hand and bent the forefinger of it, as if upon a trigger.

Beckham maintained that Paul should have fought his enemy openly; but the old woodsman only grinned at that.

In the course of time the younger man told his story, and mentioned his suspicions of Jordan. Paul listened with a dangerous glint in his gray eyes.

"I believe ye, lad," he said. "There's no thief about you, nor nothin' dirty. The only medicine for that thar skunk who done the trick on you be the pull of the finger. I'd give 'im a dose of it, some day, if I was you!"

In due course Denis Paul received his liberty and vanished from the knowledge of the prison. Six months later Alfred Beckham was set free.

Beckham was wise enough not to appear among the people whom he had thought to be his friends before his disgrace. He wrote to an uncle, and in reply received five thousand dollars from his mother's estate. Then he changed his name and went West.

The old life was dead, the disgrace was hidden, and only the cruel sting of the injustice remained to him. But as time passed even this sting lost a little of its bitter fire. Poor Alfred Beckham was dead; but Walter Scott was alive and doing, with a future to make in a land that looked only to the future.

Scott—to give him his new name—prospered in the West. His capital, in dollars, was small; but his good educa-



"Brace up, or your partner and my friend Watson will wonder what is the matter with you."

tion, his sound temper, energy, honesty, pleasant manners, and business training all proved to stand for capital. He opened a real estate office in a new town. He invested in land. Conditions were favorable, and his business grew.

He opened another office in a larger town—a city ten years of age—and took up his abode there. His reputa-

tion for square dealing, ability, and good-nature went ahead of him. Every one seemed willing, even anxious, to become his friends.

In the West a man works and plays with the same people; and so it happened that Walter Scott met the girl and entered into partnership with the girl's father. The name of the people

was Scovil. There were only two in the family—the father and daughter.

Captain Scovil had been an officer in the American navy, had retired after a useful career, and had moved to the Canadian West to try to double his modest savings. But he had proved himself a child in business; and when Walter Scott took him into partnership, along with the dwindled savings, their mutual friends complimented Scott on his astonishing good-nature. I am not sure whether it was the helpless captain or the beautiful daughter who inspired Scott to this step. However that may be, he made a success of the partnership.

The captain, like Scott, was the soul of honor; but the captain's honor was of the variety that will make no concessions, brook no delay, shy at no obstacle. Such was his way in business as well as in private life.

His failures in business transactions had often been due to this extreme nicety of conscience. Many a time, fearing that a natural advantage lay upon his side of the deal, he had made another advantage and passed it over to the other side. This, of course, was not business at all. The moment he and Scott joined forces, Scott undertook to protect them both by keeping to himself the authority to conclude all deals. This worked satisfactorily.

Walter Scott admired his partner's abnormal sense of honor, and at the same time he feared it. The captain's creed was that every man must tell the whole truth about himself, whether asked for it or not, particularly if the truth were not entirely pleasant. This, he held, was the safeguard every man owed to the world.

You can imagine that Scott had no desire to make known the truth of his past to the Scovils, or to the world at large. The world certainly, and perhaps the Scovils, would believe only part of his story—would take the word of the law for the truth, instead of Scott's word. So Scott kept his past to himself, worked hard and honestly and day by day fell more hopelessly in love with the captain's daughter.

The girl's name was Jean. Fear that

the captain's abnormal sense of honor would some day blunderingly overthrow this palace of love which he was building often gripped the young man's heart with the most poignant sensations. It would be wiser to tell all, he reflected, in agony; and yet he could not find the courage to risk toppling his dream of happiness to ruins with his own hand. Surely it was more than could be expected, or fairly asked, of any man. Surely he had suffered enough already from the blindness and injustice of life.

One day Scott told the captain of his love for Jean. The elder man took it very quietly and kindly.

"I like you Scott, and I trust you," he said. "I think you have won my girl's heart; but I must ask you not to speak to her just yet. Wait a month—let us say until we have concluded this deal with the big Eastern syndicate. We shall have plenty of time then to talk things over."

They shook hands on this, Scott experienced a feeling of intense relief. The captain was with him; and knew, though he had not asked her in words, that Jean loved him.

The deal of which the captain had spoken was likely to be the biggest thing in land-selling that the partners had as yet undertaken. The land involved was a wooded valley on the eastern slopes of the Rockies, measuring some twenty miles in length and from two to seven in width. Scott and his partner were acting in the matter simply as agents. The owners were English people, and the prospective buyers were New York men.

Scott had agreed to go East and meet one of the directors of the syndicate at a hunting-camp in the Adirondacks. There he was to conclude the business and hand over the title-deeds. At the last moment, the captain made known his intention of accompanying Scott.

II.

SCOTT and Scovil arrived at the camp early in the evening, after a drive of twenty miles over half-made roads. The place astonished them. It was a man-

sion built of logs. Half a dozen cabins, for the accommodation of guides and servants, stood about in the clearing, within convenient reach, but at a respectful distance from the main camp.

The woodsman who had guided them in whistled on his fingers in front of the big house. A door opened, and a man in evening clothes, with side-lights and a polished chin, appeared and bowed.

"Come right in, gentlemen, if you please," he said. "Mr. Watson is expecting you."

Mr. Watson, the director of the syndicate, met them in the wide, low hall adorned with moose heads and the pelts of bobcat and bear. He was a very cordial person. He shook hands heartily, helped to remove their overcoats, and then told the steward to show them to their rooms.

"Dinner in about three-quarters of an hour," he said. "Timmins will show you the baths. Hope you'll be comfortable. Ring for anything you want."

The partners from the West followed Timmins up-stairs; and Mr. Watson sent whisky and soda up after them.

"And they call this a hunting-camp!" murmured the captain.

Scott, after a warm bath and a change into evening clothes, left his chamber to find his way below stairs. The captain, in the room next door, was still engaged with a very high and stiff shirt-collar.

Scott wandered down a long, heavily carpeted hall illuminated by little globes of light. Doors stood closed, or half open, on his right and left. He felt comfortable, hopeful, ready and able to enjoy himself and do business to advantage.

He had the long hall to himself. He had almost reached the head of the stairs when a door opened on his right, and a man stepped into the hall immediately in front of him and turned to face him. This person was a middle-aged gentleman, blockily built and faultlessly attired, with a pink face, heavy chin, gray hair and mustache. But the expression of the pink face and

square jaw was unpleasant, and the gray eyes were as lifeless as stone.

"Why, it is yourself, Alfred," he said.

Scott's face went deadly white, with a hint of blue about the lips and gray shadows down the lines from cheek-bones to jaw. He did not speak. He put out a hand and steadied himself against the wall.

"Brace up, my boy!" said the other quietly, with an outward note of concern in his voice, but an inner twang of derision. "Brace up, or your partner and my friend Watson will wonder what is the matter with you."

Scott stood straight, and a little of the original color returned to his cheeks; but his face still looked as if it had suddenly grown thinner and older.

"That is better, Alfred," said the other. "By the way, you must be doing pretty well in the West."

Scott's eyes flashed, and his strong frame trembled from head to foot.

"Haven't you done me enough harm already?" he asked, in shaking but guarded tones. "Do you mean to—ruin me again? Before, it served your purpose—saved you from your just deserts; but now—why should you want to crush me again? Have a care! I warn you to have a care. My blood sweats with that disgrace and injustice like a fever—like the poison of a fever!"

"Don't get excited, Alfred," returned the other. "I have no intention of making an unpleasant scene—just now, at any rate. I arrived only yesterday, and must get my moose to-morrow. A painful scene would put me all off in my shooting. I am not so young as I used to be, and must be careful."

Fear and disgust of the man went through Scott's veins like the fire and frost. In the same instant of time he shivered with heat and cold, hate and terror. He passed on and down the broad staircase without another word.

He saw things as through a drifting mist. The little globes of light shone dim and distant before his stricken eyes, like the lights of a ship seen in a fog. The great overhanging heads

and ponderous antlers along the walls swam before his vision. The game was 'one! The love that he had won and the life that he had reclaimed would fall to pitiful ruins at the touch of that faultlessly garbed man behind him!

His innocence, and the unjust sufferings of the past, would count as nothing. Even if his word should prove good against the word of that strong old man and the judgment of the judges—and his word was that of a fugitive from the old life, living, working, and loving in a new land, under a name that he had made his own without benefit of law or parents—even if the naked truth should prevail, still the damning fact remained that he had kept it from the captain and from the girl he loved. He had lived his lie before them, with them, in the heart of their generous friendship. The captain might find pity in his heart; but what excuse for the lie could be found in that simple, iron-hard old heart of honor and pride?

"Ruin!" breathed Scott, huskily, as he set his foot upon the bottom step.

Timmins confronted him, a bulky shadow in the mist of despair.

"I beg your pardon, sir? Did you speak, sir?" asked Timmins.

"No," said Scott.

The mist cleared from eyes and brain, leaving only the bitter cold at the heart and the aching dryness in the mouth.

"A hard journey, sir. A tiring journey," said the steward considerably. "This way, sir. Mr. Watson is in here by the fire."

Scott saw things now with a terrible clearness—with such a clearness as is supposed to come to men who face death in unheated action or who await, idly, some shattering crisis that neither prayer nor protest can avail to stay or turn aside. He found Watson standing with his back to a wide and glowing hearth.

"Sherry and bitters, or a cocktail?" inquired Watson; "and will you have it now or wait for the captain and Jordan?"

"I'll wait, thanks," replied Scott, his voice so steady and precise that it astonished him and gave him a desperate, hopeless kind of confidence in himself.

He would finish the game like a man, anyway, as he had played it.

"They will be down soon," he said, "The captain had reached his collar some time ago, and I passed Mr. Jordan at the head of the stairs."

"So you know Jordan?" queried Watson. "I am glad of that. He is a member of our syndicate, and also of this little shooting-club."

"I never knew him very well," replied Scott. "To-night is the first and only time we have met in five or six years."

III.

AT that moment Captain Scovil and Mr. Jordan entered the room together. Scott turned and gazed at the captain's face with desperate calm. The captain returned his partner's anxious gaze with a passing glance. His weather-beaten, clean-cut face was grim. Mr. Jordan was beaming; but his beams were scarcely convincing to the analytical eye.

"Watson," he cried, "what do you think of this for a piece of luck? Scovil here is my brother-in-law. I didn't know he was coming to this camp—hadn't the faintest notion of it. Haven't seen him for years—not since he left the service and went West."

"Why, now, that is certainly pure luck," replied the kindly Mr. Watson. "Fine! This turns our little business into a picnic. And I hear from Mr. Scott that he has met you before, too."

Jordan looked sharply at Scott; but the young man's face was as expressionless as a mask. Bewilderment and despair were masters of his heart and mind; and so stunned was he that it was easy to show a blank face.

Captain Scovil and this old devil were brothers-in-law! Lord, what next? And why that hardness and hint of sorrow on the captain's face? What did he know? What had Jordan told him already? But why ask himself these things? The end would come all in its own good time.

"Why, yes," said Jordan, pleasantly. "Mr Scott and I met at the top of the stairs."



"I have come to ask ye, Mr. Watson, whatever has become of Mr. Jordon?"

Mr. Watson looked slightly perplexed at this, and even Scott's eyes showed a fleeting gleam of inquiry.

"I think Mr. Scott mentioned the fact that he had known you slightly in New York," said Watson.

"Why, of course he did!" said Mr. Jordan. "Bless me, I always lose what little wits I have when I get into the woods! Scott — Walter Scott — of course!"

Captain Scovil gazed at the speaker with something like a shadow of pain in his clear, kindly eyes. Scott glanced from the captain to Jordan. He felt cold as ice, yet reckless. Here was a game to be played—a game of life and death—and no rules to play by.

"We met in business, Mr. Jordan," he said quietly.

"In business—yes, of course we did," returned Jordan, nodding his gray head, as if he was very happy to remember it, but with the best intentions could not grasp it very clearly. Then Timmins arrived with the cocktails on a silver tray; and, a moment later, Mr. Watson led the way to the dining-room.

Sir Walter Raleigh wrote some very fine verses on the night before the gray morning of his legalized murder. Young Scott, with ruin worse than death impending, distinguished himself at the dinner-table. He had decided that Jordan meant to keep his word and make no malicious move before the conclusion of the next day's expedition after moose.

The relief he felt at this astonished him. He knew that it was out of all proportion to the cause. Here were a few hours of respite given him—a night and a day, perhaps—and hope glowed in him as in a man just escaped from the shadow of a falling cliff. To-night was his, and to-morrow was his; then why try to account for the day after that? Life is a dear thing to the man who sees the end of it; and a day of life is as dear to him who runs from death as a score of years.

So Scott talked throughout the meal with even more than his usual charm. Mr. Watson supported him, and what little Mr. Jordan said was in perfect

accordance with the trend of the young man's conversation. But Captain Scovil was very quiet. He watched his partner and his brother-in-law with covert glances.

"Let us play a rubber," suggested Mr. Watson, after dinner.

And then, swift as lightning, the horror of despair struck again upon Scott's heart. He got from his chair.

"Yes, a rubber," he murmured, "but if you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll just take a breath of fresh air."

He left the room, passed through another room and the hall, and stepped out upon the broad verandah. A slice of moon and a spangle of stars threw mysterious half-lights down into the clearing. Scott moved along the verandah, calling desperately upon his courage that had so suddenly failed him.

A man was seated upon the steps at the end of the verandah. This fellow stood up and faced Scott.

"Hullo, partner!" he said, in a voice at once joyful and cautious. "Lay it thar!"

He thrust out a gnarled, brown hand. It was Denis Paul.

"I wasn't expectin' to meet ye here," continued Paul, pressing the other's hand. "Ye've done well, lad—as you had ought to. But what the devil? Yer face shines white as birch-bark."

"Yes, the devil, true enough," he said bitterly. "He is here, Denis—my own particular devil. It's Jordan. I told you about him. He is here—and the game is finished!"

The woodman scratched his chin.

"That's the gent I'm takin' up Berry Brook way to-morrow, after moose," he said. "So that's yer enemy! Well, lad, it do beat thunder how these here things fall out, an' come round, if only ye give 'em enough time! But I guess I'll be steppin' over to my bunk. I got to be up bright an' 'arly."

He turned, and was lost to Scott in the uncertain light.

Scot went back to the others. Something of his courage had returned to him. He sat down at the card-table across from Captain Scovil.

"Suppose we play as we sit," said

Scovil. "I am not a good player; but I know that my partner will overlook any slips I may be guilty of."

The others laughed pleasantly at this; but Scott felt a pang of self-pity, and a glow of gratitude to the captain, which were no laughing matter.

The evening passed pleasantly — at least, it would have seemed so to an on-looker none too keen of vision.

"Sleep well," said Watson to his guests. "We'll settle that little business after breakfast."

Jordan wished the captain and Scott a very hearty good-night. His brief, unveiled glance into the latter's eyes shook the young man's heart to its depths.

IV.

JORDAN had been gone for several hours before Scott, Scovil, and Watson met for breakfast the next morning. After breakfast, the business of the sale was put through without a hitch.

"Now you will stay four or five days and get some shooting," invited the hospitable Watson.

Scott had no answer ready. He looked inquiringly at the captain.

"I should like nothing better," said Scovil. "You are very kind. Walter, we can spare a few days, I think?"

Scott bowed. What was the use of running away, after all? No, whatever might be the issue, he would stay right here until the bitter end!

They did not go after moose that day. Mr. Watson entertained them assiduously, and plied them with the best from cellar and larder. They played billiards, pool, and chess, and went around the nine-hole golf-course that skirted the big clearing. Scott went through the day like a dreamer wading, with clogged feet, through a night-mare.

The three gentlemen were at dinner, with a fire on the hearth, when Timmins brought Denis Paul into the room. The guide, who seemed excited, wore high-legged moccasins that were slimed with mud. He held his fur cap in his hand.

"I come to ask ye, Mr. Watson, what ever has become of Mr. Jordan,"

said Paul. "I left 'im up on the right branch, an' he ain't here yet. He said as how he'd be home before me. He was sot on layin' right thar for a moose, an' sent me on to see if the beavers ain't bin troubled up on Moon Lake. He said as how he'd come home by himself in the canoe you-alls left up to the right branch."

Mr. Watson looked at Timmins.

"Are you sure that Mr. Jordan has not arrived?" he asked.

"I have been to his room, sir. I have looked everywhere," replied Timmins.

"We must get the men and go up stream," said Mr. Watson. He turned to the captain. "You will excuse me, I know," he went on. "You two need not go. Sit right where you are, and finish your dinner in comfort."

He drained his glass of claret and arose from his seat with a sigh.

Scott sat like one stunned, staring over the captain's shoulder at the guide. Paul had raised his hand a little, swiftly and covertly, and made a little motion with the forefinger of his right hand, suggestive of the hook and pressure of finger upon trigger. What was the meaning of that?

Scott's brain toiled back through a mist to the days of his living death in prison, and to an old story that Denis Paul had told him there.

"If you will allow us, we will go with you," said Captain Scovil.

They found Jordan lying by the stream, where the guide had left him. He was dead. His rifle lay beside him, with an empty shell in the breech and nine loaded shells in the magazine.

"I don't see how he could have done it," said Watson. "He knew how to handle firearms as well as any man."

The light of the little lanterns was dim and shifting in that place of death, rippling water, and looming forest shadows. Scott glanced at Denis Paul; and again he saw that swift and furtive movement of the man's forefinger. The guide's eyes were upon him, with a look that said, almost as plain as print:

"Don't worry any more, lad. You'd do the same for me, I guess!"

Then a wave of black obscured Scott's eyes for a moment. He reeled slightly,

and steadied himself against a tree. He heard Watson's voice, as if from miles away, saying:

"Paul will have to explain this to the coroner. Yes, he'll have to explain it. I can't understand it. Paul—where is Denis Paul?"

But Denis Paul had gone.

Captain Scovil laid his hand on Scott's arm.

"I think it has happened for the best," he said. "A great weight of responsibility has been taken off my shoulders, at any rate. Yes, I have known your story from the beginning, my boy. And of this man, who married my sister—I have suspected the truth about him for years. You have not fully trusted me; but I do not hold that against you. My heart has ached

with pity for you, Walter. I was going to act this time, lad, on your behalf, no matter what the cost to family pride; but a greater hand has struck—and it is for the best. Tell me, shall we clear your old name, at the cost of the dead and the living? Or are the new name, and the new life, all that you want?"

"The new life," replied the young man, in a dazed voice. "The new life—is all I ask for!"

Mr. Watson hustled up to them.

"Denis Paul has lit out," he exclaimed. "He knows these woods like a fox. It looks fishy. He'll be clear away by morning. I can't understand poor Jordan mishandling a rifle and shooting himself!"

"And yet I have heard of plenty of similar cases," said the captain.

MOUNT BAKER, AS VIEWED FROM VICTORIA, B.C.

*Clad in the golden-cloud raiment,
Half-veiled in the mystical light,
Around him drifting the vapours,
Concealing the strong form so white;
Concealing, yet haply revealing
The wonder of beauty and might.
Mount Baker flashing in glory,
Stands bathed in a golden sky.
Above, clouds forming a halo
Where lifting his head so high
He knocks at the bright gates of Heaven
And thro' ages has waited reply.*

—V. M. Trew.

Review of Reviews

Editor's Note.—The selections for the Review department for this month will be found to be especially entertaining. The selections are made from prominent English, French, and American magazines, and the stories they tell are out of the ordinary. Besides being entertaining they are also instructive and the reader of MacLean's Magazine in reality enjoys the best things from an extensive library put into brief form for his information. These articles show what people are reading and thinking in other parts and are, for that reason alone, worth much to the Canadian who wishes to be well informed. Our exchange list is constantly growing and in the next issue we expect to introduce the reader to some German publications now coming into the office.

Lost a Bride and Won the Derby

A Sensational Elopement of the Last Century in Which a Noted English Politician of To-day Was the Central Figure

THE STORY of the greatest romance in the annals of the Derby which centres around the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., ex-president of Agriculture and of the Board of Trade is told in a current number of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

If you turn up an encyclopaedia or a biography you will find that Mr. Chaplin is the son of a clergyman, and son-in-law of a Duke; ally by marriage with many of the most notable families in England and father-in-law of the future Marquis of Londonderry, and of Mr. Dunsmore, a well-known Canadian of British Columbia. The Government once printed a special edition of the Gazette in his honor, to repair the omission of his name from the list of Privy Councillors.

The Chaplins are descended from one of the old line of merchant princes who helped to give us an Empire in the days of Queen Bess, and the head of the house was Lord Mayor of London more than two centuries ago.

But no history or biographical directory will give a clue to the great romance of Mr. Chaplin's life, nor hint that he figured as the victim of the most sensational elopement of the last century, nor that he was the winner of the most famous of all races run for the Derby.

The parson's son proved a veritable Nimrod, carried out great sporting trips in America and elsewhere, and gained fame as a hunter of big game in India long before the excellence of guns had made that

pursuit safe and easy. On returning to England to enter into possession of his property he established a racing stable.

His well-wishers desired to see him happily married, and many a matron, anxious for the weal of her daughter, looked encouragingly in the direction of the dashing young squire, with his estate worth a round half million sterling. He was, however, thought an extremely fortunate young man to win the heart of Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, for Lady Florence was one of the great beauties of the day. She was called the "pocket Venus," and was famed as much for her wit and gaiety as for her physical charms. The bridegroom-elect was three-and-twenty; the bride-to-be was still younger, and Society was promised the wedding of the season. Preparations for the marriage were well advanced, and not long before the date which had been fixed the young couple drove with a lady friend out shopping to complete the lady's trousseau.

In the course of their expedition their carriage stopped at the front of Swan and Edgar's in Piccadilly Circus. Leaving her swain and chaperon in the vehicle, the bride-elect tripped into the shop, bidding them await her return. And that was the last time Mr. Chaplin ever saw her as Lady Florence Paget!

The two in the carriage waited and waited, but the lady did not return. They entered the shop to seek her. She was not

there. High and low they searched, but searched in vain. A lady does not, without extraordinary reason, vanish suddenly from a fashionable London establishment in broad daylight, with her chaperon and her sweetheart at the main entrance. The reason here was extraordinary enough to satisfy the taste of the most ardent seekers after sensations.

Rivals for the Lady's Hand.

The truth is that, as the Chaplin equipage drew up at the front door of the shop, a hansom cab which had been following it stopped at a side door. In it was the Marquis of Hastings. Lady Florence, leaving Mr. Chaplin in his carriage, passed straight through the shop and out by way of the side door. She hurriedly entered the waiting hansom, drove off with the Marquis, and straightway married him, while her unfortunate lover was still kicking his heels at the draper's in Piccadilly Circus.

Harry Plantagenet, fourth and last Marquis of Hastings, who descended, as his name implies, from the royal line of England, was a year younger than the man whom he thus cruelly wronged. Like Mr. Chaplin, he was the owner of a racing stud, and in that sense the two had been rivals. That they had been rivals also for the hand of the Lady Florence none of their intimates had known.

There was a certain solid chivalry about the young squire which engaged the sympathy of decent people, but the mob were fascinated by the daring and unscrupulous feat of the swash-buckling Marquis.

Now it happened that among the horses which Mr. Chaplin had bought, upon the advice of the astute Captain Machell, was one called Hermit. It was entered to run in the Derby of 1867, three years after the loss by Mr. Chaplin of his bride.

As soon as the gambling upon this Derby opened, Lord Hastings began to lay heavily against the squire's nomination. Now, between the owners and trainers of racehorses and the touts who spy out form there is always a bitter feud. On this occasion the touts were pitted against the wits of Captain Machell, under whose watchful eye the animal was trained. One day he had Hermit out for a trial, well knowing that hidden touts had the horse keenly under observation. The horse was

sent a gallop at racing pace. When it pulled up, the wily captain rushed to its head, pressed his handkerchief to its nose, withdrew it open, and exhibited it with apparent consternation. For the handkerchief was bedaubed with crimson. Within an hour the report was telegraphed all over the country that Hermit had broken a blood-vessel.

The horse was not withdrawn from the race, but the odds laid against it were such that none but Mr. Chaplin's confidants ventured a penny upon it. He and they did, however, and the reckless Marquis tauntingly laid as much as they desired, until, when the hour for the race drew near, he stood to lose \$575,000 if Hermit won.

Derby day came, and Hermit had, apparently, not a friend. Its coat seemed to have been rubbed the wrong way, and the story of the broken blood-vessel was so well remembered that none gave the animal a second look. To make matters worse, storms of rain and snow swept over the course, and Hermit looked like a big drowned rat. But when the flag fell there was only one horse in the race, and that was the Squire of Blankney's despised Hermit.

As the race ended Lord Hastings staggered for a moment, for he had lost over \$500,000 to his rival.

To meet his liabilities the Marquis had to sell his princely Scottish estates of London, but his were the first debts settled on the race. That was Mr. Chaplin's revenge. It was deadlier than he meant. The Marquis went headlong to ruin, and within a year was hooted out of the ring, a defaulter to the extent of \$200,000. He died beggared at twenty-six, four years after his runaway wedding. "Hermit broke my heart, but I did not show it, did I?" he said shortly before his death. With him the Marquisate expired. His rival married a daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland, entered Parliament, and developed into the steady-going statesman of whom Mr. Balfour speaks of "My old friend and colleague, Harry Chaplin."

The widowed Marchioness, cause of the strife, married two years later, Sir George Chetwynd, and lived to see her own daughter a Marchioness.

Families, Crowds, and Crimes

What M. Lepine, late Chief of the Paris Police, Believes on These Subjects
that Confront Every City Government

M. LEPINE, the most popular Prefect of Police, Paris has had for many years, carries with him, on his retirement into private life, the good wishes of all lovers of law and order. During the years in which he has become acquainted with the submerged life of Paris his attention has been centred on many burning topics of the day. Some of his ideas will be found reproduced in this account of an interview accorded by him to a representative of *Lectures pour Tous*.

It may be said that one of the chief events of the year in Paris is M. Lepine's retirement, for it seems difficult to imagine a Paris without the Chief of Police at its head.

On July 11 next, it will be twenty years since he first entered upon his duties, I mean those of Prefect and Chief, for M. Lepine has been a policeman for 27 years.

He was forty-one when M. Sarrien, Minister of the Interior, summoned him from Chateauroux where he was prefect, to occupy the position of General Secretary of the Prefecture of Police at Paris. He was born at Lyons where he first entered the legal profession, afterwards becoming prefect in various provincial towns including Fontainebleau. At 67 years of age with his small wiry figure and his large, round eyes which twinkle with a smile from under his bushy eyebrows, our Prefect still looks wonderfully young. His voice is clear as a bell, his step quick and easy, and his movements rapid; one would imagine that old age and its concomitant inconveniences had taken to flight at the sight of his white baton. He must at some time or other have called out to them in that tone which his men know so well. "Move along," and they have not waited to hear the command repeated.

It was with a mixture of diffidence and rashness, that I approached the late Chief in order to address a few questions to him. A month ago, I knew full well, he would not have replied to them. But here away from the professional atmosphere, under the soothing influence of a cigar, on neutral ground, I said to myself, "things change their names and M. Lepine will quit the status of the official being 'interviewed' (a wretched word) for that of the genial Parisian who in the

smoking room will indulge in a free and enlightening conversation."

By means of one or two discreet questions, I first learnt from M. Lepine two interesting items of news. Firstly, that he may enter Parliament and we may shortly expect to see him with a seat either at the Luxembourg or at the Palais Bourbon, and secondly, that after his death his memoirs will be published.

Encouraging the Family Idea.

"While Parliament is waiting for the benefit of your experience M. le Prefet," I said, "The Academy of Moral and Political Science has the opportunity every week of profiting by it. Your experience in that respect is all at first hand. You have not learnt social economy from books but rather from the streets."

M. Lepine smiled but did not reply directly, his mind reverted to the society I had mentioned.

"Yes," he said, "at the present time at the Institute we are discussing a most interesting subject. The decrease of population is a question which engrosses me. So much might be done that is not done."

"And you really are of opinion then, that the law could change the trend of events? That it depends upon acts of leg-



M. Lepine, after a recent photograph.

islature whether a country of small families shall become a country of large families?"

"No! No! I do not go so far as that. But I do say that if it does not exactly depend upon the law whether small families, it certainly rests with the law whether large families shall be discouraged, or whether any manifestations of public gratitude, which are only acts of justice, shall distinguish the father who has given several children to his country from him who has given none. I say that a family is a sacred trust which some men accept with courage and others shirk. It would be to the interests of the country to accord some recognition to its courageous citizens in this respect."

"For instance, Parliament is now voting a considerable sum towards bettering the condition of the civil servants, especially school teachers and postal officials. Now I am not questioning the fact that many civil servants are employed under very onerous conditions, but the latter would be found still more onerous if regard were had to the cases in which there are families. That is what is forgotten, and I am not satisfied with the simple fact that a teacher is to get a little more money. I want this teacher if he is the father of a family to get something more than the single man gets. I would pay the man who has two children a little better than the man who has only one, and he who has three better than the man who has only two, and so on. You must encourage the 'family' idea. It is only justice. And should it not be of the first importance to the state to show justice to those who serve it?"

Everyone knows, M. le Prefet, of the personal interest you always take in those that have served you."

"Well I have never had cause for aught but praise of their service and I leave them with an easy mind, knowing that I hand over to my successor an excellent weapon; I mean a police force, perfect in discipline and devoted to duty.

Psychology of a Paris Crowd.

"One more question I must ask you, M. le Prefet: for 27 years you have lived between the police and the crowd, and you congratulate yourself on leaving behind you a good police force, but what about the crowd, has it changed in 27 years? Is it your opinion that during those years the crowd has improved?"

M. Lepine reflected for a moment. "Illus-

tration are the order of the day," he said, "I will illustrate my reply by a curve which from 1893, my first year as Prefet, gradually rose till 1907 since when it has gradually descended uninterruptedly up to the present time."

"And that means?"

"That means that in 1893 the Paris crowd was a pretty rough one and that it gradually got worse during the next twelve or fourteen years. Now matters are improving and for the past six or seven years the curve has changed the direction and is descending. In other words the relations between the police and the crowd have improved, much improved."

"But that does not prove that the crowd to-day possesses virtues which were formerly wanting. It simply shows that we know it better, that our methods of action and our tactics have improved that we possess nowadays, the faculty of foreseeing and providing for contingencies, a faculty which has grown perfect from experience.

Preparing for a Busy Day.

"No, we are neither more brutal nor more blood-thirsty than formerly. Recollect what has happened in other countries of late years and compare ours with them I can mention at least four or five capitals where riots have only been suppressed at the cost of bloodshed. In Paris, if you except the tragic cases of Bonnot and of Garnier, it has never been necessary to shed blood to preserve order. We are more skilful and mittent resorting to extreme measures, more energetic, more serviceably energetic.

You ask how this education has been acquired. Well in somewhat the same way as in training an army. It is something like the manoeuvres with this difference that the initiative never comes from us. We know from the newspapers from the reports, and by special information that a movement is on foot, that a demonstration has been decided upon, that it is organized by certain parties and will take place at a given time and place. What in such case is the role of the Chief of Police? It is to call together his chief assistants as a general does his staff and to study with them the course of action to be followed, to foresee difficulties that may arise in the event of an attack and to prepare a plan of defence. That is my usual course.

But I do not stop there. At the end of the day I call my colleagues together and—again like the general on the field of

he manoeuvres, I criticize our plans, note any errors made, and draw from them a useful lesson.

Thus it is that I have been able to leave to Paris a police force which for efficiency is, I believe, second to none in any country of the world to-day."

After pointing out that he had not always received from the governing powers that support which he was entitled to expect, M. Lepine said: "There are two parties of disorder; the one, the legal party, so to speak, including certain labor syndicates who, under the protection of the law, preach openly resistance to the law, but whom it appears we must not touch; and the other, that of people who should be in prison but are not. That is what this dangerous army consists of, and it is growing greater every day, this army of evil doers to whom the supineness of the law has given the freedom of our streets. The evil from which we are suffering is the fear to punish, and that is a remark that applies to other cases as well as to the punishment of crime.

This sensitiveness, this humanitarianism, which causes us to find excuses for every fault, even the most glaring, which makes us hesitate to inflict even the most necessary and salutary punishment. Is it not one of the evils of the century? We dare not punish a refractory schoolboy. Breach-

es of discipline are passed over in the barracks. In the workshop the employer hesitates to discharge a bad workman for fear of reprisals by the workmen's syndicates. And even in family life the child has become the unsufferable 'fine little fellow' whose impertinences are only smiled at and pardoned in advance."

"We fear to punish!" continued M. Lepine. "There is not a magistrate on the bench to-day, even among the best of them who is not afflicted with this malady."

We see numbers of old convicts who by law are forbidden to remain here, but who stay all the same. Hardened criminals are let off under the Berenger law (the first offender's act) in a way which should make M. Berenger's hair stand on end. Others are discharged before their time has expired. These are the people by whom our police are confronted at every turn in the streets of Paris."

These are some of the ideas of the late Prefet who has now entered upon a well-earned retirement. He will, however, continue to speak and work in the interests of the country.

This indefatigable little man is one of those for whom renunciation of an active life means only a change in the form of activity.

"I am going to take a rest now," he says.

We defy him to be able to do so.

The American: His Morals

A Striking Indictment of the Average United States Citizen's Moral Character

In an article in the current number of the *Smart Set*, Mr. H. L. Mencken indulges in some very plain speaking on the morals of our cousins south of the border. The condition which he describes is undoubtedly due to the heavy unrestricted immigration of the poorer elements from countries where morals were bad, and among whom no spirit of fair play prevailed. As the country grows older many of these conditions will right themselves. In Canada we must prepare for and endeavor to minimize the bad results of similar conditions. We quote from the article itself.

"More than any other people," said Wendell Phillips, in one of his penetrating flashes, "we Americans are afraid of one another." He might have added, as an obvious corollary, "and merciless to one another." The national fear of giv-

ing offense, in truth, has the soundest of prudence in it: it is fed constantly by new evidence of what happens to the man who treads upon the communal corns. A scream of rage—and he is flat upon his spine. And swiftly upon the heels of that condign feeling, before ever he can lift his voice in his defence, or even in apology and appeal for grace, the process continues as follows:

1. The removal of his liver and lights.
2. The deposit of a cake of ice in the cavity.
3. The burial of the corpse.

An American crowd does not go to a baseball game to see a fair and honest contest, but to see the visiting club walloped and humiliated. If the home club can't achieve the walloping unaided, the crowd helps—usually by means no worse than mocking and reviling, but some-

times with fists and beer bottles. And if, even then, the home club is drubbed, it becomes the butt itself, and is lambasted even more brutally than the visitors. The thirst of the crowd is for victims, and if it can't get them in one way it will get them in another.

This hot yearning to rowel and punish someone—preferably a sinner, but failing that, anyone handy—is one of the distinguishing marks of the American. The energies which the Germans put into bacchanalian and military enterprise, and the English into idle sport and vapid charity, are chiefly devoted, in this fair land, to moral endeavor, and particularly to punitive moral endeavor. The nation is forever in the throes of loud, barbaric campaigns against this sin or that. It is difficult to think of a human act that has not been denounced and combated at some time or other. Thousands of self-consecrated archangels go roaring from one end of the country to the other, raising the posse comitatus against the Rum Demon, or cocaine, or the hobble skirt, or Mormonism, or the cigarette, or horse racing, or bucket shops, or vivisection, or divorce, or the army canteen, or profanity, or race suicide, or moving picture shows, or graft, or the negro, or the trusts, or Sunday recreations, or dance halls, or child labor. The management of such crusades is a well organized and highly remunerative business; it enlists a great multitude of snide preachers and unsuccessful lawyers, and converts them into public characters of the first eminence. Candidates for public office are forced to join in the bellowing; objectors are crushed with accusations of personal guilt; inquisitorial and unconstitutional laws are put upon the statute books.

Such donkeyish enactments, of course, do not actually put down the sins they are aimed at. Their one certain effect, indeed, is quite the contrary; they reinforce mere immorality with positive crime. Thus, in New York City, the effect of prohibiting prostitution, a wholly ineradicable evil, has been to convert it into a mammoth and predatory business, with thousands of petty politicians fattening upon it; and the effect of the unenforceable laws against gambling has been to turn the police into blackmailers. But this inevitable failure doesn't daunt the moral American. The way he gets his fun is not by stamping out sin, but by giving chase to sinners. He likes to catch a few of them now and then and put them to the

torture—but it would give him bitter disappointment if they all came in and surrendered. Prohibition, a typically American imbecility, is kept alive by the very fact that it won't work. Its appeal lies almost wholly in the endless sport it affords. First there is the fun of prohibiting the chief solace and recreation of a horde of protesting sinners, and then there is the fun of hunting down all those who refuse to come over to well water—i.e., about 99.99 per cent. There is just as much drunkenness in a dry town as in a wet town, and sometimes even more—but there is also more moral excitement. The constant raids and denunciations thrill the pure heart.

The same impulse is at the bottom of most of the "anti-ring" and "reform" movements which periodically rack American cities. For grafting, in itself, the American has only a theoretical horror, just as he has only a theoretical horror of drunkenness. Whether in public office or in private office, he is commonly a grafter himself, at least in a modest way, and what is more, the fact is universally recognized and taken into account. The cash register is omni-present in the United States—and for a reason. In no other land in Christendom is the bonding business one-fifth as prosperous. Nowhere else are the public service corporations—such as street car and gas companies, for example—put to greater ingenuity to protect themselves from their customers. But this petty dishonesty—the natural fruit, perhaps, of the hypocrisies engendered by the national Puritanism—does not interfere with the rapturous chase of grafters of more heroic cut. Let but a newspaper announce solemnly that a given public official is taking bribes—a fact already known, or at least strongly suspected, by every reasonable man in the community—and at once the mob is up in arms, and a rousing hunt has begun. Loud demands are made that the trial of the accused be rushed, that he be jailed as quickly as possible, that he be given the maximum sentence under the law. All persons who appear in his behalf, if only to plead for his plain rights, are denounced as accomplices and scoundrels. The whole population yells for his gore; the racial bloodlust demands an immediate victim. But once he is safely behind the bars, once the chase is over, all interest in it dries up. A year or so later the felon is turned out. Sentimentality now rescues him, as savagery once condemned him.

But an even better example of the sin subterranean is adultery, an act punished in the United States by penalties unmatched in any other civilized land. All our moralists, however for they roam, come back to it soon or late. The wars upon cigarettes, bridge whist and peekaboo waists are passing madnesses; the war for the Seventh Commandment is with us always. In nearly half the territorial area of the United States a man accused of one form of adultery becomes an outlaw ipso facto; he may be shot down without trial, and public opinion will applaud his slayer. And from end to end of the country, the woman who makes an open departure from the cold, straight path is practically expelled from the human race. There is no room in our national life for a George Sand, nor even for a George Eliot.

But does all this show an unexampled purity of national character, a unique frenzy for virtue, a unanimous worship of virginity? Is the American, then, the most chaste of living creatures? Is he a frigid, ascetic archangel, remote from all the low passions and appetites of the brute? Alas, I fear I cannot tell you that he is! I wish I could, but I can't—and he isn't. On the contrary, he is one of the lustiest rogues in all Christendom, a fellow grievously over-sexed, the constant victim of his own fevers, a natural adventurer in armour. All his so-called chivalry, indeed, is no more than evidence of one of his projecting defects; his inability, to wit, to think of women save as servitors to his uses. It is costing him great effort to acquire a more complex view of them; he is still somewhat scandalized whenever they show intelligence and individuality. He would much prefer them to remain his simple property—his cherished, coddled, well defended property, perhaps, but still unmistakably his property. The things he asks of them in return for that jealous cherishing are services almost purely sexual; he wants them

to be assiduous wives and willing mothers; it displeases him to picture them in any other role. This view, of course, reacts viciously upon the women themselves. There is no land in which the holding out of the sexual lure is less covered up by artificialities and disguises. The American girl is turned loose upon the reluctant male at seventeen, and she practises her frank magic until she is long past forty, Scarcely a single restraint is upon her; no crippling conventions hamper her display of goods; she is free to snare a man however she may.

And in a score of less open and innocent ways the crude sexuality of the American makes itself evident. His cities reek with prostitution; his newspapers devote enormous space to matters of amour; his one permanent intellectual exercise is the exchange of obscene and witless anecdotes. Recognizing this weakness himself, he makes elaborate efforts to armor himself against it. No other civilized white man is so full of hypocritical pruderies. He is afraid of all "suggestion," as he calls it, in books, pictures and plays. He cannot look at a nude statue innocently; he cannot even imagine a nude woman innocently. Words and images that have no more effect upon a German or a Frenchman than the multiplication table are subtly salacious to the American, and lead him into evil. He is forbidden to kiss his girl in the public parks because he cannot be trusted to stop at kissing. His laws solemnly proscribe, as incitements to debauchery, the very weapons that professional moralists aim at—for example, the report of the Chicago Vice Commission. The ordinances of all his large cities embody a specific denial that he has kidneys; he is afraid to face squarely the commonplaces of physiology. A man eternally tortured by the animal within him, a man forever yielding to brute passion and instinct, his one abiding fear is that he may be mistaken for a mammal.

Auto Racing Strategies

**A Thrilling Narrative of a Side of Auto Racing that the Public Does Not See.
How Contests are Won by Slackening Speed**

THE MAN at the wheel thundering by faster than the fastest express train receives the plaudits of the crowd, yet he is but an actor in the freak speed drama. Unknown, unheard of, it is the stage managers who direct the vast spectacle.

Such is the sidelight thrown upon auto racing in an article in the *Technical World Magazine*.

For more than four hundred miles the cars have been racing, many have fallen, drawn up exhausted beside the repaid pits,

their backbones broken by terrific speed too long sustained.

And of the survivors, two alone are commanding the crowd's interest; two quivering shapes of steel that have outstripped all rivals. One is painted red and behind its steering wheel sits the cool De Palma, veteran of countless races, a driver crafty and daring who always makes the pace as he sees fit. In the other car is a younger man, Joe Dawson, scarcely more than a boy. And Dawson guiding his trim machine is not making the pace as he sees fit. For his race is being directed—directed by a group of men, quiet, unnoticed. In the repair trench they stand, watching Dawson as he speeds by, watching the other cars, making calculations—and waiting.

Up in the stands thousands of people, watching a big scoreboard know that Dawson is second. And being only spectators they reason that Dawson will drive these last miles at a speed he has never before dared. Obviously it is the youngster's only chance to cut De Palma down. For being average racegoers they don't know all concerning the work of the men in the pits—the side of the race that the public does not see.

As Dawson rushes after the smoking car of his rival, three men in a little tent on the other side of the Speedway, are busy painting a large white numeral on a movable blackboard. More than a mile from the grandstand is their little post, and as Dawson whirls toward them he is driving almost ninety miles an hour. Sighting his car rounding into the back—the trackside and raise the blackboard above their heads. On it is a code message.

"S-75" it reads, "Slow down to 75 miles an hour.

When he sees it Dawson can scarcely believe his eyes. Here is the race almost over with De Palma leading. Yet the signal tent has ordered him to drive slower! He cannot understand, but he obeys orders. He has been taught to do that from the time he became a race driver. So he slackens speed and drives on impatient at the restriction laid upon him; drives until he sees the big machine he has trailed so long standing still and De Palma and his mechanic tugging at the wheels, trying to push it round to the finish line. It is the only way they can make it go. Dawson is in first place now for the breakdown has put De Palma out of it.

What had happened?

As De Palma passed his rival's pit at the grandstand, one of the attendants reached for a telephone. The wires led directly across the oval to the second station, the trackside tent. Telephoning the attendant said:

"Tell Dawson to cut down his speed to 75 miles an hour. That will be enough to win. It will save the car. De Palma's machine is going to pieces."

Shrewd mechanical observers, you see, had detected the signs of an inevitable breakdown. They knew that De Palma's car couldn't last another lap. So they advised the tent station to signal with the blackboard to check Dawson, who, like De Palma, might have literally driven his car to pieces.

And he is checked in time and drives on, winning easily.

Now that's the way many long races are won. It's the phase of the race that is known only by those who may be taken into the confidence of the team managers. As a matter of fact, the actual driving of the cars is about the easiest part of the whole proposition.

At the Savannah Meet.

One day when the late Bruce Brown was practising for the Grand Prize at Savannah, he drew up before the repair pits and ordered his attendants to change the position of his extra tires. These "shoes" were hung on the car in such a way as to be awkward to reach. Bruce Brown had had to make a tire change on the road and it had taken three seconds too many. Realising that were the reserve tires to be hung more conveniently these seconds could be saved. Bruce Brown ordered the change. And, when you consider that he subsequently won the Grand Prize by scant seconds, you realize how much that little detail meant to him.

When Dawson was preparing his car for the Speedway Race, he had to figure just how many revolutions a minute his motor could reasonably expect to hold up and turn over for the five hundred miles. He found that two thousand revolutions a minute was the maximum without straining the engine. This meant ninety miles an hour. Also, by long testing, by returning the car to the factory, by ordering one change after another, Dawson was able to fix the gears so that upon coming out of a turn after "shutting off," his car picked up speed rapidly. Dawson also practiced quick starts. He found that if the car's wheel base was shortened he could take a

certain turn at eighty-five miles an hour. He learned how to save his tires on the sharp bend near the grand stand. At first his tires would last only fifty miles, but gradually by studying and changing things he almost doubled that mileage.

The old Vanderbilt Cup course on Long Island has been the scene of many exacting and exciting try-outs. Grant, who astonished all motordom by winning the Vanderbilt Cup for a second time, was one of the most conspicuous figures there. Grant always had a fine ear for defects. It was interesting to watch him listening for faults in the working of the mechanism. He would, for example, announce that "the exhaust of the fourth cylinder has not lift enough." One of the mechanics would then stop the engine, and remove the valve. Grant's diagnosis would be proved correct. Again he would listen. This time he would perhaps find "a lack of compression in the second cylinder." Again the engine would be examined; again Grant would seek out each weakness with his ear. When Vanderbilt Cup day came, Grant got the last ounce out of his car and won.

Before the race, it is calculated by the managers of each company represented what average speed will be enough to win. Sometimes this average is changed as the race changes. Perhaps the man who is figured upon to break down early manages to stay in the race. Then the average must be raised. Otherwise it would create too great a risk, letting this opponent get too long a lead.

Adhering to Schedule Wins.

Just before the Brighton Beach Race a few years ago, one company figured that 1,200 miles would surely win. The drivers were told to make this mileage. This meant that the men had to average fifty miles an hour for an entire day. The drivers were warned not to worry over what any other competitors might do. They had only to make sure that they held their own schedule. Other drivers overtaxed their cars and established long leads. With the race three-quarters done an opposing car led by 100 miles. But that did not bother the forces of this particular concern. Their drivers held rigidly to schedule. Eventually they caught and passed the leaders and finished with a total of 1,196 miles—just four miles out of the way for twenty-four hours' driving, which is pretty close figuring.

During the Savannah Races Mulford stopped to change a rear tire. In less than one minute the old tire was removed, the new one slipped on, and the gasoline and oil tanks filled—an astonishing pit achievement.

Drivers dread these delays, and are loath to pull up at the pits unless forced to. Often, too, it is impossible for them to see that a stop should be made.

On the blackboard there may appear suddenly the cabalistic letters, "F-R-C." This means that the front right tire must be changed at once. A pitman has noticed that the tire is flat. There are about one hundred such signals. They warn a driver if he is getting reckless; they tell him the position of his own and of other cars; they tell him to look out for some other driver who has become reckless.

As was shown in the case of Dawson, his company had two signal stations, one advantage which we have seen. Here is another:

As Dawson passed the grand stand early in the race, it was noticed that a tire needed replacing. Dawson was gone before they could signal him. So they telephoned across the field, and the tent station ordered him to stop on his next time around. You might say that the entire race depended upon these men in the pits. That's why drivers appear beside themselves when a car stops at the grand stand. People wonder at their actions, their impatience, the expression on their faces.

It is the seconds that the public is too excited to count that lose races—as Mulford lost in a heartbreaking finish where five seconds separated the cars.

It was toward the finish of the Fairmount Park Race in 1910. Ralph Mulford and Len Zengle were in the lead. It was either man's race. With one lap to go, Mulford led by 19 seconds. It happened that both cars had to stop and replace burst ties. Zengle's pitmen were quicker. They made the change in 1 minute and 10 seconds. Mulford's corps took 1 minute and 34 seconds. Now 1 minute and 10 seconds subtracted from 1 minute and 34 seconds leaves 24 seconds. Before the tire change Mulford led by 19 seconds. Well, 19 seconds from 24 seconds gives 5 seconds, which was Zengle's margin in winning the Fairmount Park Race—a finish in which the public thought Mulford had been out-driven.

Oddities of Indian Marriages

Babies Betrothed Before Birth and Wedded When a Year Old. Bridegrooms of Sixty and Brides of Seven. Women Married to Swords and Men to Trees

OUR readers are already acquainted with some of the writings of Mr. Saint Mihil Singh, a versatile writer on all things Indian and Asiatic. In the *Wide World Magazine* he gives us a striking article containing some amazing facts as to the marriage customs of India.

The anxiety of Indian parents to find life partners for their children, he says, often leads to the selection of mates for them before they come into the world. This statement may sound like a fanciful

fabrication, but it can easily be verified by facts. The writer personally knows of more than one case in which the betrothal of two infants was arranged prior to their birth, and they were solemnly wedded to each other not long after they were born.

In the very nature of things such alliances do not actually come into effect until years after the matrimonial knot has been tied; but they are not mock nuptials, or mere betrothals, which later can be repudiated. Indeed, they have greater finality attached to them than wedlock contracted in the Occident, for the Hindu law-giver does not allow divorce on any ground whatsoever. Consequently, when infants are led to the altar by their parents, they enter a blind alley from which there is no exit.

Were it not for the fact that these weddings, when once celebrated, are binding for all time, they would be like mere doll-play, except that animate puppets take the place of toys. It would be wrong to convey the impression that the number of matches arranged before the birth of those who are united to each other is very large; but withal, India, taken as a whole, still passionately hugs the notion that it is a sin to permit boys and girls to reach their teens without being wedded. The feeling in regard to keeping females unmarried after, say, their twelfth year literally amounts to positive horror. The earlier the girl is married the wider are the gates of heaven supposed to be thrown open for her parents' entrance. The national sentiment, therefore, is tremendously in favor of child marriage, and social obloquy of the worst description imaginable is heaped on the heads of fathers and mothers who do not conform to this custom.

Thus it happens that Indian parents consider it their sacred duty to select mates for their children and see them married off, just as much as they look upon feeding and clothing them as an imperative function. Millions of parents can be found in Hindustan who have no idea whatsoever that they owe it to their progeny to give them at least elementary schooling, and who do not spend a farthing towards such an object; but to find one who shirks the duty of yoking his



The husband is 35, the wife is 7.

child to the matrimonial cart would be harder than to make a camel pass through the needle's eye.

The Search for a Mate.

The average Indian undertakes the performance of this obligation with a passionate earnestness very difficult for a Westerner to understand. Even before the little one is born the mother begins to cast about in her mind to decide what family shall provide the mate for the expected babe, and the father begins to hoard pennies to make the marriage a memorable occasion.

Ambitious parents do not hesitate to bring their daughters to the capitals of wife-hunting princes. When more than one girl is thus brought to have her charms exhibited, the affair becomes very much like a cattle show. Sometimes strenuous measures have to be resorted to in order to get rid of persistent female suitors and their connections. In one instance the relations of a candidate for the position of Maharani were so persistent in pushing her claims that every stick of furniture was removed from the house that had been placed at their disposal, with a view to "freezing them out." Even then they refused to give up and go, with the result that they finally succeeded in their designs and the girl was chosen to be the ruler's bride.

In India considerations of wealth and social position enter into the calculations of the match-makers, even places to a larger extent than they do here. In many places it is customary for the parents of the bride to receive money for consenting to her marriage; in other localities they must literally buy a husband for her. Regular tariffs have been established by certain castes, one of the poorest, for example, insisting that the price paid for the bride must always be an odd number or rupees, five being the minimum and twenty-five the maximum charge. Amongst the richer classes considerable sums of money change hands.

The ceremonies, of course, vary in different parts of the country and with different people. Amongst some tribes very curious customs prevail. It is customary with the Gonds of the Central Provinces, for instance, for the bride and bridegroom to throw mud at each other and roll each other in the mire on the day following the ceremony. Another tribe in this region requires the two to repair to the nearest stream to worship the "god of river

crossings." On the way there the husband chases his spouse and gives her a thrashing. On the return journey the newly-wedded wife returns the compliment, shouting, while administering the caning, "You will beat me as long as I live, so I will beat you to-day."

Peculiar Customs.

When the time comes for the marriage party to leave the bride is put into a red-draped palanquin, which frequently is



A girl-wife of 14 with a son aged 2 years and a daughter of 10 months.

beautifully embroidered. If she is very small this vehicle is shared by an older sister or cousin, in whose charge she is placed. Borne aloft on the shoulders of four coolies—or sometimes twice or thrice that number—with the bridegroom riding on horseback beside it, the doli, as it is called, in the middle of a procession similar to the one that accompanied the boy to his bride's home, proceeds to the residence of the husband, whose father, at intervals, throws coins (gold, silver, or copper) over the palanquin to signify that the daughter-in-law is prized by the family of which she will henceforth be a member.

Amongst one tribe the palanquin is dispensed with, and the bride is taken to her future home riding on her brother-in-law's back. When she reaches there she puts her head against that of each of her husband's female relations, and the two weep together for a few minutes. On disengaging from this lachrymose embrace the young wife receives presents from each person with whom she wept.

In a few days the girl returns to her parents, the visit perhaps lasting for months, or even for years, its duration being determined by her age. As a rule, however, every effort is made to curtail the stay in her father's home to the shortest space of time possible, so that the child-wife may be brought up along with her boy-husband and become acquainted with those with whom she is to spend her whole life.

Sometimes it happens that a man is to be married simultaneously to more than one girl, and, since it is not possible for him to be in more than one place at a time, he cannot be present in person at all the ceremonies; or it may be that the wealthy groom does not care to take the trouble to proceed to the girl's home. In such cases he sends his sword, if he is a prince, or, if he does not possess such a weapon, some other article belonging to himself, and the bride is married to it with just as much ceremony as if the groom were personally present. Cases are on record in which girls have been married to a sprig of tulsi, the sacred Hindu plant; while every year many Indian girls are married to stone and wooden idols, thenceforward to serve the gods in the temple.

Marries a Tree.

To equalize matters between the sexes, men are sometimes married to trees. This

happens when one wife has died and the widower is averse to spending money upon a marriage that may terminate in the same unfortunate way. It is believed that the ill-luck runs from wife to wife; so when he weds a tree the curse is supposed to fasten itself upon the inanimate thing, after which he may marry a human spouse without fear of Fate striking her down.

The girl whom the widower takes to his heart, as a rule, wears some charm to keep the spirit of his deceased wife from haunting and hurting her. One of these amulets takes the form of two feet, made of gold, silver, or some baser metal. This is worn suspended from a thread or chain fastened about the neck, and is supposed to symbolize that the one who wears it has the mischief-making ghost under her feet, where it can do her no harm. Hindu males are privileged to marry just as many wives as they may choose and as their purse can support. A Mohammendan, on the other hand, may have only four wives. Comparatively few, however, take advantage of this privilege.

Widows amongst the higher castes of the Hindus are not allowed to marry again. This restriction extends to every widow, no matter what her age may be. In many cases society is so strict that the mere fact that a girl has been betrothed to a boy who has died places her under the ban. The census recently taken reveals the fact that there were no fewer than fifteen thousand infant girls, not a year old at the time of the enumeration, who must for ever remain widows.

Amongst the lower castes girls who have lost their husbands or their betrothed may remarry. In some localities it is customary for the younger brother of the deceased man to marry the widow—a condition which, more often than not, results in polygamy. Amongst some tribes a widow marriage is celebrated only during the dark of the moon, and none but women who have been bereaved of their mates are allowed to be present.

The Absurdity of it All.

The institution of early marriage and perpetual widowhood, coupled with the fact that widowers, no matter what their age may be, even though one foot may be in the grave, possess an irresistible desire to marry, produces a rather chaotic matrimonial condition. Bridegrooms may be young or old, but brides are invariably im-

mature. Thus it frequently happens that mere infants are tied down to aged men. For example, in 1912 a man of seventy residing in Sook, a village in the Rinjaub, married a girl of seven; and in February of the same year a well known attorney of Dacca, in Benjal, aged sixty-five, who had thrice been left a widower, married a girl of thirteen.

With the introduction of modern ideas

in the minds of a minority of Indians, movements have been set on foot to do away with child-marriage, enforced widowhood, joint families, and wedlock without courtship. But very little progress has been actually made in these directions.

The prospects for reform, however, are very hopeful, and the sooner some of the conditions described are swept away the better it will be for all concerned.

A Dose of Cayenne

Graphic Description of the Horrors of the French Penal Settlement of Cayenne, Depicting Man's Inhumanity to Man

LAMARTINE, the great French writer, a half century ago described Cayenne, the French penal settlement as "le guillotine sec."

The justice of this appellation is borne out by an article in *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. C. W. Furlong, F.R.G.S.

Cayenne—red pepper to the world at large, he writes, hell to the few thousands of convicts transported to this isolated, northeastern corner of equatorial South America. Here, it was rumored, existed one of the world's most antiquated and revolting penal systems, where thousands of men are not only transported for years, but exiled and doomed to a living death. Men from French Guiana had intimated conditions which vied with the cruelties of the old convict ships. I understood the system was legalized by progressive, intellectual France, under the Minister of Colonies, and that prison-reform movements in France had unsuccessfully tried to do away with the horrors of Cayenne.

Off the western seaboard of France lies the Ile de Re, with its quaint little fishing village, San Martin de Re, at whose water's edge stands a weather-beaten old citadel, now a convict station. In January and July its ponderous iron gates open and emit some half-thousand wretched men. Each has heard the Court of Assizes pronounce sentence that has made the blood chill, the brain whirl, the heart-throb almost stop—"Cayenne!"

Clad in coarse woolen garb and chained in pairs, like a monster brown snake this string of humanity creeps between glistening bayonets of double-ranked soldiers down the long wharf. In lighters they board the La Loire, and practically all know that the closing of the great gates of the citadel's iron maw has shut them from France forever.

On arrival at Cayenne the condemned are classified and distributed throughout French Guiana to some half dozen penitentiary establishments, along the coasts, or near the river mouths, hemmed in on one side by the boundless ocean, on the other by the limitless jungle. Prisoners in general are spoken of as *deportés*. Those sentenced to hard labor are known as *transportes*; for life as *relegues*; those on parole in the colony are known as *liberes*.

The colony also includes three islands known as the *Iles de Salut*, the smallest and most barren of which the *Ile Diable* is famous for the infamous incarceration of the exiler Dreyfus.

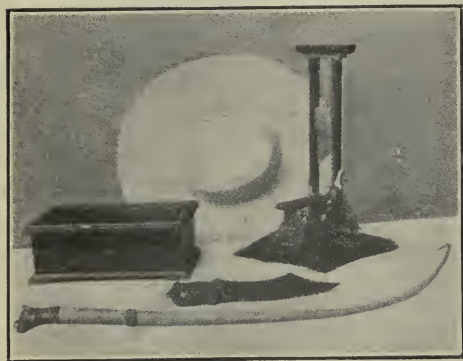
Deportes begin in the third and lowest class, mostly at arduous labor; some quarry and break stones, others carry loads, fell trees, and construct roads at the different "camps"; the strongest break and the weakest die. Clearing "the bush" back of St. Laurent killed off *deportes* like flies, so the work had to be given to Madagascan blacks. On promotion to second and first class, *deportes* may become rowers, masons, locksmiths, mechanics, painters, carpenters, gardeners, etc.; but the liberal professions are tabooed.

Reveille arouses the sleeping camps each day at five, and coffee is served; at 6.30 the *deportes* form squads, and work is assigned each for eight hours of labor. The daily rations consist of only a plate of thin soup, one vegetable, a kilogram of bread, and 250 grams of meat weighed before cooking, which reduces the meat to 130 grams. At 10.30 comes breakfast; siesta is given in the most intense heat, but the sun is still glaring high in the heavens when they start at 1.30 for four more hours of toil. On return from work

occurs roll-call, then a drum sounds, buckets of soup and meat are dealt out. From then on they have time to themselves until they turn in.

A recent French writer claimed that "nowhere can be found a more real moral hell than in these relegate camps." But the condition is due as much to the system which fosters it as to the relegates themselves. Some do boast of exploits inconceivably repugnant; and one, when asked his offense, replied laconically, "I only killed my mother."

It is recognized among deportes that prisoners on the Iles de Salut are put in solitary confinement cells which have an opening permitting the guard patrolling the roof to look in every few minutes to



Articles made by the prisoners. An inlaid box, a hat of awara, a miniature guillotine—used as a cigar cutter, a paper knife, and a whip of balata-rubber.

See that the deportes keep perpetually standing or walking during the entire day. Even the strongest, it is said, cannot survive this more than four years, and many die within a few months. A tolling bell announces the death of a deporte. Shortly his companions are ordered to dump the remains into the sea. As it strikes the muddy waters alive with sharks, each bearer faces his own final doom.

Capital punishment is the price of murder. A French writer states that the murderer's comrades at the penitentiary must assist at his execution. "They are placed near the guillotine, behind them stand soldiers of the Colonial Infantry ready to fire, a voice cries out; 'All convicts on your knees! Heads bare!' All kneel and take off their caps. A convict

must be the executioner, and as a distinctive mark of office has a right to wear a beard and don a black frockcoat and receive a reward for each execution; at New Caledonia sixteen francs and a box of sardines; at Guiana, where the tariff is very high, one hundred francs and a pot of jam.

Since 1852 France has probably transported to Guiana at least 38,000 prisoners, and as there are now over six thousand in the colony, probably over thirty thousand died in exile under a system which, excellent in some respects, is fundamentally wrong. The pale faces and emaciated forms of the prisoners tell their own story and bear out the Governor's remark to me that "the climate is a great factor in bringing repentance."

Some claim that not more than one hundred prisoners have ever finally got entirely away, though many have escaped only to be recaptured. M. Clamageran conceded that about four per cent. escaped, mostly from among the chantiers, generally across the Maroni River or by boat along the coast of Dutch and British Guiana. Some are shot in the attempt, some starve, while many, after suffering the terrors of a Guianan tropical forest, voluntarily return and are punished.

Some time before my arrival at St. Laurent two escaped deportes killed a Carib family at night, save a little lad who escaped. Previously Amerinds brought in captured deportes to the Dutch commandant at Albina, but for six months after this tragedy escaping deportes were run down like wild beasts.

A deporte who was "wanted" was brought in one night by Caribs badly wounded—skull crushed in by a knobbed arrow. The Dutch commandant rushed him across to St. Laurent.

"Quickly," he urged the warder, as by lantern's glow he called attention to the wounded man. "Send for the doctor at once if you are to save this man's life."

"What! For a deporte!" exclaimed the warder. "The doctor is busy with my cow, which has broken its leg." The moaning man lay bleeding on the wharf until he died.

At twilight I visited the new hospital buildings, as half finished they loomed against the heated afterglow. They will at least aid many a weary sojourner in a more peaceful passing out—the only ticket of leave for the majority.

France many years ago, in freeing the slaves of Guiana, freed herself of the stigma of that institution. In the central square of Cayenne stands a sculptured monument to that achievement. On its base are the words which many a

deporte has read: "Liberte, fraternite, egalite." But these words will not be known in their fullest significance until France has removed from this institution the justifiable appellation—"Cayenne, le guillotine sec."

Will Japan Turn to Australia?

Japan Will Follow the Line of Least Resistance and Turn to Northern Australia, and Not Force a Losing Conflict With the United States

THAT Japan will not fight over the treatment of her countrymen in California is the opinion strongly expressed by Mr. Lovat Fraser in the *London Daily Mail*.

Mr. Fraser is one of the first Orientalists in the world and is generally accepted as an authority on politics and statecraft in the Near and Far East. His "India Under Curzon" is considered by critics a masterpiece of brilliant writing, judicial fairness, and accurate information. He is well qualified to give an opinion and reasons as to why Japan must hesitate to push matters to extremes. Japan is too weak, too poor indeed to enter the lists with the United States. If she did she would cause the white races throughout the world to stand shoulder to shoulder in a solid phalanx against her. Even if she conquered Hawaii and the Philippines, the United States, after experiencing a defeat which could be merely temporary, would revive from such a Bull Run discomfiture stronger than ever and with ships and more men, and a deepened tempest of anger would ultimately drive the yellow man "bootless home and weather-beaten back."

A conflict between Japan and the United States at this juncture would mean the ruin of Japan. The late Homer Lea's fantastic visions have little relation to reality. Japan could not run the risk of an invasion of the Pacific slope, because she would soon be ejected. She might take Hawaii and the Philippines, but how long could she keep them? The United States would press forward the completion of the Panama Canal, spend her vast resources in building an invincible armada of dreadnoughts, and devote all her incomparable energies to winning back lost possessions. The ultimate outcome of the struggle would never be in doubt, so far as the near future is concerned, for Japan could get no more ships and no more money."

Japan had the bitterest possible ex-

perience in her Manchurian campaign when she spent her last bullet and almost her last man in winning over Russia a victory which brought no indemnification.

United States Would Not Fail.

A temporary success would be of no avail in a conflict with the United States. Japan fought herself to a standstill in the war with Russia. Had fighting continued a few months longer the verdict might have been reversed. She knows full well that the United States would never accept transient defeat. She is equally well aware that the Western world will not give her more ships and money to prosecute a war based upon such an issue as the Californian Land Bill. It would be a war deliberately fought to challenge the world-supremacy of the white races, and in such a case the white races would instantly unite. They would not all fight, but they would not help Japan. The welfare of America means more to the white races than the welfare of Asia.

We may take it for granted, then, that the present differences between Japan and the United States will in some way or other be composed.

Mr. Fraser thinks that the United States has a high mission to perform both by sea and land in supporting the supremacy of the white races and maintaining their right to rule the earth. Hence he tells us that while the quarrel between the United States and Japan is comparatively trivial, the issue that lies behind it is not trivial, and is probably destined to become one of the greatest problems of the twentieth century.

What the yellow races want is equality of treatment in the form in which the claim is being advanced by the more progressive peoples of Asia, which connotes something more than relief from disabilities under the special laws of the white races. It means that the tacit as-

sumption of the white races that it is their privilege to inherit the earth is directly contested. The yellow races are beginning to insist upon their right to spread outward. The overspill of the population of Europe pours into the American continent. Japan and China do not see why they should not move outward also, especially as they breed faster and much of their soil is already over-peopled.

The little colonies of Japanese and Chinese scattered about over the American continent represent only the vanguard of this great movement. Japan does not find in Korea all the opportunities for expansion which she had expected. She knows that by more weight of numbers the Chinese will eventually fill up the vacant space of Manchuria.

In this point lies the incalculable good America is doing by setting up a bulwark along the Pacific slope to keep off the locustlike hordes that would soon desolate her territory.

California is the new boundary-wall of the white races. The day of Asiatic invasions of Europe is over. We have just seen the Turks driven from their last European possessions. The peoples of Asia have turned their faces eastward again, and they look across the Pacific toward the light of the morning sun. America, with her millions of negroes and

her masses of half-civilized immigrants from Eastern Europe, rejects them. She does so with good reason.

What Mr. Fraser styles "a trivial quarrel" between the United States and the eager people of Japan, triumphant, sensitive, clamorous for recognition, but still more avid of room to expand is certain to be adjusted. The Japanese will not retaliate. They will not hit back, but they will follow the line of least resistance turning to the British Pacific possessions lying at their feet. This is how Mr. Fraser puts it:

The rich coastal belt of Northern Australia, with its deep rivers, fine harbors, and unfailing rainfall, could maintain thirty millions of people. Its present inhabitants number less than a thousand white folk. We have painted it red and left it vacant.

At the present rate of progress, Australia will not a century hence have population enough to stem the flood of a yellow invasion. The course which the outward movement of the yellow races must eventually follow seems automatic and irresistible. Fleets in the North Sea can not stop it. The only chance for Australia's salvation will be if the mastery of the Pacific passes into the hands of the United States, and that is an issue which may have to be fought out first.

A King in Canada

A United States Writer Discusses the Probability of Our Having a Reigning Monarch of the Dominion in Canada

OUR cleverly edited contemporary, *Vogue*, a fortnightly journal which circulates exclusively among the wealthy classes in the United States, has in a current number an amusing speculative article by Mr. Edward N. Vallandigham on the possibility of a member of the British Royal Family permanently occupying a position in Canada as reigning monarch of the Dominion, and on the effect this would have on the social life of Canada and the United States.

It is hinted, says Mr. Vallandigham indeed, prophesied, by an intelligent observer of Canadian affairs who has also been a resident of the United States, that before many years we shall see a scion of the British Royal Family at Ottawa, not as mere viceroy, but as a veritable King of the Dominion. Politically, the

presence of a reigning monarch in Canada would not be a matter of great significance, since, like the head of his family at home, he would reign without governing, and the essentially democratic system of the Dominion would remain unchanged, if, indeed, it were not strengthened.

Counting Our Chickens.

Socially however, the substitution of a king for a viceroy might make a vast difference beyond our northern border. A king of the Dominion would be the local fountain of honor and it is hard to believe that honorific titles in Canada would be as few then as now. There is no Canadian peerage, though a few Canadians wear the title "Lord," and there can hardly be said to be Canadian baronets, though sev-

eral native Canadians have been knighted. These titles are imperial, and not local. With a king upon the throne, however, the Dominion would probably have its own peerage, though not necessary a House of Lords instead of its present Senate. Faithful Canadians would also, from time to time, be honored with knighthood, and we should speedily have a titled and hereditary aristocracy at our very doors.

The social effect of such creations would be felt not only in Canada, but even in the United States, and it is not improbable that once the system was established some wealthy Americans, dazzled by the glamour of the thing, might be persuaded to expatriate themselves with the hope, by means of such good works as wealth makes possible, to acquire Canadian titles. Canada is growing fast in population, and she will need large endowments for new institutions. What more effective way for a newly naturalized citizen to commend himself to his sovereign than by generous gifts for such purposes? One easily foresees an exodus of our rich and ambitious fellow citizens to the Dominion.

A king in Canada, however, would mean something for a good many Americans not disposed toward expatriation. Presentation at the Court of St. James has long been recognized by Americans as a sort of social cachet both at home and abroad. The winning of this honor, however, is difficult, expensive, and inconvenient. For one successful American aspirant toward the "drawing-room" there must be many disappointed applicants. The record of those who fail of the honor is charitably buried in the graves of dead ambassadors, and in the grave-like memories of living ambassadors, and society at home is unlikely to be scandalized by any violation of such diplomatic secrets, piquant reading though it would make.

But presentation at the Canadian Court ought to be easier, though not necessarily of less social validity. The king once well established at Ottawa, we may be sure that the capital would become a favorite winter residence for no small company of the socially ambitious from this side the line, and there is surely no reason why such residents should not commend themselves to the attention of his Canadian Majesty by a magnificent hospitality and a bountiful charity.

Imparting a Royal Atmosphere.

The Canadians have a fine sense of fitness, which the monarch would not offend by making approach to his person too easy. While a telephone message from New York or Chicago to Rideau House, inquiring whether His Majesty "will be at home to-morrow and prepared to receive my wife and daughters," would be quite unthinkable, the monarch of the Dominion, we may guess, would place no impassable barrier between his throne and his faithful Americans. Certain pages of our newspapers would then take on the semblance of a court circular, and the presentation of distinguished Americans would be heralded with appropriate pictures of the ceremony, the monarch, the happy recipients of the honor, and their homes and haunts in the United States. Fashionable society would ring with talk of the "dear Queen," and club circles would be regaled with stories of His Majesty's graciousness, perhaps even of his foibles. Indeed, the presence of a king at Ottawa would confer upon our American society a subtle something that even a winter's residence at Washington has not thus far availed to give to the drawing-rooms of those who have frequented the White House and the diplomatic circle.

Harnessing the Sun

Showing How the Sun's Rays May be Used to Melt Metals, Pump Water, and Perform Other Useful Work in the Service of Man

A description of various engineering devices for utilizing the sun's rays is given in *Chamber's Journal*.

The history of experiments in the direct employment of the rays is of peculiar interest, says the writer. So far as the records show, Archimedes the philosopher and savant was the first to utilize the sun as a weapon of attack, by reflecting its

rays from movable plates of brass which had been polished until they were glittering mirrors. He made them to assail the fleet of Marcellus the Roman, who besieged ancient Syracuse. History has it that he placed the plates in such positions that they concentrated the heat from the sun's rays upon the vessels to such a degree that not only the sails but the wooden hulls and

decks caught fire, although these plates were on the shore nearly a mile distant.

In modern times science has occupied itself on the problem as to how solar heat can be converted into a source of power. Several appliances operated by power developed by solar heat have been designed and found to be successful. A French engineer is given credit as the first inventor of such an apparatus. He constructed a large reflector to receive the rays. Into its centre was set one end of a large siphon, the other end being in a tank of water several feet below the reflector. The reflector was made in several sections, each of which could be adjusted so as to be directly in range with the rays, while all the sections could be focussed on the opening in the upper arm of the siphon by reason of its position. At the first test of the appliance the air in the empty portion of the siphon was heated to such a point that the pressure of the air in the tubs was greatly lessened. This caused the water to rise and overflow from the siphon as if pumped out by some other power or by hand, and it continued until the reflectors were turned away.

Melts Iron and Pewter.

The possibility of melting iron, copper, pewter, also of burning wood, has been tested, especially by American scientists. In one instance the solar rays were deflected and centred on a sheet of iron seventeen feet from the mirrors, and in fifteen minutes the metal was at a red heat. A pewter flask was turned into molten liquid in twenty minutes, the heat being transmitted a distance of twenty feet. A plank coated with tar was set one hundred and fifty feet away as a target for the burning-mirrors. The rays were focussed on a circular area of the wood about three inches in diameter. In fifteen minutes a

hole of this size had been burned nearly through the plank, which was two inches thick, and the tar coating was ablaze. In each experiment several adjustable mirrors of glass with mercury backing were used.

As a means of cooking without fuel the reflector has been placed in service and has performed its work. A Californian scientist made a parabolic mirror that turned on an axis at a rate of speed sufficient to keep it constantly in the sunlight, thus making it a continuous radiator. It was focussed on a sheet-iron pot filled with cold water set on a stand near the axis. After five minutes the thermometer test showed the water to be hot; five minutes later it was at the boiling-point. Some eggs were boiled in it as a proof of the value of solar heat for cooking. This device marked a new era in making the sun's radiation of practical value, for the temperature reached was so high that it would smelt metals. The inventor secured a patent covering the principal features, and several appliances actuated by solar power are in operation in California pumping water and performing other work. One of the largest of these solar motors is located on a breeding-place for ostriches, near Pasadena, California. These birds can only live on the sand where the surface is dry. A water-supply must be obtained, however, for drinking purposes, and the owner drove a pipe-line below the surface to a point where underground springs were known to exist. To this piping was attached the sun-driven motor.

In appearance the motor resembles a huge disc of glass, and at a distance might be taken for a windmill; but this apparent disc is really a reflector thirty-three feet six inches in diameter on the top and fifteen feet on the bottom. The inner surface is made up of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight small mirrors, all arranged so that they can concentrate the sun upon the central or focal point. They transmit the heat to a boiler which is thirteen feet six inches in length, and holds one hundred gallons of water, and the temperature produced is sufficient to generate steam-power for pumping.

Man Burnt to a Cinder.

The amount of heat concentrated in the boiler by over one thousand seven hundred mirrors cannot be realized, as nothing can be seen but a small cloud of escaping steam; but should a man climb upon the



A front view of one of the five 204-foot long parabolic reflectors for utilizing the heat of the sun. This is designed by Mr. Frank Schuman, of Philadelphia.
Expert

reflector and attempt to cross it he would be literally burned to a cinder. Copper is smelted by it in a short time, and a pole of wood thrust into the radius of the reflector burst into flame like a match. That the motor is a success is seen by the work that it is doing in pumping water from a well, proving its possibilities as a means of irrigation by lifting one thousand four hundred gallons per minute.

More recently a new type of apparatus has been devised. Instead of concentrating the solar heat upon one comparatively small and strong boiler, Mr. Frank Shuman has adopted the expedient of focussing the sun's rays upon a large number of small boilers made of tinned copper only about a quarter of an inch thick. Each boiler is placed in a slightly inclined shallow box

fitted with a double glass top, an air-space about an inch deep being left between the two layers. Silvered glass mirrors are fitted to the upper and lower edges of the top of each box at an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees, thus focussing the sun's rays upon the boilers within. Water is brought to every boiler by a small feed-pipe, while another pipe serves to carry the generated steam to a large main steam-pipe, which in turn conveys it to the engine it is intended to work. In an apparatus of this kind erected in Philadelphia 'the maximum quantity of steam produced in any one hour was more than eight hundred pounds at atmospheric pressure,' but still better results would, of course, be obtained under the almost continuous rays of a tropical sun.

Revival of Folk Dancing in England

Beauties of Old English Dances as an Antidote to the "Turkey Trot," the "Bunny Hug" and the "Tango"

THE YEAR 1913 marks the centenary of the Waltz. From present indications it would almost seem that we are approaching its death knell.

No longer do we delight in the gentle, graceful measures that obtained in the days of our grandmothers—waltz, minuet, cotillon, the dignified quadrille; these have been superseded for the time being at least, by a perfect orgy of freak dances.

First we had the weird contortions which went to make up what became known as the Turkey Trot. It was a long time before sane people could reconcile themselves to this innovation in the terpsichorean art; but, curiously enough, they did at last, and so on the stage and off, in ballrooms, at children's parties even, everyone was turkey trotting.

Next came the sinuous movements of the Bunny Hug and the Grizzly Bear. To see a number of dancers wriggling, posturing, and grimacing in attitudes which distinctly libelled the animals which presumably they were meant to portray was to imagine Bedlam let loose.

Nothing Graceful in Them.

Refinement is certainly not a characteristic of most of these new dances, if they can be called dances, for they consist chiefly of wriggling and writhing in all kinds of ways.

But dancers who have adopted American innovations may say, "If we may not

'Boston' or 'Bunny-hug,' or 'Turkey Trot,' and if the 'Tango' is taboo what other dances will you provide for us?"

There are enthusiasts who are quite prepared to supply an answer, and the London *Daily Telegraph* furnishes us with the antidote in an article on old English measures which are being revived by the Esperance Guild of Morris Dancers.

Miss Mary Neal, the hon. secretary of this Society thinks that the beauties of Old English folk-dances are not sufficiently recognized, and that some of these long-neglected measures, to whose revival she has devoted unceasing attention for a number of years, are worthy of a place in any ball-room "During the 'Shakespeare's England' display at Earl's Court last year," said Miss Neal, "the boys and girls of the guild appeared at society dances which were held there. They were able to demonstrate the charm of these country dances, and, as a matter of fact, two or three of the ladies actually joined in them."

Morris Dance.

Miss Neal does not suggest for a moment that the morris dance could ever be anything but an open-air dance. Incidentally she remarked that though it was generally danced by men, it was not exclusively a male dance, as was sometimes erroneously supposed. For this statement she was prepared to quote an authority, in the person

of one of the oldest morris dancers, Mr. Trafford, of Headington, near Oxford, who had told her that in his young days there was a morris dance called "How D'ye Do, Sir"—a quaint enough name—which was performed by three men and three women. The men it is recorded, saluted their partners with a "How d'ye do, miss," and the girls returned the greeting with a "How d'ye do, sir," which simple explanation suffices to clear up any mystery as to the origin of the name.

One of the best exponents of morris dance solos, Miss Neal observed, is the Hon. Neville Lytton, who took part in the interesting performance of old English dances given at the Globe Theatre some time ago.

But the morris dance is no substitute for the "Turkey trot," and Miss Neal went on to discuss other dances which, she holds, might with great advantage from the artistic point of view find a place in the ball-room. "I have heard it suggested," she said, "that the sword dance"—not the Scottish version, she was careful to explain—"would make a very charming figure in a cotillon. Then there are available the most exquisite country dances, as set out in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' of which there were something like eighteen editions in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. A few of these dances were revived by Miss Nellie Chaplin, and are being taught now under her superintendence. At the present time Mr. Clive Carey, who sang at the Globe Theatre, and also danced with great success, is engaged in deciphering more of these dances."

Quaint Names.

Miss Neal mentioned the names of some of the old dances in which children are receiving instruction up and down the country. It is interesting to recall them if only

for their quaintness. There are, for example, the following:

All in a Garden Green.

Althea.

The Glory of the West.

Simon the King.

Once I loved a maiden fair.

"I think these dances are particularly suitable for the ball-room," she explained. "They are social and flirtatious—well, perhaps, that is hardly the best description. I mean that they can be danced with a certain amount of coquetry and elegance and grace. I believe if people really understood the Playford dances, if they would only let us demonstrate their attractiveness, these old measures would sweep England. They are all so dainty and pretty. There is no hugging in them, though in some there is kissing, which can, of course, quite easily be omitted. Moreover, from my own knowledge, I can say that they have already been taught to society people, and are danced in the ball-rooms of certain hostesses who have an eye for the artistic."

Miss Neal said that she had witnessed the "Boston" and the "Turkey-Trot" in America, but she had never seen the latter danced so disgustingly as when she once went to a middle-class ball in England, at which there was an ordinary master of ceremonies. So unseemly was the dancing that the master of ceremonies felt it imperative that he should intervene, and he did so to such good purpose that the "Turkey-Trot" was promptly stopped altogether. In conclusion, Miss Neal expressed herself very hopeful, not to say confident, that English national dances will regain their once universal popularity. The Board of Education has sanctioned the teaching of folk dances in the schools, and she sees in this fact great possibilities for the future regeneration of English dancing.

A Chinese Lady's Love Letter

A Charming Side Light on the Home Life of a High-Class Chinese Lady, Which May Change Some Popular Ideas

THE ABOVE heading is the title of a delightful and enlightening article by Mrs. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The letters were shown to her by their recipient, many years after they were written. Kwei-Li the wife of a very high Chinese official, wrote them to her husband when he accompanied his master,

Prince Chung, on his trip around the world.

Within the beautiful ancestral home of her husband, high on the mountain-side outside of the City of Suchau, she lived the quiet, sequestered life of the high-class Chinese woman, attending to the household duties which are not light in these

patriarchal homes, where an incredible number of people live under the same roof-tree. The sons bring their wives to their fathers house instead of establishing separate houses for themselves, and they are all under the watchful eye of the mother, who can make a prison or a palace for her daughters-in-law.

Kwei-Li was the daughter of a Viceroy of Chi-li, a man most advanced for his time, who was one of the forerunners of the present educational movement in China that has caused her youth to rise and demand Western methods and Western enterprise in place of the obsolete traditions and customs of their ancestors. To show his belief in the new spirit that was breaking over his country, he educated his daughter along with his sons. She was given as tutor a famous poet of the province, who doubtless taught her the imaginery and beauty of expression which is so truly Eastern.

My dear One, writes the Chinese wife, The house on the mountain has lost its soul. It is nothing but a palace with empty windows. I go upon the terrace and look over the valley where the sun sinks, a golden red ball, casting long purple shadows on the plain. Then I remember that thou art not coming from the city to me, and I say to myself that there can be no dawn that I care to see, and no sunset to gladden my eyes, unless I share it with thee.

But do not think I am unhappy. I do everything the same as if thou wert here, and in everything I say "Would this please my master?"

Meh-ki wished to put your long chair away, as she said it was too big, but I did not permit it. It must rest where I can look at it, and imagine I see thee lying in it, smoking thy water pipe, and the small table is always near by, where thou canst reach out thy hand for thy papers and the drink thou lovest. . . .

Such a long letter I am writing thee. I am so glad that thou madest me promise to write thee every seventh day, and to tell thee all that passes within my household and my heart. . . . Each one of these strokes will come to thee bearing my message.

Thou wilt not tear the covering roughly, as thou didst those great official letters; nor will thou crush the papers roughly in thy hand, because it is the written word of Kwei-Li, who sends with each stroke of her brush a part of her heart. . . .

I think thine honorable mother has passed me the keys of the household to take my mind away from my loss. She says a heart that is busy cannot mourn, and my days are full of duties. I arise in the morning early, and after seeing that my hair is tidy I take a cup of tea to the aged one and make my obeisance; then I place the rice and water in their dishes before the god of the kitchen and light a tiny stick of incense for his altar, so that our day may begin auspiciously. After the morning meal I consult with the cook and steward. The vegetables must be regarded carefully and the fish inspected.

I carry the great keys and feel much pride when I open the door of the storeroom. Why, I do not know, unless it is because of the realization that I am the head of this large household. If the servants or their children are ill, they come to me instead of to thine honorable mother, as in former times. I settle all difficulties, unless they be too rare or heavy for one of my mind and experience.

Then I go with the gardener to the terrace and help him to arrange the flowers for the day. I love the stone-flagged terrace with its low marble balustrade.

It rests close against the mountains, to which it seems to cling.

I always stop a moment and look over the valley, because it was from here I watched thee when thou went to the city in the morning, and here I waited thy return. Because of my love for it and the rope of remembrance with which it binds me, I keep it beautiful with rugs and flowers.

It speaks to me of happiness and brings back memories of summer days spent idling in a quiet so still that we could hear the rustle of the bamboo grasses on the hill-side down below; or, still more dear, the evenings passed close by thy side, watching the lingering moon's soft touch which brightened into jade each door and archway as it passed.

I long for thee, I love thee, I am thine.

We Must Listen.

An approaching wedding in the household is as exciting to Kwei-Li as to any European. In her fourth letter she writes of the fiancée of her husband's brother:

We do not know how many home servants she will bring, and we are praying the Gods to grant her discretion, because with servants from a different Province there is sure to be jealousy and the retailing of small tales that disturb the harmony of a household.

Many tales have been brought us of her great beauty, and we hear she has much education. Thine august mother is much disturbed over the latter, as she says, and justly, too, that over-learning is not good for women. It is not meet to give them books in which to store their embroidery silks. But I—I am secretly delighted, and Mah-Li, thy sister, is transported with joy. I think within our hearts, although we would not even whisper it to the night-wind, we are glad that there will be three instead of two to bear the burden of the discourses of thine honourable mother. Not that she talks too much, thou understandest, nor that her speech is not stored of wisdom, but—she talks—and we must listen.

The wedding over the young bride becomes a favorite with Kwei-Li:

I am sure that if her gowns could be laid side by side they would reach around the world. She is as fair as the spring blossoms and of as little use. An army encamped upon us could not have so upset our household as the advent of this one maiden. She brought with her, rugs to cover the floors, embroideries and hangings for the walls, scrolls and sayings of Confucius and Mencius to hang over the seats of honour, to show us that she is an admirer of the classics, screens for the doorways, even a huge bed all carved and gilded and with hangings and tassels of gay silk.

Thine honorable mother is not pleased with this, her newest daughter-in-law, and she talks—and talks—and talks. She says the days will pass most slowly until she sees the father of Li-ti. She yearns to tell him that a man knows how to spend a million pieces of money in marrying off his daughter, but knows not how to spend a hundred thousand in bringing up his child.

Yet with it all Li-ti is such a child. Ah, I see thee smile! Thou sayest she is only three years less in age than I, yet, thou seest, I have had the honor of living a year by the side of thy Most August Mother and have acquired much knowledge from the very fountain head of wisdom.

To me Li-ti is the light of this old palace. She is the true spirit of laughter, and when the happy laugh the gods rejoice. She is continually in disgrace with thine honorable mother, and now the elder one has decided that both she and Mah-Li, thy sister, shall learn a text from the sage Confucius each day for penance. . . .

In the morning she seats herself before

her mirror, and two maids attend her, one to hold the great brass bowl of water, the other to hand her the implements of her toilet. While the face is warm she covers it with honey mixed with perfume, and applies the rice-powder until her face is as white as the rice itself. Then the cheeks are rouged, the touch of red is placed upon the lower lip, the eyebrows are shaped like the true willow-leaf, and the hair is dressed.

Her hair is wonderful that I say within my heart, (not so long nor so thick as mine), and she adorns it with many jewels of jade and pearls. Over her soft clothing of fine linen she draws the rich embroidered robes of silk and satin. Then her jewels, earrings, beads, bracelets, rings, the tiny mirror in the embroidered case, the bag with its rouge and powder fastened to her side by long red tassels. When all things are in place she rises, a being glorified, a thing of beauty from her glossy hair to the toe of her tiny embroidered shoe. I watch her with a little envy, because when thou wast here I did the same. Now that my husband is away it is not meet that I make myself too seemly for other eyes.

Thy Mother says poor Li-ti is o'er vain, and repeats to herself the saying, "More precious in a woman is a virtuous heart than a face of beauty." But I say she is our butterfly, she brings the joys of summer. One must not expect a lace kerchief to hold tears, and she fulfils her woman's destiny. Chih-peh, thy brother, is inexpressibly happy. He adores his pretty blossom. He follows her with eyes that worship, and, when she is in disgrace with thine August Mother, is desolate. When needs be she is sent to her apartment, he wanders round and round the courtyards until the Honorable One has retired from sight, then he hurriedly goes to his beloved. Soon I hear them laughing gaily, and know the storm is over.

In the eighth letter Kwei-Li relates a sad incident in the life of a former girl friend who had lately married:

She came to me yesterday in dire distress. She is being returned to her home by her husband's people, and, as you know, if a woman is divorced shame covers her until her latest hour. I am inexpressibly saddened, as I do not know what can be done. The trouble is with his mother, and, I fear, her own pride of family. She cannot forget that she comes from a great house, and is filled with pride at the recollection of her home. I have told her that

the father and mother of one's husband should be honored beyond her own. I can see that she has failed in respect, and thus she merits condemnation. We have all learned as babes that "respect" is the first word in the book of wisdom. I know it is hard at times to still the tongue, but all paths that lead to Peace are hard. She will remain with me two nights. Last night she lay wide-eyed, staring into the darkness, with I know not what within her soul. I begged her to think wisely, to talk frankly with her husband and his mother, to whom she owes obedience. There should be no pride where love is. She must think upon the winter of her days, when she will be alone, without husband and without children, eating bitter rice of charity, though 'tis given by her people.

I must not bring thee the sorrows of another. Oh, dear one, there will never come 'twixt thee and me the least small river of distrust. I will bear to thee no double heart, and thou wilt cherish me and love me always.

A Cherished Right.

The servant question has terrors in China which we are happily spared. One day Kwei-Li had to discharge the new wife's nurse for scandal-mongering.

The servant went away, but she claimed her servant's right of reviling us within our gate. She lay beneath an outer archway for three long hours and called down curses upon the Liu family. One could not get away from the sound of the enumeration of the faults and vices of your illustrious ancestors even behind closed doors. She went back to the dynasty of Ming and brought forth from his grave each poor man and woman and told us of—not their virtues.

I should have been more indignant, perhaps, if I had not heard o'er-much of the wonders of your family tree, I was impressed by the amount of knowledge acquired by the family of Li-ti. They must

have searched the chronicles, which evidently recorded only the unworthy acts of thy men-folk in the past.

At the end of three hours the woman was faint and very ill. I had one of the servants take her down to the boat, and sent a man home with her bearing a letter saying she was sickening for home faces. She is old, and I did not want her to end her days in disgrace and shame.

But thine Honorable Mother!

Art thou not glad that thou art in a far-off country? She went from courtyard to courtyard, and for a time I fully expected she would send to the Yamen for the soldiers; then she realized the woman was within her right and so restrained herself. It nearly caused her death, for thou knowest thine honorable mother has not long practised the virtue of restraint, especially of the tongue.

In the morning she wished to talk to Li-ti, but I feared for her, and I said, "You cannot speak of the ocean to a well-frog, nor sing of ice to a summer insect. She will not understand." She said Li-ti was without brains, a senseless thing of paint and powder. I said, "We will reform her, we will make of her a wise woman in good time." She replied with bitterness, "Rotten Wood cannot be carved, nor Walls of Dirt be plastered." I could not answer, but I sent Li-ti to pass the day with Chih-peh at the Gold Fish Temple, and when she returned the time was not so stormy.

All this made me unhappy, and the cares of this great household pressed heavily upon my shoulders. Please do not think the cares too heavy nor that I do not crave the work. I know all labor is done for the sake of happiness, whether the happiness comes or no, and, if I find not happiness, I find less time to dream and mourn and long for thee, my husband.

THY WIFE.

Fragrant of love and duty and gentleness are these letters of a Chinese lady.

The Bargain Hunter's Good Luck

A London Market Where Customers Range from Peers of the Realm to the Poorest of the Poor. Platinum at Two Cents an Ounce

THERE are many queer markets scattered over the face of the globe, says Mr. Charles Clarke writing in the *Wide World Magazine*, but London, amongst its many other unique features, is the proud possessor of what is, perhaps, the strangest

and most extraordinary of them all. And—as is usual with London institutions—not one Londoner in twenty has ever heard of it.

At the Caledonian Market, Islington, whence the great Metropolis draws a large

proportion of its meat supply, the cobbled pavements, with their countless rows of white-fenced pens, are usually given up to the display of fat stock, but on Fridays "a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream." The cobbled pavements are there, the white pens still break up the wide expanse, but no cattle or sheep are to be seen.

On that day the great market is given over to a throng of miscellaneous traders, whose wares provide the most amazing contrasts imaginable. There is nothing in the whole gamut of human devices and needs which one may not come across displayed in some odd collection set forth on the cobble-stones. The traders use few counters or stalls; each of them, whether he has a stock worth three or four hundred pounds or a few rusty old bolts and spindles which one might reasonably expect to purchase for a shilling or two, dumps his wares on the pavement of the market. Moreover, at this remarkable place there are markets within markets, each taking its regular turn and place during the day and then packing up and vanishing.

Ever since the market was opened by Prince Albert—now nearly sixty years ago—this quaint collection of pavement-traders has occupied the ground on one day a week.

They started as a congregation of London costermongers, and the first twenty years saw little change except in numbers, but to-day the marvellous range of traders includes practically every business under the sun.

The heterogeneous mass of wares displayed by these men attracts a vast crowd, which is not less cosmopolitan than the traders themselves. There is an odd attraction about the place, and rich and poor, as soon as they get to know of this veritable bargain-hunter's paradise, flock within the iron gates to satisfy their desire for cheap purchases, or, in the case of more humble patrons, to secure some household requisite which shall not make too deep inroads into the limited family exchequer. No Eastern bazaar is half so diverse in its medley of trades and traders or in its incongruous admixture of fashionable and poverty-stricken customers.

Neither visitors nor traders are native to the soil of England alone. Londoners mingle with folks from the provinces, while Colonials, Americans, Dutchmen, Germans, Austrians, Frenchmen, and every

other nationality, including the dignified Turk, are plentiful.

There is a "king" of the market, a man of substance, with a reputation which might well be envied by many a West-end shopkeeper. His deals are in guineas, and he thinks no more of selling a twenty-guinea piece of antique furniture than he does of partaking of his early breakfast at six-thirty a.m. on market mornings. He takes payment in cheques, or debits the accounts of his wealthy customers as regularly as any great City trader. Shortly after midday the stall of Mr. Dudley Goldsmid, the "king" of the market, is cleared of its valuable collection to make way for some trader in a later market, and then his carts deliver the purchased goods to Park Lane, Kensington, or any other fashionable quarters where his aristocratic customers live.

Possibly the very next "pitch" to that of this wealthy trader may be the last hope of some poor soul who has staked his solitary remaining shilling for a stand in the hope of finding a buyer for five or six articles which would be dear at twenty-five cents a-piece.

It was only a few years ago that the cheery "king" of the market himself made his first venture in the hard cobbles, and from small beginnings ultimately arrived at his present proud position.

Searching Rubbish for Bargains.

By eleven o'clock on Friday mornings the roads around the Caledonian Market resemble the side streets near the Royal Academy in May, for long rows of smart motor-cars and liveried servants wait while their fashionable and wealthy owners wend their way amongst the motley collection of rubbish and valuables in search of bargains.

The instances of prizes found and lost in this curious place are numerous, nor are the returns from a lucky purchase matters of small moment. One lady, who is now, of course, a regular pilgrim to the happy hunting-ground, gave four dollars for a piece of china which caught her fancy. A big surprise awaited her, for her purchase was afterwards declared to be a rarity and valued at some \$1,500. This lucky speculation, if rare, is by no means unique in the history of this marvellous market.

As much as \$1,500 worth of fine plate and silverware can be seen displayed on several of the "pitches," and miniatures, bronzes, and ancient works of art such as the collector loves are there in abundance.

One lucky visitor with a keen eye for business actually bought thirty-five ounces of platinum, worth about nine pounds an ounce, from a stall where it lay in a dirty condition, unheeded and unrecognized by the dealer who had included it in his stock. The purchase price was the familiar "dollar," which shows a decidedly handsome return to the purchaser for a morning spent in this amazing mart.

The instances quoted are by no means isolated. A bargain-hunter in this kerbstone-market has bought a green-painted ivory figure for five shillings and sold it for seventy pounds; a few shillings have secured a magnificent George III. candelabra; and a clock which was first bought for two pounds was sold again and again, eventually realizing forty pounds before it left the market.

Numbers of Society collectors bring camp-stools and seat themselves in front of some miscellaneous collection of small art objects and survey and re-survey the stock for an hour or more, repeatedly asking the prices from the dealer. One well-to-do lady visitor has even dispensed with the stool and takes her seat on the cobblestones cross-legged, in Turkish fashion, the better to carry out a scrutiny of the small objects and gems which litter the space in front of her.

Royalty Goes There.

There is a rug and carpet merchant who has traded in first-rate goods at cheap prices for over forty years, and who will sell you a rug made up from remnants of the very finest carpet for a dollar or two. Near him is an aged trader who in the space of a few feet displays quite a lot of curios and engravings and who treasures memories of the time when the late King

Edward visited his stall, and when Lord Rothschild was amongst the crowd of seekers after the rare and beautiful.

After two o'clock, when the Society crowd has gone, and the curio dealers and traders in more costly goods have left, the merchants are joined by other classes of traders, and a throng of humble working people come in search of cheap necessities for the home. If a little stranger has come along, the young couple who have enough to do in the ordinary way to keep the wolf from the door will find here a cradle or a perambulator, in full working order, for a tenth of the sum it was sold for before the leather split and the varnish lost its pristine gloss. Pots and pans, fireirons and tea caddies, there is nothing one cannot get from the pavement pitches of this marvellous emporium.

One special corner of the market, curiously enough, is devoted to donkeys. It is said that no one ever saw one dead, but here there are dozens very much alive. One sees donkeys of all kinds ready to pull a coster's barrow or become the pet of well-to-do children. It is another of the queer little markets within this vast conglomeration of queer things.

Yet another surprise greets one during the afternoon. The traders in an export market make their way up and down the walks, crying in strident tones, "Bring out your clobber, bring out your clobber!" These gentry have a use for everything wearable, from a top-hat to a pair of cord trousers. Tons of odds and ends and thousands of garments they buy, all to be exported abroad. This old clothes emporium is just another little eddy within the human whirlpool that has so many self-contained centres of interest.

Iron in the Albanian Soul

A European Nation of Mountaineers that Have Held Their Own for Over Three Thousand Years. Would Make Good in Canada

AT A TIME when the future of Albania is hanging in the balance, an article on this nation of mountaineers in Chambers' Journal is of timely interest.

Strange it is that even to-day, says the writer, there are portions of Albania as little known to Europe as similar regions in Afghanistan. The mountainous nature of the country has not been the real hindrance, but the fighting, not to say murderous customs, of its people have de-

fied the explorer; and these customs have at least the sanction of high antiquity, for the most ancient records of Greece and Macedonia bear only the interpretation that Albania of that day was as Albania is now, a land of fierce and fighting tribes.

The Albanians are allowed to be the most ancient race in southeast Europe, descendants of the earliest Aryan immigrants. While all the rest of Europe has

changed ethnologically and socially, Albania has stood still. While almost every other part of Europe has been overrun time and again with stranger tribes and alien peoples, Albania has kept her race almost pure. The various intrusive races that have surged round her borders, Celt, Slav, Goth, and Turk, have been repelled or assimilated.

It is characteristic that at no time have these mountaineers founded an empire in the mountains; their successes have all been elsewhere. At home almost every household is divided against itself, each household, each village and clan against the other villages and clans, each tribe against every other. The elements that go to form a stable political unit are not all to be found here. At times under outside pressure, clan will unite with clan and tribe with tribe, and choose or submit to a leader against a common foe; but these alliances are contrary to the ingrained habits of the people, they are sustained with difficulty, and dissolve readily. Then once again the old quarrels about flocks and grazing grounds break out, old blood-feuds are revived, and the country is soon back to its former state. It has been estimated that in parts of Albania 75 per cent. of the population die a violent death; and yet the women go unharmed. Can the hill tribes of Afghanistan match such a record?

Manned the Phalanx.

Rooted in their mountains, the Albanians have held their own for three thousand years, possibly for longer. At the time of their greatest expansion they must have well nigh reached to the Danube; and that they crossed the Gulf of Corinth is well known. The Macedonian Phalanx was formed and recruited by Albanians; and though some writers have fancied Alexander's armies were recruited from Celtic tribes on the upper reaches of the Danube that is only probable in a secondary degree as the Albanians by race, by tongue, and by civilization were close related to Macedonia and Thessaly, while the Celts had not one of these ties. Under a leader such as Alexander they had the world at their feet. With Greek and Byzantine they have thriven; against Slav and Turk they have suffered. Yet, though the margin of their land has changed hands often, the core of it has ever been unconquered.

The decay of Turkey has been marked by the rise of the Balkan States, who have asserted themselves as independent nationalities. Freed from the Turkish incubus, they have made rapid strides in political no less than in military organization. The Albanians have made no such progress. The triumph of the allies brings Albania to a new phase in her career, and one for which she is wholly unprepared. The influence of Austria-Hungary and Italy will no doubt result in Albania being set up as an independent state. Her boundaries will be sharply defined, and her neighbors, as soon as they have organized their new territory, will put a force on the border-line, ready and sufficient to deal with any marauding expedition of the Albanians; and so their supplementary occupation of loot and blackmail will be gone, throwing them back on the resources of their own mountains, and these have never been sufficient.

Suicide Over Precipices.

It is indeed a question whether it would not be wisest to divide Albania up among the neighboring countries, leaving each to assimilate its portion as best it could. Such a plan would at least give the Albanians a wide field for their energies, which a limited independent State does not. But such a method will not commend itself to the powers that be. Albania will become an independent kingdom, and whoever becomes the ruler of such a wasp's nest will have his work cut out for him. To draw the jarring elements of such a society together and turn their activities from private war to industry, or anything approaching industry, will be a difficult, many would say a superhuman, task. Yet the race has great natural qualities which the country develops, while denying a field for their display. At home their spirit of independence, their gloomy pride, and their hard life form a strong character. All over the Near East they are noted for qualities somewhat rare there: simplicity, honesty, faithfulness. If proof of their constancy and fortitude were needed, the story of the Suiote clan would suffice. De Quincey tells us how, when the Suiotes were, in a final effort by the twice beaten army of Ali Pasha (another Albanian, be it noted), surrounded, starved, and finally tricked into surrender, and found that that monster had no intention of keeping his word, but was bent on their complete ex-

termination, "when all hope and all retreat were clearly cut off, then the women led the great scene of self-immolation, by throwing their children headlong from the summit of precipices, which done, they and their husbands, their fathers and their sons, hand-in-hand, ran up to the brink of the declivity, and followed those whom they had sent before. In other situations, where there was a possibility of fighting with effect, they made a long and bloody resistance, until the Turkish cavalry, finding an opening for their operations, made all further union impossible, upon which they all plunged into the nearest river, without distinction of age or sex, and were swallowed up by the merciful waters." Such a record shows these people to have a temper of their own.

The conclusion seems to be that the Albanians will need firm government at home, and a field for their surplus population abroad. Enlisted by Turkey, they

will only serve as an instrument for the oppression of its remaining subject races—a wretched fate for both, and one of which the world grows weary. Is there nothing better? The Albanians are the Swiss of the Near East; once their history is understood it must make the strongest appeal to the freedom-loving British people. The British Empire at present is only the outline, the sketch of an empire. From New Zealand, from Australia, from Canada, comes the cry for more people, ever more people. These great countries—we never realize how big they are—could take in and hide away ten Albanians complete. The Albanians are not really an alien people; they are in many ways like our own; they are people we could amalgamate with, and in the British Empire they would have a future assured. Dealt with with the care and consideration that our Dominions now give to likely colonists, a judicious scheme of emigration might well become a striking success.

Is the Soul Over the Left Ear?

Direct Connection Between Hand and Brain Cause of Our Being Right-Handed, and it May be Foolish to Change the Left-Handed

THE FACT of our being taught as children to use the right hand for the ordinary actions of everyday life is usually regarded as the cause of our being right-handed. According, however, to Mr. Edward Tenney Brewster writing in *McClures Magazine*, this theory is entirely wrong and our right handedness is due to a direct connection between our right hand and the left side of our brain.

Dexterity, says Mr. Brewster is by no means confined to the hand. Right handed persons are commonly right footed as well. That is to say, they kick or stamp with the right foot, dig with the right heel, tap with the right toe, and, in general, do any unsymmetrical act on the right side. We use a foot without its mate far less commonly than a hand; but when we do, the right side is just as clearly superior in the one case as in the other.

Moreover right handed persons are normally also right-eyed. We sight a gun, we use a telescope or microscope with the right eye.

And yet, right handed, right footed, and right-eyed as we are, we are left-eared. We put the telephone to the ear on one side as naturally and unconsciously as we

put gun or spy-glass to the eye on the other.

Moreover we are left-brained—far more completely left-brained, than we are right handed, right footed, and left eared. No matter how thoroughly one-sided we are in body, we do use, more or less, the other learning, reasoning, remembering is done with one hemisphere only. All our education and training, outside the cruder half. But the brain, as a thinking organ, is absolutely unilateral. All our planning, muscular acts, affects but half the brain. On that side we are adult human beings with immortal souls. On the other we remain infants or animals.

Forgets His Wife.

The evidence for this somewhat remarkable state of affairs comes largely from the study of accidents. A workman, for example, is hit on the left side of the head well round toward the back, and his skull crushed in. He seems not seriously hurt; but when his wife comes to see him at the hospital, he does not know her. The memory spot for things seen has been put out of business, and he has completely forgotten all that he ever learned through the eye.

But, the instant the surgeon lifts the splinter of bone from the sight-thinking spot, the injured man remembers wife, children, and friends as before.

One could multiply such cases indefinitely. A musician, with a blood-clot over his left ear, can hear music as well as ever—but he hears it only as noise and no longer recognizes it as tunes. Another non-musical victim hears noises as before, but cannot tell a factory whistle from a church bell. Not that they sound alike, but he has forgotten which is which. Occasionally a watchmaker, engraver, or other skilled artisan gets an injury well up on the side of his head at the place from which he manages his right hand. Thereupon he loses all his special skill. He can still use his right hand for all ordinary acts—dressing, eating, shoveling coal—running it, apparently, from the side of the head that normally controls the left hand. But all his painfully acquired craftsmanship is gone. He has become like a day laborer who has never learned a trade.

Meanwhile, accidents precisely corresponding to these are continually happening to people on the right sides of their heads, without producing the slightest effect on their memories or their thinking. Either side of the brain can control the muscles on both sides of the body. Either side can receive the messages sent in from the sense organs. But the left side only, as we are commonly built, does the thinking. So far as the soul can be said to be located in the body at all, it dwells close beneath the skull, over the left ear.

Why the left should have been selected for the thinking side is precisely "one of those things that no fellow can find out." Yet, given the initial difference, there is an obvious advantage in getting the better hand, foot, ear, and eye on the same switchboard with writing, speech, and memory. But the birds and beasts, who have no speech centre on either side, so far as they think at all, apparently do their thinking with both sides of the brain. Therefore, they are neither right-handed nor left.

Thinking is Done on One Side.

Hence the folly of the ambidextrarians, who want us to treat both hands alike. It simply can not be done. There is no way of getting at the speech centre; the really human thinking is bound to be done on one side of the head only; and the hand that is more directly connected with that

side will always have the advantage over the other.

It is, nevertheless, well worth while to make both sides of the body equally strong, and to cultivate the habit of doing heavy work with the left hand. Many persons use the right hand for everything, and are nearly helpless with the other. Precisely because the right hand can think as the left can not, the left ought to do more than half the coarse, unthinking work. No education can make the two hands alike. But there is no reason why they should not both, each in its own way, be useful. Indeed, there is not a little to be said in favor of a system of training that shall give to the left hand the greater strength and to the right the greater skill.

Unwise to Change Lefthandedness

For the same reason, it is rarely wise to attempt to change over a naturally left-handed person into the commoner condition. Nature has joined together the hand on one side of the body and the brain on the other: parent and schoolmaster should not attempt to put them asunder.

Nevertheless, the thinking apparatus does sometimes shift hemispheres. An adult brain, wrecked on the educated side by accident or disease, commonly never learns to do its work on the other; the victim remains crippled for the rest of his days. But a child in whom the thinking area on either side is still uncultivated, hurt on one side, can usually start over again with the other. A shift of this sort carries the body with it; and the child, instead of being permanently disabled, becomes left-handed.

There are, therefore, two sorts of left-handers. The one are perfectly normal persons with an inborn aptitude for doing their talking from Broca's area on the right side, as an occasional snail-shell twists the wrong way or an occasional human being has a heart on the wrong side. The other sort of left-handers were naturally left-brained, had something the matter with the thinking side, and had to learn to think with the other.

This explains why left-handed children are, as a whole, somewhat backward in school and more subject than right-handed boys and girls to ailments of various sorts. It explains also why there is a disproportionate number of left-handed adults among criminals, insane persons, imbeciles, epileptics, vagrants, and social failures of various sorts. All these unfortunate beings have something the matter with them; and

that something is, in most cases, congenital and beyond all hope of avoidance or reform. Generally the trouble is with the nervous system. The brain is jerry-built and promptly gives way under the load. If the left hemisphere sags first, the backward child or potential criminal may become left-handed.

Thus, while among normal persons reversed dexterity occurs about twice in the hundred, the left-handed, according to Lombroso, are five to eight per cent. among lunatics and thirteen to twenty-two per cent. among criminals.

It appears, also, that sinisterity is slightly more common in the lower strata of society than in the higher, among negroes than among white persons, and among savages than among civilized races.

Influence of Heredity.

Once started in the family the peculiarity is strongly hereditary. In fact, there is a well marked tendency in certain fam-

ilies where one parent is left-handed and the other right, for the children to divide about equally between the two conditions, as if the generations of right-handed forbears had no influence at all. Theoretically, therefore, two left-handed parents should always have all their offspring left-handed. The rule certainly holds in many cases. But the number of left-handed marriages is small, and there is always the chance that some of the children, naturally sinistral, shall have been made over artificially—and unwisely—into dexters.

Now, the one overwhelming and significant difference among men is in the native quality of their brains. And the one difference in human brains that is most easily made out and most conveniently studied, as it is transmitted from one generation to another, modified by training or affected by breeding, is the location of that peculiarly human attribute, the speech centre. Hence, therefore, the present scientific interest in the left hand.

London's Price of a Smoke

Twenty-six Million Dollars Per Annum the Estimated Cost of Smoke Fog in London, England

OWING chiefly to the general use of anthracite coal we in Canada are to a large extent free from the death-dealing and costly fogs from which London and many manufacturing centres in England suffer.

When we come across a paragraph in the newspapers to the effect that a railway or manufacturing company has been fined on account of the excessive smoke issuing from a locomotive or factory chimney, few of us give any thought to the wisdom and forethought responsible for the beneficent regulations which have been devised to save us from the evils which are so forcibly demonstrated in an article in *Pearson's Magazine* as arising from the smoke nuisance.

We have only to get a distant view, however, of any large city on a day free from wind, such a view, for instance, as may be had of the City of Montreal from the mountain to gain some slight idea of how much room still remains for improvement even in the cities of our own country.

In money alone, says the writer of the article referred to, the toll a smoke fog levies is stupendous; at a moderate estimate a season's black fog in the London area may cost \$26,000,000—a total which represents about \$5 a head of the popula-

tion, and nearly tallies with the amount paid for coal delivered and used in London houses.

In arriving at this figure one must, of course, take into consideration some very varied items. There is the man who wastes his morning in a train, missing important appointments at his office; there is the extra artificial light burned at home and in offices and warehouses; the slow destruction of stonework—as at Westminster Abbey—on public and private buildings; the destruction of mortar, the repainting necessitated, the window cleaning, the loss of time by artists, photographers, and other workers who must have daylight; the depreciation of works of art. Accidents of all sorts occur, and to prevent them money is spent on fog signals and extra supervision of traffic. And you have to spend more money on washing—with the accompanying wear and tear—of dresses and curtains and blinds.

To show you that this is no inconsiderable item let us consider collars. In the pure air of the country a collar should do duty for two or even three days. In Manchester and Salford, owing to the foul state of the atmosphere, it is scarcely presentable for one. The result is the men of

Manchester and Salford pay \$150,000 a year more than they need for the washing of their collars alone.

Aggravates Lung Trouble.

A fog aggravates bronchitis and all lung troubles. In the autumn of 1909 Glasgow was visited by two periods of smoke fog, each lasting several days, but separated by an interval of a few weeks. During the first period the death rate rose from 18 to 25 per thousand, and during the second period to 33 per thousand—this, though the rate in the surrounding country hardly rose at all. 1,063 deaths were directly attributable to the noxious state of the atmosphere, and they passed unnoticed. Yet only ten years previously, when about a thousand soldiers were killed and wounded in a week in South Africa, that week was called "The Black Week," and the effect produced throughout the country was gloomy in the extreme.

The sins of the smoke fog, however, do not stop at the destruction of human life. The smoke is most injurious to vegetation in and near our large towns. Trees get their foliage late and shed their leaves early. Windows which should be open are closed on account of the dirt which comes in. Milk, it was recently discovered in Leeds is affected indirectly by prevailing atmospheric conditions. When Cannon Street railway station was cleaned not long ago, from 4½ to 6 inches of soot and grime were taken down from some of the cornices; and statutes which had disappeared for so long that they had been entirely forgotten, were revealed.

It is, of course, impossible to do away entirely with fog; the worst town fogs, however, are made what they are by smoke, and many of lesser intensity consist of smoke and very little else. It is impossible to understand why public opinion has been for so long apathetic as regards the smoke problem, when we learn that not only is an abatement of the nuisance well within the bounds of possibility, but also that it would benefit us so materially from a financial point of view. Smoke is generally a sign of careless and wasteful combustion; if checked the result would be increased profits and reduction of expenses. Messrs. Crosfield & Co., of Warrington, to give but one example, annually save \$125,000 on their coal bill alone by reason of the steps which they have taken to secure perfect combustion of the fuel consumed.

There is another very important point which I have not yet touched upon. That

is, that the inhabitants of our great cities are deprived of a very large amount of the sunshine they should enjoy. In the winters from 1906 to 1910, for example, the citizens of Westminster were favored with only 38 per cent. of the sunshine enjoyed at Oxford. The sun was shining all right, but well "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot." Thanks to the splendid work of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society and the adoption of various measures for the prevention of the smoke nuisance, fog in London has been virtually halved and sunshine doubled.

In London alone, 17,231,000 tons of coal are consumed in a year. Much of this passes away by the chimneys—half a ton out of every hundred burnt in factories, and five tons out of every hundred burnt in domestic grates. Over 1,000 tons of coal are thus thrown into the atmosphere daily. The result is that solid matter—chiefly soot—falls upon London each year at the rate of 400 to 650 tons to the square mile.

To cure a disease, it is first necessary to discover the causes from which the symptoms arise. What, then, are the causes of the canopy of soot which hangs like a pall over our great cities?

First: The smoke from factories, electric light and power stations, hotels, hospitals, workhouses, and other public institutions.

Second: The smoke from myriad domestic chimneys—which in London certainly emit more than one half of the soot that defiles the air.

What are the principle remedies?

Firstly, for every citizen to urge upon his local authority the need of action against offenders, and the necessity for more stringent legislation against smoke emission; and also to seize every opportunity of urging that authority itself to adopt smokeless fuel in all buildings under their control.

Secondly, for every member of every local authority to do his part in setting that authority in action on these lines, both within and without its walls.

Thirdly, for every owner of machinery and furnaces to realize that, by adopting improved methods of combustion, the fuel bill can be cut down, and smoke can be prevented.

Fourthly, for every householder to realize his duty to the community, and the fact that dirt-making fires in the home are also work-making fires, and can be abolished with general advantage.

Are High School Ideals Unreal?

The Passing of Our Old Ideals of What the Good Business Lad Should Be.
The Teaching Modern Business Demands.

NOT so long ago, writes Mr. James P. Munroe in *The Popular Scientific Monthly*, the merchant, the manufacturer, the teacher, the young man, and the public in general were under the spell of the boy's magazine, wherein the first prize—the prize of partnership in the business and marriage with the "old man's" daughter—is awarded to the boy who keeps his hands clean, brushes his shoes, picks up stray pins on the office floor and carefully saves the twine from his employer's parcels. To do these things is indispensable; but besides this, the aspirant for partnership (and the daughter) must also—according to the story-books—write a perfect hand, never make a mistake in addition, never forget a message, never have a deceased grandmother on the afternoon of the ball-game, never think of aught except mastering every detail of the business, never be anything, in short, but the kind of prig that real, red-blooded boys are not.

The so-called Manchester school of political economy was built around a supposed economic man wholly unlike any human being ever born. Consequently there were promulgated for nearly a century a host of solemn fallacies which have given and are still giving, endless trouble to civilized society. In much the same way the supposed demands of business upon boys have crystallized around these story-book heroes and have led the business man, the boy and the boy's teacher into all sorts of difficulties, misunderstandings and wild-goose-chases after educational impossibilities.

It may be that the story-book boy and the story-book employer—and even the daughter—did exist at some period anterior to the middle of the nineteenth century; but since that time all three have been as extinct as the dodo. Yet much of the thinking and much of the talk about the demands of business are based, even now, upon these ancient and mendacious yarns.

To reach any sound conclusions, to-day, however, one must rid himself of the obsession of these romantic fallacies and must face the actual facts. The clean-hands, blackened-shoes fallacy has ruined thousands of boys who, if they had pitch-

ed in and got their hands dirty, would have turned out first-rate mechanics and mill-men, instead of sixth-rate clerks. The pin-picking and twine-saving fairy-tales have started many a boy on the downward path to petty, two-cent economies instead of on the upward way of large-minded, far-seeing business policies. While as for the other things demanded by the story-books—they are about as obsolete as sand boxes and quill pens.

Mr. Munroe then asks: What does modern business really require of the average boy? How fully can the boy meet—or can he be trained to meet—these requirements? And, finally, what can the school do and how far can it go in bringing the boy into line with the reasonable demands of a rational, up-to-date mercantile or manufacturing concern?

The most striking characteristic of modern business is the rapidity with which it is moving from a competitive to a co-operative basis; and co-operation results in two things—bigness and complexity. The third feature of modern business is that profits to-day are made by the accumulation of innumerable small gains instead of through the adding together of a few large gains. Selling a few hundred things at a good profit in a country store in New York State brought in to Mr. Woolworth's employer a few thousand dollars a year. Selling millions of things for not exceeding ten cents each has enabled Mr. Woolworth himself to capitalize at \$75,000,000, and to erect the highest building in the world. The mining fortunes of yesterday were made by working the richest veins and pockets, leaving the rest to waste. The mining fortunes of to-morrow will be made from the dump-heaps of abandoned plants.

A marked characteristic of modern business, consequently, is (in merchandizing) frequent "turn-overs," and (in manufacturing) the utilization of what used to be called waste. The stream of trade flows so fast through a modern department store that the one cent profit here and two cents profit there aggregate in the course of the year a huge amount of money. Accordingly to a recent article in the "World's Work," the beef barons actually lose on sirloin steaks and choice cuts of pork; where their profits are made is in

converting every scrap of the animal's carcass into something that can be sold.

To keep the stream of business flowing through a great store, and to make it profitable to save every hair of every beast in the Chicago stockyards, however, there must be highly-developed organization, highly complicated machinery, and just as little as possible of that most expensive form of power, the human hand.

An inseparable accompaniment of machinery, however, is speed. Therefore the next notable characteristic of modern business is whirl-wind pace. Thirty years ago, even New York, Paris and London were horse-car towns, with clerks nodding over pigskin ledgers, errand boys playing marbles in the roadway, with no telephone, no rapid transit in the modern sense, with scarcely any devices for making speed or saving time. To-day, even London, the archtype of conservatism, is whirl-wind of motor-buses, speeding men and clamoring advertisements.

Consequently, not merely what the business man, but what modern business itself, demands of the high-school graduate is rational and orderly speed.

Therefore in demanding of the high

school graduate rational and orderly speed, modern business asks the teachers of those young men and women:

1. That they do everything possible to send into business life sound animals who appreciate the value of good health and who know how to conserve it;

2. That they give those pupils such studies and exercises and in such a way as to result in activity of mind, thorough co-ordination between mind and body, well-trained senses and an eagerness to work and to learn:

3. That all the school work be so carried on as to foster a spirit of team-play, a sense of the value and power of working together for the common weal;

4. That to this end the teacher subordinate the memorizing of facts to the inculcating of promptness, obedience and loyalty;

5. That the studies which make for breadth of view and variety of interest be emphasized, and those which make for mere information, technic and drill, be minimized;

6. That, to accomplish this, subjects like arithmetic, bookkeeping, grammar, rhetoric, etc., be cut down to their lowest terms and fewest principles, throwing out all processes and exercises which are obsolete, little-used or cumbersome, putting in all the short-cuts and labor-saving devices which are of general application; and that those subjects, such as history, economics, political and economic geography, etc., which make for breadth of view; those exercises, such as rightly conceived manual training, ordered games, freehand drawing, etc., which make for quickness and control of the boy; and those general school relationships which promote team-play, loyalty, the spirit of working together for a tangible and desirable end, be fostered.

Modern business demands these things. Experience has shown that a rightly ordered secondary school system can produce them. That all schools do not is the fault partly of the teachers, partly of the employers, partly of the community in general, mainly of the parents. The fathers and mothers, and the rest of the community, must be educated to give moral and financial support to this effective type of education. But the only persons who can educate them are the schoolmasters; and they must do it in a roundabout way by gradually introducing this rational, real education into the higher and lower schools.



EXPERT OPINION.

Theodore—"On this I have been able to see an endless chain of presidential chairs, believe me."—Leslie's Weekly.

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

XLI.

A few days subsequently to that reception at the Hotel du Rhin, Dunoisse found his friend in tears, and asked the reason. She evaded reply, he pleaded for confidence. Then, little by little, he elicited that Henriette's sensitive nature was wrung and tortured by the thought of that money borrowed from de Moulny.

Dunoisse asked of her:

"How much was the amount? I have earned the right to know."

Her heart gave a great throb of triumph, but her eyelids fell in time to veil her exultation. She faltered, in her haste only doubling the sum:

"Sixty thousand francs." She added, with a dewy glance and a quivering lip: "But do not be distressed for me, dear friend. The money shall be repaid promptly. I have still a few jewels left that were my mother's. She will not blame me, sweet saint! for parting with her legacy thus."

He assumed a tone of authority, and forbade her to sacrifice the trinkets. She pleaded, but finally gave in.

"To-morrow," he told her, "you shall receive from me a hundred thousand francs, in billets of a thousand; the sole condition being that you send de Moulny back his money, and that from the hour that sees me break a vow for you, you swear to borrow from no man save me!"

She hesitated, paled, faltered. He kissed the little hands, and she gave in. Had he been older, and wiser in the ways of the world, knowing that money is power, and that he who holds the key of the cashbox can dictate and be obeyed, he would have been more frugal. As it was, being what he was, he gave liberally with both hands. For there is

no prodigal like your poor devil suddenly become rich.

Next day, the dusty cheque-book that had lain for long years forgotten in the drawer of the lost Marie-Bathilde's inlaid writing-table, came out and went into Dunoisse's pocket, and so to the Rue d'Artois. No good angel in the Joinville cravat and the short-waisted, high-collared frock-coat of a somewhat rowdy young Captain of *piou-pious* met Hector on the steps of Rothschild's Bank on this occasion.

He went in. The double doors thudded behind him; the polite, well-dressed Head Cashier looked observantly through his brazen lattice at the young man with the hard, brilliant black eyes and the face like a thin ruddy flame. He bowed with profound respect, did the stately functionary, when he heard the name of the owner of a deposit account of one million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, and sent a clerk with a message to the Manager. And a personage even statelier, wearing black silk shorts—you still occasionally saw them in 1848—and hair-powder—a being with the benignant air of a Bishop and a dentist's gleaming smile—issued from a shining cage at the end of a long vista of dazzling counters, and condescendingly assisted at the drawing of the First Cheque. Its magnitude made him smile more benignantly than ever.

The Head Cashier's checking thumb quivered with emotion as it rapidly counted over a bulky roll of thousand-franc notes.

But, the happy owner of these crackling potentialities departed, the Manager returned to his golden cage, sat down and indited a little note to Marshal Dunoisse. Which missive, conveyed to the old gentleman's residence by

an official in the Bank livery of sober grey, badged with silver, made its recipient—not chuckle, as one might have supposed, but gnash his costly teeth, and stamp up and down the room and swear.

For the old brigand of Napoleon's army, the indefatigable schemer for Widinitz dignities, had been proud—after a strange, incomprehensible fashion—of the incorruptible honesty, the high principle, the unstained honor of his son. The Marshal had gloated over the set face of endurance with which the Spartan youth had borne the gnawing of the fox Poverty, beneath his shabby uniform. And that thumping cheque on Rothschild's cost him a fit of the gout. When his apothecary had dosed and lotioned the enemy into partial submission, you may suppose the old man hobbling up the wide, shallow, Turkey-carpeted staircase to those rooms of Hector's to find them vacant—their late occupant removed to a palatial suite of bachelor apartments in the Rue de Bac. A million odd of francs will not last forever; forty-five thousand English sovereigns—smooth, slippery, elusive darlings!—do not constitute a Fortunatus' purse; and yet the sum represents a handsome golden cheese with which to set up housekeeping; though such sharp little gleaming teeth and such tiny white, insatiable hands belonged to the mouse that was from this date to have the run of Hector Dunoisse's cupboard, that in a marvellously short space of time the golden cheese was to be nibbled quite away.

Henriette had carried out her tacit understanding with Monseigneur. She had lifted up her finger, and a golden plum of a hundred-thousand francs had fallen from the shaken tree. Do you suppose de Moulny had been paid? do you imagine that the Baal of her worship was to be propitiated with all that glittering coin?

Not a bit of it! For this Henriette, like all the others, had huge debts and rapacious creditors, the necessity of being always beautiful cost so much. And de Roux had his horses, gambling-losses, and nymphs of the Opera to maintain

and satisfy and keep in good-humor. And pious ladies, collecting at Church functions for the benefit of the poor, have been known ere now to slip their jewelled hands into the velvet bag, weighed down with the gold and silver contributions of the faithful, and withdraw the said hands richer than they went in.

The Empire was the religion of Henriette, and she made her collection in its interests tirelessly. If no more than a moiety of what she gathered clinked into the High Priest's coffers, he did not know that—any more than those who had emptied their purses to fill the bag, so nobody was the worse.

XLII.

The reader has not been invited to contemplate, in the person of Dunoisse, the phenomenon of the Young Man of Virtue. Of kindred passions with his fellow-men, of unblemished health, hot blood and vivid imagination, he was, *per* grace of certain honorable principles instilled into a boy's mind by a poor old gentlewoman, no less than by an innate delicacy and fastidiousness, a cleanly liver; a man whom Poverty had schooled in self-restraint. Now Poverty was banished, and self-restraint was flung to the winds. And, regrettable as it is to have to state the fact, the lapse of Miss Caroline Smithwick's late pupil from the narrow path of Honor was attended by no chidings of conscience, visited by no prickings of remorse.

Dunoisse was happy. The world took on a brighter aspect, the air he breathed seemed purer and more fragrant, the sunshine brighter and the moonlight lovelier, because of this his sin.

The eyes of men and women—especially of women!—met his own more kindly; there was no sense of strangeness barring social intercourse. . . . Life was pleasanter as the months rolled into years.

Women like Henriette give out fascination as radium dispenses its invisible energies. Every tone of their voices is a call, every glance an appeal or an invitation, every rustle of their garments, every heave of their bosoms, con-

stitutes an appeal to the senses and a stimulant to the passions of men.

She was half-a-dozen women in one; you were master of a whole harem of beauties possessing her; a jewel cut in innumerable facets lay in your hand. She could be fierce and tender, pathetic and cynical, gay and sorrowful, delicate and robust, in the space of half-an-hour. Cigarettes calmed her nerves; moonlight, music, tiny glasses of Benedictine, and minute pills of Turkish opium. Chloral and morphia had not at that date been discovered, else what a votary of the tabloid would have been found in Henriette.

She adored sweets, Chinese bezique and good cookery. Green oysters, bouillabaisse, *poulet sauté Marengo*, and peaches in Kirsch, were among her passions. But she was a pious Catholic, and observed with scrupulous rigor the fasts and feasts of the Church.

She had campaigned with the 999th in Algeria, wore a dagger sometimes in her girdle; carried a tiny ivory-and-silver-mounted pistol—fellow to one de Moulny kept locked up—and was expert in its use, as in the handling of the fencing foil and the womanlier weapon, the needle. What webs of cunning embroidery grew under those little fingers! She wrought at these, sometimes for days together. Then she would pine for exercise and the open air: ride furiously in the Bois, with her plumed hat cocked *à la mourquetaire*, and her silver-grey veil and smoke-colored habit streaming; use the jewelled whip until her horse lathered, drive home the little silver-gilt spur of the dainty polished boot until his flank was speckled with blood. Or she would shoot pigeons at Tivoli, handling her gun with ease, and vying with crack masculine sportsmen in her skilled capacity for slaughter. Or she would be driven in her barouche or landau, lying back among her silken cushions, as though too indolent to lift an eyelash, languid and voluptuous as any odalisque. Returning from these excursions, she would lie upon the sofa, silent, pale and mysterious, her vinaigrette at her nostrils, a silken kerchief bound about her brows. For a crown

of diamonds she could not, would not go to theatre, or ball, or supper that night! She was fit to die—wanted nothing but to be left in solitude. . . . But she never failed to go; and towards the end of some gay, boisterous midnight banquet she would move with that long, gliding, supple step of hers into the middle of the room, and dance you the *cachucha*, with coffee-spoons for castanets, if nobody could produce these.

Nor was she less bewitching, be sure, at those other moments when Dunois would be alone with her; when, snatching her Spanish guitar from clumsier hands, she would warble the naughtiest ballads of the *cafés chantant*, reproducing the cynical improprieties of Fanny Hervieu or Georgette Bis-Bis, with inimitable *chic* and go. Or she would sing a Spanish love-song, vibrating with Southern passion; or sigh forth some Irish ballad, breathing of the green isle whence Norah Murphy sailed, to conquer with her beauty a guerrilla chief of Spain, and bear him Henriette, and die of sorrow; bequeathing her daughter a passionate, emotional nature and an hereditary religion, and the memory of some kisses and cradle-songs.

The smile of the changeful fay in the rainbow was never inappropriate to her. What a charming mingling of inconsistencies, what a creature of contradictions was she. . . . When her Brazilian cockatoo "Coco," a magnificent bird, emerald-green as the Prince-Pretender's dress waistcoat, with a crest of sulphur-yellow and a beak as crimson as the Colonel's own, was murdered by the Convent tom-cat how tragic was her grief! Coco was interred in the Convent gardens, beautiful still in those days, though filched from even then for the builders' diabolical uses. And the glove-box that served Henriette's slaughtered darling as a coffin had been won at a pigeon-shooting match at Tivoli. . . .

Those decapitated birds, fluttering on the smooth green turf in their death-struggles, had not drawn from the beautiful eyes a single tear. But Coco, who had been taught to shriek "Vive l'Empereur!" when he wanted fruit or bon-

bons, with loyalty quite as genuine as M. de Persigny's—Coco was quite a different affair. . . .

Mistigris must pay the death-penalty—upon that point Coco's bereaved mistress was inexorable. The Augustinian Sisters pleaded for their darling; Madame de Roux would not budge. When she spoke of an appeal to the authorities—never reluctant at any time to impose penalties upon the Church—the Sisters caved in. At any rate, they ultimately produced a tail. . . . And whether the caudal appendage had really belonged to Mistigris, or had been filched from an old cat-skin cape belonging to the portress, touched up with red ink at the end where it had been attached to the original wearer, to impart a delusive air of freshness, was never absolutely known. When a cat strangely resembling Mistigris, but called by another name, attracted the attention of Coco's bereaved mistress a few weeks later, the retort was unanswerable:

"But see, Madame—he has a tail!"

That tail was a morsel that stuck in Dunoisse's throat. Another thing, as difficult to swallow, was the undeniable, apparent fact of the amiable, even affectionate relations existing between Madame de Roux and her fiery-faced, dyed, bandoliered and corseted mate. . . . A further, even more indigestible discovery, was, that although the springs of the young bride's heart had been so early frozen at their sources by etc., etc., the union of the couple had been blessed by children.

Three little girls in pigtails with ribbon bows, and Scotch plaid pelisses, ending in the dreadful frilled-cambrie funnels that more adult skirts concealed, and which were known as pantalettes. Happening to come across a daguerreotyped group of these darlings—Henriette had been turning out a drawer in her writing-table—Dunoisse inquired who the children were? And was horribly discomfited at her reply:

"They are mine. Didn't you know? Do you think them like me?"

They certainly were not like her. Nor did they resemble de Roux. And she

kissed the three glassy countenances, and murmured caressingly:

"My treasures!"

Adding, as Dunoisse looked round, uncertain whether the treasures might not appear in answer to this ebullition of maternal tenderness:

"They do not live with us, but with their foster-mother at Bagneres: an excellent person—married to a market-gardener. They had measles when last I heard of them, so, of course, I cannot go there just now. When they are well again you must see them. Ah! how I hope they will love you! . . . Dear, what is the matter now?"

Dunoisse did not quite know. But he was sensible of a vigorous growth of distaste for plaid pelisses in combination with frilled pantalettes, and for at least a week, pigtails, whenever encountered—and they were everywhere—smote upon his naked conscience like scourges set with thorns.

He rid himself of the absurd obsession presently, and was happier than ever. The world was a gay, bright, pleasant place when one took it easily, and did not demand too much virtue of oneself or the people of one's set.

But yet, on those rare occasions when one was hipped and blue with overmuch wine, or gambling, or pleasure, there were moments when the words of that old boyish vow, so earnestly made, so painfully kept, so recently broken, would start out against the background of half-conscious thought as plainly as the Writing on the Wall, and he would hear himself saying to a woman whose face he had nearly forgotten, that he hoped the day that would see him broach that banked-up store of thousands might bear him fruit of retribution, in bitterness, and sorrow, and shame. . . .

What a fool he had been!—what a narrow-minded, straitlaced idiot! Why, the money had procured Dunoisse everything that was worth having in the world.

The open companionship and secret possession of a beautiful, amorous, high-bred woman; the friendship of many others, only a little less adorable, and

the good-fellowship of crowds of agreeable men. Membership of many fashionable Clubs, invitations to all the best houses. His *brevet* as Major, or *chef de bataillon*, though the General Staff appointment that should have accompanied it unaccountably delayed upon the road. And to cap all, life had been made yet easier by the removal of de Roux to a distant post abroad.

For happy as Dunoisse was, it had been constantly borne in upon him that he would be a great deal happier if the reproach of this man's presence could be removed.

He hinted as much to Henriette. She looked at him with sweet, limpid eyes of astonishment. What! did he actually feel like that? How odd!

Dunoisse was secretly a little angry with her for not understanding. It showed a want of delicacy, not suspected in her before.

"Poor Eugène! So easy-going, good-humored and amiable. And you really wish him . . . out of the way? . . .

She crumpled her slender eyebrows and pondered a while, her little jewelled fingers cupping her adorable chin. "Perhaps the Prince-President could offer him some foreign appointment," she said at last. "Monseigneur is always so good!"

XLIII.

For the honest citizen Charles Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte had been duly returned in June for the Department of the Seine and two other Departments.

Candidate for the Presidency, with what modesty and good sense he expressed himself. What noble enthusiasm glowed in him, for instance, when he said:

"The Democratic Republic shall be my religion, and I will be its High Priest."

Meaning:

"The Empire shall be the religion of the French people, the Tuileries its Temple, and I will be the god, enthroned and worshipped there!"

Words like these won him the Presidential elbow-chair on the platform be-

hind the tribune, placed in his neat white hand the coveted little bell with the horizontal handle; procured for him, who had been reduced to pawning-straits to pay the rent of his London lodging, palatial quarters in the Palace of the Elysée at the end of the Faubourg Saint Honoré.

The taking of the Presidential Oath exorcised that haunting spectre, arrayed in the rags of the Imperial mantle. Calumny was silenced, suspicion was changed into confidence, France reposed her ringleted head in chaste abandonment upon the irreproachable waistcoat of her First Citizen, who waited for nothing but the laying of the submarine cable between Calais and Dover, the passing of the Bill restoring to the President of the National Assembly the right of absolute command over the military and naval forces of the country, to toss the trustful fair one over his saddle-bow, leap up behind her, and gallop—with his swashbuckling, roystering band of freebooters thundering upon his heels—with the shouts and pistol-shots of indignant pursuers dying upon the distance—away into the frosty December night.

France was to lose her Cap of Liberty as the result of that furious ride of the night of the *coup d'Etat*, and something more besides. . . .

But in the meanwhile she was content, suspecting no designs against her honor, and the Prince-President, established at the Palace of the Elysée, made himself very much at home.

Not that he cared about the place—he infinitely preferred the Tuileries. But by day the audience-rooms were packed with gold-encrusted uniforms and irreproachable dress-coats; and by night the whole place blazed with gas-light. *Soirées*, concerts, dinners, balls, and hunting-parties at St. Cloud of Fontainebleau, succeeded balls, dinners, concerts and *soirées*; and after the crush had departed there were suppers, modelled on the Regency pattern, lavish, luxurious, meretricious, at which the intimate male friends of the host were privileged to be dazzled by a galaxy of beauties dressed to slay; scintillating

with jewels, lovely women who recalled the vanished splendors, as they reproduced the frailties, of the Duchesse de Berry and Madame de Phalaris.

His "flying squadron" he was wont to term them. They were of infinite use to him in the seduction and entanglement of young and gifted, or wealthy and influential men. With what enchanting grace and stateliness they rode the ocean, broke upon the breeze their sable flag of piracy, unmasked their deadly bow-chasers, and brought their broadside batteries to bear. How prettily they sacked and plundered their grappled, helpless prizes. With what magnificent indifference they saw their livid prisoners walk the plank that ended in the salt green wave and the grey shark's maw.

The Henriette, that clipping war-frigate, had brought much grist to the mills of Monseigneur.

Therefore could he deny her this simple favor, the speedy removal of an inconvenient husband? When the soft caressing voice murmured the plaintive entreaty, Monseigneur stroked the chin-tuft that had not yet become an imperial, and thought the thing might be arranged.

De Roux was not an indispensable digit in connection with the brain that worked in the Elysée. He was of the old school of military commander, deeply imbued, in spite of all his Bonapartist professions, with the traditions of the Monarchy defunct. His removal from the command of the 999th of the Line had been contemplated for some time.

And the General in charge of the Military Garrison at Algiers was desirous to resign his responsibilities in favor of a Home command, if one could be found presenting equal advantages in point of pay. Government, just at this juncture, could not afford to increase the emoluments of the only post that appeared suitable. But if a certain sum of money were placed, unquestionably, at the disposal of Government, the difficulty might be smoothed away.

So the Elysée had become a shop on

a vast scale, where anything desired of men or women with cash in hand could be bought for ready money. What Dunoisse wanted cost a heap of money. The cashier at Rothschild's had long ceased to be reverential—every month's audit showed such terrific inroads on the diminishing golden store. His eyebrows were almost insulting as he cashed the cheque that purchased exile for Henriette's inconvenient husband. Dunoisse began from that moment to realize that he had wasted his patrimony, and would very soon be poor.

Yet what a satisfaction it was to read in the official gazette of the Army, that in recognition of the eminent services of Colonel Count de Roux, the War Minister had appointed that distinguished officer to the vacant post of Commandant of the Garrison at Algiers.

So exit de Roux with the *brevet*-rank of General, after a farewell banquet from the Regiment and a series of parting dinners; amidst speeches, embraces, vivas, and votive pieces of plate. Madame did not accompany the new Garrison Commandant to the conquered stronghold of the Algerine pirates. The General's villa at Mustapha was to receive a grass-widower. Henriette's delicate health could not support the winds from the Sahara—the Prince-President's own physician, much to the chagrin of his fair patient, advised against her taking the risk.

And Dunoisse breathed more freely once his whilom Chief had departed. De Roux had been the kill-joy—the fly in the honey. Life was more pleasant now, and infinitely easier; there were so many things that had had to be done under the rose.

So our hero, presently finding himself at the end of his resources, fulfilled a certain paternal prophecy, uttered when he was yet a student at the Military School of Technical Instruction, and called one day at the hotel in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, prepared to consume a certain amount of humble-pie, provided that at the bottom of the unsavory dish the golden plums should be scattered thick enough.

XLIV.

For many months he had not crossed his father's threshold. The great courtyard bore a look of squalor, grass was springing up between the flagstones. The hall-door stood open. The trophies of arms upon the walls looked dull and rusty, the bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor was covered with a patina of encrusted dirt. The black-and-white squares of the marble pavement were in shrieking need of a broom and soap-and-water. Then, to the tap-tapping of two ebony-handled crutch-sticks came Monsieur the Marshal, heralded by a dropping fire of oaths.

He stopped short, seeing his son, and the change in him was painfully apparent. He was hurrying down the hill that ends in an open grave. His morals were more deplorable than ever.

He opened fire directly, quite in the old manner.

"Hey? What the devil?—so you have remembered us, have you? Well? Was I not right in telling you that that affair of the fusilade would end to your advantage? That the Court Martial was a piece of mummery—a farce—nothing more? There you are with promotion, and the patronage and goodwill of Monseigneur at the Elysée! Though for myself I cannot stomach that Bonaparte with the beak and the Flemish snuffle. Had Walewski but been born on the right side of the blanket—there would have been the Emperor for me!"

He trumpeted in a vast Indian silk handkerchief with something of the old vigor, and went on:

"Because all this swearing of fidelity to the Republic will end, as I have prophesied, in a coronation at Notre Dame, and a court at the Tuileries. My Emperor crowned himself without all this lying and posturing. He said to France: 'You want a master. Well, look at me. I am the man for you! . . . 'Just as he said to the Senate. 'Decree me Emperor!' While this fellow . . . sacred name of a pig!"

He tucked one of the crutch-sticks under his arm, got out his snuff-box, and said as he dipped his ringed, yellow old claws into the Spanish mixture:

"His cant about Socialism and Progress and the dignity of Labor gives me the belly-ache. His grovelling to the working man, and slobbering over the common soldier, make me want to kill him. His hand in his trousers-pocket and his eye on a *plebiscite*—there you have him—by the thunder of Heaven! A corporal of infantry said to me: 'If I showed M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte my back—he would kneel down and salute it. . . . ' My Napoleon would have said to that man: 'Lie down in the mud, so that I may walk dryshod upon your body!' and the man would have obeyed him. But perhaps half an Emperor is better for France than none!"

He fed each wide nostril with the Broddingnagian pinch he had held suspended while he talked, and said, snorting:

"We shall see if, for all his cartloads of wine sent to their barracks, and his rolls of ten-franc pieces scattered among the rank-and-file, he is served better than the man who scorned to flatter, and more loved than he who did not bribe. . . . Who said: 'Follow me, and I will show you capitals to plunder!' and when they were conquered, said: 'Help yourselves, one and all, there are fat and lean!'"

He plunged his shaking fingers back into the box, sputtered a little, and said a trifle wildly:

"Though there was a good deal of fasting going to set against the seasons of plenty. During the Retreat from Moscow in October, 1812, I had a handful of unset diamonds in my haversack, and a beryl weighing thirteen pounds, worth ninety-five thousand francs, upon my word of honor! Well, I swopped that crystal with a Bavarian aide-de-camp of the Staff for a pudding made of horse's blood mixed with bran and flour. . . . The man who sold me the pudding was Luitpold van Widinitz, a cousin of your mother's. It was a dirty action I have never pardoned. *Pardieu! Morbleu!* A comrade, and sell—not share! Prince be damned! . . . Huckster! Sutler! Tschah! Faugh! Pouah!"

He dropped the crutch he had tucked

ed under his arm, and, recalled from his ancient reminiscences by Hector's picking up the stick and giving it to him, said, with a formidable bending of the brows:

"You came here, not out of filial duty, but upon some private affair or other. Spit it out, and have done!—I have no time to waste."

Hector obeyed.

"I have spent my mother's dowry as you always hoped I should. Chiefly upon gratifications—pleasures—luxuries, that I once pretended to despise. I have acquired the taste for these things. That ought to gratify you. With the money I have wasted, many prejudices and convictions that you found objectionable in past days have been scattered to the winds. If you are still disposed to give, I am very willing to take. I have no more to say!"

Seldom has an appeal for pecuniary aid been preferred less ingratiatingly. The Marshal glared and champed for several moments before he could reply:

"I do not doubt you are willing, sir. . . . *'Credieu!* Do you suppose I have not seen this coming?—though the insolence of your approach goes beyond anything that I could have conceived. . . . I have my informants, understand! . . . I am aware of your infernal folly, your crazy infatuation. . . . As for that de Roux woman who leads you by the nose, she is a jade who will land you in the gutter, and a harlot into the bargain. Do you hear?"

The bellowed "Do you hear?" was followed by a shower of curses. When these imprecations had ceased to rattle among the trophies of arms and bronzes, and bring down sprinklings of dust from the gilded cornices, Hector said imper turbably:

"My father may insult my mistress with impunity. I cannot call him out—!"

"If you did, and sat down on your tail—sacred name of a blue pig!—with the notion of sticking me in the gizzard, as you did de Moulny Younger when you were boys—allow me to tell you—you would find yourself skewered and trussed in double-quick time!"

Never before in Hector's hearing had the Marshal made reference to that old sore subject of the false step and the broken foil. He made a flourishing pass with one of the ebony-handled crutches, slipped on the polished marble pavement, and would have fallen but for the strong red hand of Marie Bathilde's son.

Hector put the old man into the hall porter's capacious chair, picked up his great curly-brimmed hat—the hat worn by Deans at the present moment—brushed it on his sleeve and handed it back again. He felt a good deal like Sganarelle before Don Juan, the case being reversed, and the homilist the elder libertine.

Meanwhile the gouty old soldier fulminated oaths, and hurled reproaches of a nature to make listening Asmodeus smile. He was scandalized at the life his son was leading. Sacred name of a pipe! A thousand thunders! He shook his clenched hand, as he demanded of Hector if he really supposed there was no Deity Who demanded an account from evil livers, and no Hell where sinners burned?

"For priests are rogues and knaves and liars, but there is such a place, for all that! And you—living in open adultery—for you there will be Hell!"

Said Dunoisie, cool and smiling, standing before his irate parent:

"I am a better theologian than you are. Hell is for the finally impenitent, I have always been instructed; and I am invariably scrupulous to repent before I sin. If it will afford you any particular gratification, I will undertake to perform a special act of contrition," he looked at his watch, "punctually at the hour of twelve, to-night."

"You are going to her to-night?" snarled the Marshal, adding: "Tell her from me that she deceives a blackguard for the sake of a booby. For one you are, by the thunder of Heaven! who soil yourself and spoil yourself for such a drab as she!"

"What can you expect," said Hector, with the same cool offensiveness, "but that your son should follow in your steps? I am, as you have said, living

with the wife of another man in open adultery. You were bolder, and more daring, who with your master had dis-crowned kings and humiliated Emperors. You did not hesitate, at the pricking of your desire, to ravish the Spouse of God."

"Your mother is a Saint!" cried the old Marshal, purple and gnashing with furious indignation. "Do not dare to mention her in the same breath with that—that—"

And the coarse old man plumped out an epithet of the barrack-room, full-flavored, double-barrelled, of which Henriette, had she heard it, would have died.

"There is no need to tell me to honor my mother," said the son. "She is sacred in my eyes. But do not venture to speak to me of Him Whom you have dishonored. I have thought ever since I was a boy that it would be better for me and for you if He did not exist. For the fact of my being is an insult to Him. I am a clod of earth flung in His face by your sacrilegious hand!"

He had often dreamed of speaking such words as these, face to face with his father. Now they poured from him, thick and fast. But pity checked them in mid-torrent, at the sight of the working mouth and nodding head, and trembling palsied hands of unrequited ignoble age.

The old man capitulated even as the young one relented. He got out, between spasms of wheezing, in quite a conciliatory snarl:

"Well—well! What if you have spent your mother's dowry! there is more where that came from. You are my legitimate heir—and for me, I had rather you were a prodigal than a prig. And blood-horses and Indian shawls, wines, jewellery and cigars and bonnets—wagers on the Turf and bets on cards, are unavoidable expenses. . . . I do not wish you to be a niggard. Only it seems to me that with your opportunities you might have invested well. Steel Rails and Zinc, those are the things to put money on. This will be the Age of travelling behind boilers and housing under roofs of metal. Ugh—ugh! Ough, e'r'r—'aah!'"

He stopped to have a bout of coughing and hawking, and resumed:

"Do you suppose I blame you for having been extravagant. Though it seems to me you have managed badly. This Bonaparte is one who takes with one hand and gives with the other—is bled or bleeds. He has never tapped my veins yet, nor shall for any hint of his. But I suspect he has had money of you. That woman of yours—never mind! I will not name her, the cockatrice!—but I have had it hinted to me that she is an agent in his pay. And he pays women with compliments and promises—he has probably promised to create her a peeress in her own right when he is Emperor. . . . Her Grace the Duchess of Trundlemop—that is the title she will get."

Seeing Hector scowl forbiddingly at these unwelcome references, the Marshal made haste to conciliate.

"You have paid through the nose to get de Roux decanted to Algeria. You have been sweetly choused. One must live and learn. See!—I will strike a bargain with you. Do not you be stiff-necked any longer with regard to that question of the von Widinitz Succession, and I will unbutton my pockets. . . . You shall have money—plenty of money! All that you need to make a splash. I suppose you know that there are millions of thalers waiting to drop into your pockets once the Council of the Germanic Confederation shall confirm your right to the Crown Feudatory. . . . You will stand upon that right—it is patent and undeniable. And I will have the throne from under the Regent Luitpold in return for that lump of beryl the rogue once robbed from me!"

Absurd, formidable, gross old monster. Was the ravished crystal really the fulcrum of the lever with which the Marshal strove to upset the State? World-changes have been brought about by quarrels springing from causes even more trivial? The price of Luitpold's blood-pudding had remained for thirty-seven years an undigested morsel in the Marshal's system. It rankled in him to his dying day.

Though his gouty feet were tottering on the downward slope, his mental fac-

ulties were as clear as ever. He watched his son from under his bushy eyebrows as the young man gnawed his lip and drew patterns with his cane on the tessellated pavement of the hall. Hector had uttered sounding reproaches, arrayed himself on the side of Heaven a moment previously. The merry devil who laughs over human contradictions and mortal frailties, must have chuckled as he listened to the terms of the bargain now arranged between the father and the son.

Money. For the sake of the golden mortar without which the House of Hopes that Jack builds must inevitably tumble to ruin, Dunoisse reluctantly consented to become the puppet of an ambition he had scorned. The instrument of a desire for vengeance that had never ceased to rowl the old war-horse's rheumatic sides.

"So! It is understood, then, after all the fanfaronade of high-mindedness. You will meet my Bavarian agents, Köhler and von Steyregg—and you will be compliant and civil to them, do you understand?"

He lashed himself into one of his sudden rages, the gouty old lion, and roared:

"For my Marie's son shall not be slighted — kicked aside into a corner while that knave Lutipold holds the Regency of Widinitz from the Bund. I will give him a colic for the one his pudding gave me! And I will have no more accusations and reproaches!—I will not permit you who are my son to taunt me with your own begetting, and throw your mother's Veil of Profession,

He rapped his stick upon the pavement. He was strangely moved, and his chin was twitching, though his fierce black eyes were hard and dry.

"You have said that I stole my wife from God, and it is true; though I do not know that it is very decent in you to twit me with it. And do you suppose I have not smarted for the sin I committed? I tell you I have shed tears of blood!"

A harsh sound came from his throat; he swallowed and blinked and went on talking:

"Listen to me, you who are more my son than Marie's, though you tell me that you hold her memory sacred, and denounce me as the plunderer of Christ? When her youngest child, your sister, died, Marie saw in that the beginning of Heaven's vengeance; the price that must be paid, the punishment that must be borne. And she prayed and wept—what tears!—and gave me no peace until she had wrung from me my promise that she should go back to her Convent if the Chapter would receive her. . . . I am an old tactician—I gave the pledge in the full belief that never would they open their doors. . . . And when she brought me the Prioress's letter, it was as though a spent cannon-ball had hit me on the headpiece. Then I had an idea. The dowry of three hundred thousand silver thalers. What the Church had once got her claws on I knew she would never let go. . . . So I blustered and raved and swore to Marie. . . . *'The dowry, or I keep my wife!'*"

His pendulous cheeks and chin shook as he wagged his head at Hector.

"Do you suppose I wanted the accursed dross? No! by the thunder of Heaven! I was greedy of something else. The woman—my wife—who lay in my arms and sighed, and kissed me, and wept. . . ."

His voice cracked. He said:

"Do you think she did not know the truth? You shall never make me believe she did not. Even while I bragged and blustered about a lawsuit—even when my notary wrote a letter. I had fears and quakings of the heart. When no answer came from the Mother Prioress, I rubbed my hands and congratulated myself. Thrice-accursed fool who thought to outwit God—"

He rummaged for his snuff-box, tapped it wrong way up, opened it in this position, spilt all its store of snuff swore, and pitched it across the hall.

"He is the King of strategists—the Marshal of Napoleon's Grand Army, compared with Him, was a blind beetle. The Prioress's answer came: 'We concede you this money,' said the letter, 'as the price of a soul.' Enclosed was a draft on the Bank of Bavaria. That

night Marie left me. Without even a kiss of farewell, she who had been my wife for nine years, and borne me a boy and a girl. . . . Imagine if the money did not weigh on me like the dead horse I lay under all through the night of Austerlitz, with the bone of my broken leg sticking through my boot! Conceive if it did not smell to me of beeswax candles, brown serge habits, incense and pauper's pallets! Pshaw! Peugh! Piff!"

He blew his old nose and swore a little, and then went on:

"I did not send back the three hundred thousand thalers. True! they were so much dirt in my eyes! . . . But cash is cash, and to part with it would not have brought my Marie back again. I let the stuff lie and breed at my bank. I would have raked the kennels for crusts rather than touch it. Not that I have ever needed money. The old brigand of the Grand Army has known how to keep what he had gained. Though I have lived up to my income . . . drank, gambled, amused myself with women! What matter the women? Did Marie suppose I should spend my time in stringing daisy-chains when she had gone away?"

He laughed in his formidable, ogreish way, and said, still laughing:

"She knew me better, depend upon it. Though, mind you, I had been true to Marie. But a wife who is a nun is a dead wife. I was a widower—the boy motherless. . . . And He up above us had another score to make off me! . . . When the boy—Death of my soul!"

He struck one of his crutches on the marble pavement with such force that the stick broke.

"A day came when you looked at me with my own eyes shining out of Marie's face, and said: 'I have heard the story. The terms upon which you let my mother resume the Veil were vile!' Impudent young cockerel! Was it to be supposed that I should try to justify myself in the eyes of a stripling? A man to whom the Emperor used to say: 'Well, Dunoisse, let us have your opinion on such and such a plan?' So I

laughed at you for a nincompoop—boasted of the pail of milk I had drawn from the Black Sow, saying to myself: 'All right! He is Marie's son, that boy! When he is a man grown, I will give him that accursed money, smelling of candles and incense, and he will give it back to the nuns.' And when time was ripe I transferred the whole lump to your name at Rothschild's. You made virtuous scruples about taking it, but you never restored it whence it came! . . . Now you have showed your breed—you have poured it into the lap of a light woman. And you come to me and own that, and ask for more to pitch after it!" He rapped out a huge oath. "Am I not justified in thinking you more my son than Marie's? Have I not the right to say I am disappointed in you?"

His voice was a mere croak. He went on, with his fierce, bloodshot eyes fixed on vacancy:

"Do you suppose I did not love your mother—have never longed for her—have ever forgotten her? I use her chocolate-set every morning. . . . Her Indian shawl is the coverlet of my bed. When I have the gout in my eyes I tie a scarf she used to wear over them, like a bandage. There is virtue in things that have been used by a Saint."

"For a Saint she is . . . and though, as you say I stole my joy in her from Heaven—do you suppose, for one moment, a woman like that is going to let me be damned? She will wear her knees to the bone first; and so I tell you! . . . Was it not for the sake of my soul she went back to her cell at the Carmel? At the Day of Judgment one voice will be heard that pleads for old Achille Dunoisse."

One scanty teardrop hung on his inflamed and reddened underlid.

"But Saint or none, she loved me, like twenty women, by Heaven! And if she says she repents of that, again, by Heaven!—she lies!"

The solitary tear fell on his discolored hand. He shook it off, angrily. Somewhere in the middle of that gross bundle of contradictions, absurdities, appetites, vices, resentments, hatreds, calling itself

Achille Dunoisse—there beat and bled a suffering human heart. And the distance that separated the father and the son was bridged by a moment of sympathy and understanding. And a pang of envy pierced it through. . . .

For the supreme jewel that Fate can bestow upon mortal, is the love that will even yield up the Beloved for Love's sake. To this gross old man, his sire, had been given what would never fall to the younger Dunoisse.

By the radiance of this great passion of Marie Bathilde's, her son saw himself in like case with some penniless student in a Paris garret, crouching, upon a night of Arctic cold, over a fire of paper and straw. When the small fierce flame of Henriette's slight sensuous fancy should have sunk down into creeping ashes under the starved hands spread above it, what would be left to live for? His heart was sick within him as he went away.

He returned to Madame de Roux with the news that his application to the Marshal had succeeded. She threw her arms about him, in a transport of joy.

"Ah, then, so you really love me?" the poor dupe asked, putting the most fatal of all questions. For it sets the interrogated he or she wondering, "Do I?" and hastens the inevitable end.

"How can you doubt it?" she queried, hiding an almost imperceptible yawn behind her tiny fingers. "*Did I not send away Eugène for you?*"

She passed by gentle degrees to a question possessing much more interest. The amount to be placed upon the books at Rothschild's to the credit of the Marshal's son.

XLV.

So thickly did the deposit of golden plums lie at the bottom of the pie-dish—so handsomely did the Marshal keep his given word, that at the suggestion of Henriette, Hector did some more shopping at that vast comprehensive mart of the Elysée. General de Roux, puffing a cheroot and sweltering in his cane chair at the Military Club of Algiers, was to read in the official Gazette of the Army—a special copy, thought-

fully forwarded by an anonymous friend—that his late Assistant-Adjutant had received yet further promotion. That the Cross of the Legion of Honor had been conferred upon him by the Prince-President, with his appointment as extra aide-de-camp of the Staff of the Elysée.

Thenceforwards at Reviews, Inspections, and other public functions, you saw the keen dark face shaded by the plumed cocked hat of a Lieutenant-Colonel—the slender active figure set off by a brilliant uniform, as mounted on Djelma, or some animal even more beautiful and spirited, the lover of Henriette brought up the rear of the showy cavalcade of Marshals, Generals, foreign envoys, aides-de-camp and Staff officers, galloping at the flying heels of the spirited English charger ridden by Monseigneur.

What could the heart of man want more? At State dinners at the Elysée, shooting-parties at Fontainebleau, hunts at Compiègne, balls at the Tuileries, Colonel Hector Dunoisse cut a gallant figure. His intrigue with Madame de Roux became a recognized *liaison*. Monseigneur was so kind—the world was so charitable. Nobody dreamed of censuring, or even looking askew.

In the galaxy of beautiful women that glittered about that rising planet of Monseigneur's, Henriette shone prominently. Many men's eyes were fixed in longing on that throbbing, radiant star. The man on whom its rays were shed knew himself envied. Secure in possession of what others keenly desired, he believed himself happy at last.

Happiest when, with that little hand of Henriette's upon his arm, in some crush of gold-laced uniforms, diplomatic dress-coats, silks, satins, flowers, feathers and diamonds, he would encounter a tall, bulky, officially-attired figure topped with a heavy, ugly, distinguished face; and meet the cold, repellent, cynical stare of de Moulny's hard blue eyes.

The eyes would meet Redskin's, the head would move slightly, responding to Dunoisse's own chilly, perfunctory salutation. Once or twice they had been

near neighbors at the dinner-table. . . . What of that? In civilized society one eats with one's enemy. Only the nomad of the desert and the savage of the jungle refuse to break bread with those they hold in suspicion or hate. And it is easy to forget a great injustice done you, by a friend you have ceased to care for; and to forgive a wrong wrought by a man off whom you have doubly scored.

For de Moulny had been paid his money, had not Henriette said so? Besides, she had never exchanged a word with him alone since that night of the fusillade.

She assured Dunoisse of this; and that their intercourse when they met was limited to the briefest utterances compatible with common civility. Then, no matter for de Moulny, now Representative for the Department of Moulny upon Upper Drame, and Secretary-Chancellor at the Ministry of the Interior. Success was his, though the woman he had desired had given her favors to another. Without the bliss that he had vainly coveted, let de Moulny go upon his way. . . .

Dunoisse believed that Henriette loved him, as he her, with passion and fidelity. He asked nothing better of Fate than that he should be permitted to pass through life with those fairy fingers twined about his own. But sometimes when her beautiful hair was shed upon his breast and her lustrous eyes looked into his, and her lovely lips gave back his kisses, the thought of the strange face that might be lurking behind those beautiful, beloved, familiar features would strike him cold with dread.

He thrust it from him, that conjectured image, but always it hovered in the background of his mind. By the blood-red December dawn that followed on the crime of the *coup d'Etat* another glimpse of the Medusa visage was to be vouchsafed to him. The day was not yet when it should be revealed in all its terror, and strike the man to stone.

XLVI.

France had not taken kindly to the notion of a *plebiscite*. The good city of

Paris had had an indigestion of proclamations—was beginning to suspect the motives of her leading citizen. And the capital roared and buzzed like a beehive of angry bees.

Money, money!

As the neat white fingers of France's First Citizen twisted comic figures out of paper, taken from a little inlaid table beside him where writing-materials were, his brain was busy with this vexing question of how to get more cash. Hundreds of millions of francs had been expended during his tenure of office. The china, pictures and other Art treasures of the Crown had been converted into bullion. The diamonds of the Crown and the Crown forests had become gold in the crucible of the auction-room. And—presto! the vast sums thus realized had vanished—nobody could exactly indicate how or whither—it was a puzzle to baffle Houdin. Nor could anyone point out the winners of the chief prizes advertised in the Lottery of the Golden Ingots, which had, with much tootling of official trumpets and banging of official drums, been drawn some days before.

Money! . . .

There was a reception upon this particular evening; the little Palace and its courtyard blazed with gas. It was nearly midnight, and yet the sun had not risen; the magnificent band of the —th Hussars, stationed in the splendid gilt ballroom where the Prince-President had as a child witnessed the second abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, had not yet crashed into *Partant Pour La Syrie*. It had been given out that Monseigneur was delayed by the non-arrival of despatches, detained by urgent affairs of State. Detectives, mingling with the throng of guests in the reception-rooms, kept their ears open for unfavorable comments; their eyes skinned for the possible interception of significant glances. Of which, had they but chosen to step outside the courtyard-gates, they might have gathered store.

For to be plain, Paris was in a state of ferment and disruption. Disaffection prevailed. Insurrection was rising to its old high-water mark. And the cries

were: "Down with Bonaparte! Long live the Republic! Long live Law! Long live the Constitution! Down with the Army, the paid tool of the President who wants to be Emperor in spite of all his oaths!" And the ganglion of narrow streets that made the centre of the city's nervous system were being rapidly blocked by barricades built higher than before. . . .

What wonder if at this juncture, the crying need of Monseigneur for money opened a Gargantuan mouth for the bottle. Without money at this juncture, the contemplated masterstroke of policy must fall as harmlessly as a blow from Harlequin's lathen sword.

Money, money, money! . . .

And there were twenty-five millions of francs, belonging to the Orleans Princes, lying in the Bank of France, which by a Presidential Decree, countersigned by the Home Secretary Count de Morny, might be profitably sequestered. And, contained in a series of great painted and emblazoned deed-boxes, occupying a row of shelves in the strong-room at the Ministry of the Interior, were the title-deeds to estates of the value of three hundred thousand millions more, vested in the hands of mere Trustees; who might argue and protest, but could, if it proved necessary, be gagged. And de Morny had just threatened to resign the Home Secretaryship if Monseigneur persisted in his intention of laying violent hands on these unconsidered trifles—an exhibition of obstinacy both ill-timed and in bad taste.

De Morny insisted that the night grew old; that the reception-rooms were crowded to suffocation; that the long-delayed appearance of the President had provoked unfavorable comparisons, and created a bad impression; that he must come without delay.

"Let them wait!" he said, with a dull flash of ill-humor, in answer to the expostulations of Persigny. "Who are they, that they should not be kept waiting? Whom have we? A damnable rabble of bankers, stockbrokers, judges, generals, senators, Representatives and their wives and mistresses. . . . You

know very well that what the English would call the 'best people' are those who do not come. . . ."

Which was true. The private secretaries of the aged Duchesse de Villecour, of the Faubourg st. Honoré, and of the venerable Marquis de l'Autre-temps, being invariably instructed to return M. Bonaparte's card of invitation, with the intimation that their respective employers had not the honor of knowing the gentleman who had sent it—or with no intimation at all. . . .

"Let them wait!" he said again. "Am I not waiting? For this message from Walewski—for this ultimatum of my Lord Walmerston—for this establishment of the submarine electric telegraph between England and France. That gutta-percha covered wire stretching between the cave under the South Foreland at Dover and the cliff station at Cape Grisnez is the jugular vein of my whole system of policy. Had it not broken twice, should I not have papered Paris with my proclamations—should I not have struck the blow?"

He stuck out his chin as he rolled his head upon the cushioned back of his armchair and stared at the painted ceiling, and went on in his droning voice:

"That is, if I had had money—sufficient funds at my disposal. That a man like me should want money at such a moment proves that the Devil is a fool."

St. Arnaud turned his long emaciated body and sagacious greyhound-face towards the speaker. The sofa creaked beneath his weight, and one of his gold spurs, catching in the costly brocade cover, tore it with a little ugly, sickening sound. He said, stroking the dyed tuft upon his chin with a gaunt pale hand glittering with rings of price:

"Monseigneur, pray do the personage you mention better justice. He really has served you better than you think!"

He had. The steam-packet *Goliath* of Dover, towing the ancient cable-hulk *Blazer*, the latter rolling fearfully, with a direfully seasick crew, and a hold containing but a few hundred yards of so of the twenty-seven miles of cable which had been smoothly paid out over the Channel sea-floor, had dropped her an-

chors off Cape Grisnez an hour before sunset; and the end of the wire-bound rope on which so much depended having been landed at the village of Sangatte, distant some three miles or so from Calais, communication had been established with the operators in the cave under the South Foreland lighthouse at Dover. And a gun had been fired from the Castle; and telegrams announcing the fact had been sent by the Chief Magistrate of Dover to the Queen and the Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington, the King of Prussia, and a few other important personages. And the Mayor had then despatched a message of congratulation to the French Prince-President, which was being transmitted to Paris by means of Ampère's coil and needle, and the underground wire that followed the track of the Great Northern Railway Line.

But meanwhile a courier from the Embassy of France in Belgrave Square, London, chilled and hoarse from rapid travelling in the wintry weather, had arrived with the letter from Walewski. And when the neat white hands for which it was destined had snatched the envelope from the sumptuous golden salver upon which it was respectfully presented by the President's second aide-de-camp, its contents proved discouraging, to say the least.

Count Walewski had pleaded his relative's cause with eloquence. The enclosure would prove with what result.

A cheque for two thousand pounds, enfolded in a sheet scrawled with a brief intimation in my Lord Walmerston's stiff, characteristic handwriting, that no more of the stuff was to be had.

XLVII.

"How like the man! The icy, phlegmatic islander! Two thousand pounds! A nothing! A bagatelle!"

The little gentleman removed his polished boots from the chased silver-gilt fender. He was strongly tempted to throw the cheque into the fire. But money is money, and he restrained himself. He folded the oblong slip of pink paper stamped with the magic name of Coutts and slipped it into his pocket

note-case, gnawing, as was his wont, at the ends of his heavy moustache and breathing through his nose. He got up and looked upon his merry men with an ugly, livid smile, and said, still smiling:

"So be it! We take my Lord's charity and we repay it. Without doubt—it shall be repaid by-and-by—with other debts owed by me to England. Her grudging shelter, her insulting tolerance, her heavy, insolent, insular contempt."

Something in the speaker's short thick throat rattled oddly. His eyes, that were usually like the faded negatives of eyes, glittered with a dull, retrospective hate. The white hand shook as it stroked the brown chin-tuft, and a greyish shiny sweat stood upon his face.

"I am to be upheld and supported by Great Britain if I accomplish miracles—but I am to accomplish them unaided. Two thousand pounds! We are infinitely indebted to my Lord Walmerston's generosity!"

St. Arnaud, who had got off the sofa, remarked with a full-flavored oath:

"It is rating the Army cheap, by—!"

De Morny said, shrugging one shoulder and toying with his watch-chain:

"Two regiments of Russian Guards made an Empress of the Grand Duchess Catherine. Will not a couple of brigades do your little job for you? For my life, I cannot see why not?"

The tallow-candle-locked little man on the hearthrug retorted as he warmed himself:

"Catherine only strangled her husband Peter. I have the Assembly to throttle—a very different thing. To carry out my plan successfully I must subsidize the whole Army—cram the pockets of every officer according to his grade—with thousand-franc billets—descend upon the rank-and-file in a shower of wine and gold."

He assumed his favorite pose, borrowed from the great Napoleon, his short right leg advanced, his chin turned at an acute angle, his left hand thrust behind the broad red ribbon, a finger hitched between two buttons of his tight-waisted general's coat, and said with his most pompous air:

"M. De Morny, in answer to your objections to my proposed course of policy, I reply by dictating a Proclamation addressed by the President of the Republic to the French People. Be good enough to take your seat at the writing-table."

De Morny obeyed. Monseigneur cleared his throat and reeled off:

"Our country is upon the horns of a dilemma, in the throes of a crisis of the gravest. As her sworn protector, guardian, and defender, I take the step necessary to her rescue and salvation—I withdraw from the Bank twenty-five millions of francs wrung from her veins by the masters who have betrayed her—I apply them as golden ointment to stanch her bleeding wounds."

Said de Morny, with imperturbable gravity, speaking in the English language, as he selected a sheet of paper and dipped his pen in the ink:

"Article I. will provide that hereafter stealing is no robbery. Article II. should ordain that hence forth it is not murder to kill."

The coldly-spoken words dropped one by one into a silence of consternation. St. Arnaud sat up; de Fleury dropped his cocked hat upon the carpet. Persigny grew pale underneath his rouge. Monseigneur alone maintained his urbane coolness, looking down his nose as he stroked his heavy brown boustache with the well-kept hand that, with all its feminine beauty, was so pitiless. Thus his blinking glance was arrested by the letter on the hearthrug. And a postscript that he had overlooked now caught his eye. He stooped, lifted the letter, and read, written in Walewski's fine Italian script:

"Walmerston is cooling; there is no doubt about the change in him. Better strike whilst the iron is hot, or decide to abandon the idea."

"And risk all . . . or give up all. Very well, my friend!" he said, apostrophizing the absent writer as though he could hear him, "I will risk all. I wait for nothing but the cable now."

Even as he said the words the privileged elderly aide-de-camp entered with the thin blue envelope that held

the cablegram. He tore it open, and read:

"Town — Dover — congratulates — Prince-President — on — establishment — submarine — telegraphic — communication — between — France — and — England. William — John — Tomlinson. — Mayor."

XLVIII.

It was given to William John Tomlinson to rouse the venomous reptile that lay hidden in this man out of his wintry torpor. A bitter oath broke from him as he read the message. He tore the flimsy scrawled paper and the blue envelope into a dozen pieces, and scrunched them in his small neat hand before he threw the lump of paper on the Persian hearthrug, and spat upon it with another oath, and ground it under his spurred heel.

"The Mayor, . . ." he croaked, after a dumb struggle for speech. "The Chief Magistrate of Dover congratulates the Chief Magistrate of Paris. Damnably amusing! . . . Good—very good!"

His laugh was a snapping bark, like the sound made by a dog in rabies. He went on, heedless of the faces gathered about him, speaking, not to them, but to that other hidden self of his; the being who dwelt behind the dough-colored mask, and looked through the narrow eye-slits, guessed at, but never before seen:

"You comprehend, Madame of England and that sausage of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, her Consort, think it beneath their exalted dignity to bandy courtesies with me . . . Me, the out-at-elbows refugee, the shady character—the needy Prince-Pretender—admitted upon sufferance to West of London Clubs; exhibited as a curiosity in the drawing-rooms of English Society—stared at as some cow-worshipping jewel-hung Hindu Rajah, or raw-meat-eating Abyssinian King." He clenched his pretty hand and went on, carried away by the tide of bitter memories:

"Do you know what Queen Victoria once said of me to Lady Stratelyffe? *'My dear, let me beg of you not to mention M. Bonaparte before Albert. He*

considers him hardly a person to be spoken of—not at all a person to know! And yet how can one deny him some measure of respect and consideration—as a near relative of Napoleon the Great.’”

He had another struggle with his rending devil, and said, when he had found his speech again:

“‘Great!’ Was he so great, that man for whose sake Victoria would accord me ‘respect and consideration’? True, he humbled Emperors, browbeat and bullied Kings. . . . He kicked the board of Europe, and armies were jumbled in confusion. His screaming eagles carried panic, and terror, and devastation as far as the Pyramids. The East bowed her jewelled forehead in the dust before him—a nation of beef-fed islanders put him to the rout!’”

His eyes, wide open now and glazed, looked upon the men who listened, unseeing as the eyes of a somnambulist. He said in that voice that was a croak:

“And he died, the prisoner and slave of England. Before I die, England shall be mine!”

“Now, if you will give me pen, ink, and paper, I will write the answer to this letter from Belgrave Square.”

They supplied him with these things, and he wrote, in his pointed spidery hand, stooping over the desk of an inlaid ivory *escritoire*—a dainty thing whose drawers and pigeon-holes had contained the political correspondence of Queen Marie Antoinette and the love-letters of amorous Josephine:

“Tell my Lord that I carry out my programme. Upon the morning of the second of December, at a quarter-past six punctually, I strike the decisive blow.”

He signed the sheet with his initials, folded and slipped it in an envelope, and motioned to de Monry to prepare the wax to receive his signet. While the red drops were falling on the paper, like gout of thick blood, he said, with his smile:

“It may be that this second of December will prove to be my eighteenth Brumaire.”

And when Persigny inquired to which
Sig. 6.

of the official messengers the letter should be entrusted for conveyance to London, he replied:

“To none of them. An aide-de-camp will attract less notice. And he must be a mere junior, an unimportant person whom nobody will be likely to follow or molest.”

An ugly salacious humor curved his pasty cheeks and twitched at his nostrils as he went on:

“Suppose we send Dunoisse? Madame de Roux adores him, but there are occasions upon which she would find it more convenient to adore him from a distance. One can easily comprehend that!”

He added, as his merry men roared with laughter:

“It is decided, then. Colonel Dunoisse shall be our messenger. Pray touch the bell, M. de St. Arnaud.”

A moment later the band of the —th Hussars crashed magnificently into the opening bars of “*Partant Pour La Syrie*,” and Monseigneur, imperturbable and gracious as ever, was smiling on the “damnable rabble” crowding to bask in the rays of their midnight-risen sun. And beyond the big gilded gates of the little palace, Paris buzzed and roared like an angry beehive into which some mischief-loving urchin had poked a stick.

XLIX.

The egg of the *coup d’Etat* was hatched as the train that carried Monseigneur’s secret messenger rushed over the iron rails that sped it to the sea.

We know his programme, masterly in detail, devilish in its crushing, paralyzing, merciless completeness. The posting of notices at every street corner, in every public square, on every tree of the boulevards, proclaiming that crowds would thenceforth be dispersed by military force, *Without Warning*; the distribution of troops; the disposition of batteries; the arrests of the Representatives, the publication of the Decree dissolving the Assembly; the seizure of the Ministry of the Interior; the closure of the High Courts of Justice—a symbolical gagging and blinding of the law.

And Paris, rising early on that red December morning, turned out under the chilly skies to read her death-sentence, ignorant of its true nature; and to wonder at the military spectacle provided for her eyes.

For the five brigades of Carrelet's Division, vavalry and infantry, extended in *echelon* from the Rue de la Paix to the Faubourg Poissonnière. Each brigade with its artillery, numbering seventeen thousand Pretorians, five additional regiments, with a reserve of sixty thousand men, being held in readiness to use cannon, sabre, pistol, and bayonet upon the bodies of their fellow-countrymen and women, that France might be saved, according to Monseigneur.

It was late, and raining heavily, when the Folkestone train clanked into Waterloo Station. The yellow gaslights were reflected in the numerous puddles on the slippery wooden platform; in the shiny peaks of porters' caps, and in the dripping oilskins of cabmen. A red-nosed Jehu, suffering from almost total extinction of the voice, undertook to convey Dunoisse to Belgrave Square, the haggard beast attached to the leaky vehicle accomplishing the journey in a series of stumbles, slides, and collapses.

The windows of the Embassy blazed with lights, police were on duty in unusual force, and the six tall cuirassiers of the Embassy were dwarfed into insignificance by a British guard-of-honor, betokening the presence of Royalty; stately, splendid Household Cavalrymen, whose gold-laced scarlet, blue velvet facings, gleaming steel cuirasses, and silver, white-plumed helmets lined the flower-decked vestibule, and struck savage splendid chords of color amidst the decorations of the marble staircase, where Gloire de Dijon roses and yellow chrysanthemums were massed and mingled with the trailing foliage of smilax, and the tall green plumes of ferns.

The Tricolor was barely in evidence. The Imperial colors of green and bold, displayed in the floral decorations, predominated in the draperies that hung below the carved and gilded cornices, and beneath the pillared archways that

led to the lining and reception rooms. The full-length portrait of the Prince-President that hung over the sculptured marble fireplace had a canopy of emerald velvet spangled with fleurons, and upheld by eagles perched on laurel-wreathed spears. And above the head of the portrait, concealed by a garland of trailing rose-boughs, lurked another more significant device.

Thus much evidence of preparation at the Embassy for some event of profound importance was evident to the bearer of the letter from the Elysée, before the steward of the chambers, a stately gold-chained personage in discreet black, accosted the stranger, and at the sight of a signet bearing a familiar coat-of-arms, conducted him in haste to an apartment on the rear of the ground-floor, reserved for similar arrivals; set sandwiches, cold game, and champagne-cup, before him; indicated a dressing-room adjoining where the stains of travel might be removed; and disappeared; to return before the rage of hunger had been half-appeased, ushering in a handsome personage in a brilliant Hussar uniform, who greeted Dunoisse as an acquaintance, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"There has been a great dinner this evening," explained this personage, who held the post of First Military Attaché to France's Embassy. "The entire *Corps Diplomatique* accredited to the Court of St. James's, to meet the Duke of Bambridge and Lord Walmerston. His Royal Highness will be leaving directly; those Life Guards in the square and in the vestibule are his escort of honor. Magnificent men, are they not? But less active dismounted than our own Heavy Cavalry. Are you sufficiently refreshed? You will take nothing more? You are positive? Then be good enough to come with me."

And they returned to the hall, to commence the ascent of the great staircase, as a steady, continuous stream of well-bred, well-dressed people began to flow downwards in the direction of the refreshment buffets.

And the attaché, whose loquacious vivacity could not hide the excitement

and suspense under which he was laboring, and which were palpably shared by every official encountered on the way upstairs, paused at a curtained archway at the end of a short corridor on the second floor, and said, lifting the velvet drapery that Dunoisse might pass within:

"This is His Excellency's library. Wait a moment, and I am instructed to say that he will join you here. Excuse me that I am compelled to leave you now!"

The curtain fell heavily, blotting out the handsome martial figure. Dunoisse moved forwards, and found himself in the middle of an octagonally-shaped library, furnished in the sombre, sumptuous style of the Empire. A glowing fire of billets burned on the bronze dogs of the fireplace. Above the carved walnut mantelshelf, where groups of wax tapers burned in silver candelabra, hung a fine replica from the brush of David, of the painter's imposing, heroic, impossible portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps. And Dunoisse, sinking down with a sigh of relief amongst the cushions of a capacious armchair and stretching his chilled feet towards the cheerful hearth-glow, looked at the picture between half-closed eyelids; and the spirited charger had begun to shrink into a mule, and the red woollen shawl of homely truth had covered up the laced cocked hat of ornamental fiction, when the imperative summons of a door-bell pealed through the house, and was succeeded by a sudden lull in the Babel of general conversation.

L .

Dunoisse, roused by the unmistakable double ring of a telegraphic messenger, started to his feet. The undelivered letter in his breast seemed to burn there like red-hot iron. His keen ears pricked themselves for what he knew must come, if this were as he suspected, a cable from Paris.

He stepped towards the door, put aside the velvet draperies of the *portière* and turned the handle. He emerged upon the landing, where a few persons were gathered, conferring eagerly in un-

dertones. He moved to the balustrade of the great well-staircase, and looked down into the flower-decked, brilliantly-illuminated hall, to find it packed with a solid mass of heads of both sexes, all ages, and every shade of color. And all these heads, it seemed to Dunoisse, were turned towards the full-length portrait of Monseigneur, attired in the uniform of a General of the French Army, smiling with his imperturbable amiability above the marble fireplace.

For what were they all waiting? Leaning over the balustrade above, Dunoisse could see that a small round ventilator in the wall immediately above the picture, and hidden from the persons assembled in the hall below by the bespangled canopy, was open. Through the aperture came a hand holding a lighted taper; and in another moment, with a faint hissing sound, the initial N and an Imperial crown above it leaped into lines of vivid wavering flame.

Babel broke loose then. Questions, ejaculations, explanations, congratulations, in half-a-dozen European languages, crossed and recrossed in the air like bursting squibs. And seeing officials and attachés of the Embassy beset by eager questions; and conscious that curious glances from below were raking his own dark, unfamiliar features, Dunoisse, as a wave of excited humanity began to roll up the grand staircase, retreated to the library, knowing that the *coup d'Etat* was an accomplished fact.

He had left the library empty, but he found it occupied. A lady and a gentleman had entered by a door at the more distant end. The lady's back was towards Dunoisse. Her male companion, a tall and handsome man of barely middle age, wearing the gold-embroidered uniform of the diplomatic corps with grace and distinction, said to her, in the act of quitting the room:

"Wait here. I will go and order the carriage, but the crush is so great that some delay is unavoidable. Mary shall come and keep you company."

The speaker withdrew by the more distant door, softly closing it behind him. And Dunoisse stood still in the shadow of a massive writing-table, flung

by the light of fire and candle upon the heavy velvet curtain behind him, uncertain whether to remain or to retreat. One moment more; and then, as the tall, slender, white-robed figure of the lady turned and moved towards him across the richly hued Oriental carpets, a memory, faint as a whiff of sweetness from some jar of ancient pot-pourri, wakened in him, quickening as she drew nearer into fragrance fresh and as living as that exhaled by the bouquet of pure white roses clustering in their glossy dark green leaves, that she carried in her slight gloved hand; and by their fellow-blossoms, drooping in the graceful fashion of the day, amidst the heavy shining coils of her rippling gold-brown hair.

For it was Ada Merling.

He drew noiselessly back into the shadow, looking at her intently. A dress of costly fabric, frost-flowers of Alençon lace wrought upon cloudy tulle, billowed and floated about her slender, rounded form. Glimpses of shimmering sea-blue showed through the exquisite folds. The moony glimmer of great pearls, and the cold white fire of diamonds crowned her rich hair and clasped her fair throat, circled her slight wrists, and heaved on her white bosom. Jewels and laces could not add to her beauty in the eyes of those who loved her. To Dunoisse the revelation of the loveliness that had been gowned in Quaker grey, crowned with the frilled cap of the nurse, and uniformed with the bibbed apron, came with a shock that took his breath away.

She had not seen him, standing by the curtain. She evidently believed herself alone when she dropped her fan and bouquet on a divan, as though their inconsiderable burden had oppressed her, and moved towards the fireplace. She looked steadfastly at the replica of the David portrait of the Great Napoleon that hung above. Her name was upon Dunoisse's lips, when the sound of the unforgotten voice of melody arrested it. She spoke; and her words were addressed, not to the living man who heard but to the deaf, unheeding dead.

"Oh! you with the inscrutable pale

face and the cold, hard, pitiless eyes! who point forwards ceaselessly," she said, "scourging your dying soldiers along the road of Death with the whip of your remorseless, merciless will, do you know what *he* has done, and is doing? . . . You were a magnificent despot, a royal tiger, but this man is—"

"Mademoiselle!" broke from Dunoisse, as with a most painfully embarrassing conscience upon him that his unsuspected presence should in decency have been made known to her ere now, he moved from the shadow of the doorway.

"Who is it?"

She turned her face to him, and it was pale and agitated, and there were tragic violet circles round the great brilliant blue-grey eyes. They recognized Dunoisse, and she held out her hand in the frank way that he remembered, and he took it in his own.

"Monsieur Dunoisse! . . . Colonel Dunoisse I should say now, should I not?"

"I thank you," he said, "for not completely forgetting me; otherwise, I hardly know how I should have recalled myself to you."

"Why so? You have not changed," she answered, looking in the dark keen face. And then, as the light of fire and candles showed the fine lines graven about its eyes and mouth, and the sprinkling of grey hairs upon the high, finely modelled temples, she added: "And yet I think you have."

"Time is only kind to beautiful women!" Dunoisse responded, paying her the implied compliment with the gallantry that had become habitual. But she answered with a contraction of the brows:

"Time would be kind if this December day, that dawned upon the betrayal of the French Republic, and set upon the massacre and slaughter of her citizens, could be wiped from the calendar for ever."

"I speak thus to you, who are an officer of the Army of France; who hold a post of confidence—or so I have been given to understand—on the Prince's Military Staff. It may be that you

prize Success above Integrity, that the result of the *coup d'Etat* will justify in your eyes the measures that have been taken to carry it out. But, knowing what I know of you—having heard from that dear lady—who is now, I earnestly believe, crowned in a more glorious life than that of earth, with the reward of her pure faith and simple virtues—the story of your renunciation of great fortune and high prospects for the sake of principle and honor—I cannot believe this. If it were so, you would be changed, not only in outward appearance, but in mind, and heart, and soul.”

She added, with an almost wistful smile:

“And I do not wish to find you so. I prefer, when it is possible, to keep my ideals intact.”

“Miss Merling,” returned Dunoisse, “I break no bond of secrecy in saying to you that the *coup d'Etat* has long been expected, both by the enemies and the friends of Monseigneur the Prince-President. The ways of Government and Rule are bestrewn with obstacles and beset with perils, and Expediency demands many moral sacrifices on the part of those who sit on the coach-boxes of the world. As a man of honor”—the well-used word fell lightly from his lips as he slightly shrugged his shoulders—“I deplore that they should be necessary! But in the years that have passed since it was my privilege to meet you, I have learned to swim with the stream: to take Life as I find it; and not to ask a greater excess of nobility and virtue from my neighbors than I possess in myself.”

His slight momentary embarrassment had passed away. He had recovered his customary ease and sangfroid, and the acquired manner of his world, self-confident, almost insolent in its cool assurance, lent its meretricious charm to the handsome face and upright gallant figure as he faced her smiling, the ruddy firelight enhancing the brilliancy of his black eyes and the ruddy swarthinness of hue that distinguished him, his supple, well-shaped hand toying with a fine waxed end of the neat black moustache.

“Nothing, Mademoiselle,” he went

on, “would distress me more profoundly than to think that credit was given me for opinions I have long learned to regard as prejudiced and crude, and a course of conduct subsequent experience has proved to have been so mistaken that I have long since endeavored to correct its errors by adopting an opposite policy. I—”

LI.

He ceased, for a sudden burning wave of color flooded her to the temples. Her white throat and bosom were tinged with the red stain.

He bit his lip in chagrin, seeing her recoil from him. Fair women were not wont to turn their eyes from Dunoisse. He began, in much less confident tones, to exonerate himself:

“In the world of to-day, Mademoiselle, especially the world of Paris, one is compelled to abandon high ideals of life and forsake the more rigid standards of conduct. One is forced. . . .”

She looked at him full, and the scathing, merciless contempt in her great eyes both froze and scorched him. He stammered, bungled, broke down. The clear voice said with a cutting edge of irony:

“The boy of whom my dear old friend, Miss Caroline Smithwick, spoke with so much affection; the young man of whom she was so proud, was not to be ‘compelled’ or ‘forced’ to turn from the path of truth and honor by any stress of circumstances. You have changed very much, Colonel Dunoisse, since you visited her in Cavendish Street! Good-night to you, and good-bye!”

The tall, white-robed figure was sweeping to the door, when it stopped, and turned, and came back again. She said, with almost a pleading look:

“But I cannot leave you so, remembering how true and kind you were to her. My fault is to be over hasty in judgment, I fear.” She added: “There must be many excuses that you could make for yourself, and are too proud and too reserved to offer. . . . Especially to one who has no claim upon your confidence; so let us part friends, even though we never meet as friends again!”

He took the white, firm hand she held

out. He had thought her insular and prejudiced, narrow-minded and intolerant. Some magic in her touch wrought a change in him. He said in a far different tone:

"That I have sinned against your ideals of character and principle is my punishment. Tell me—Miss Merling—if I had been the kind of man you thought me—if I had come back to Cavendish Street and sought your friendship—would it have been denied?"

"No!" she said, looking in his face with beautiful candor. "For I saw much to admire and to respect in you—as you were in days gone by."

"The world dubbed me, very plainly—a fool for being what I was in those days," returned Dunoisse, with a slight deprecatory lift of shoulders and eyebrows. "And frankly, Mademoiselle, I had not the courage requisite to go against the world."

"If you were a fool, you were God's fool," she answered him, "and such folly is superior to the wisdom of the sages. Now, good-bye, Colonel Dunoisse."

And, with a slight inclination of the head, she withdrew her hand and moved away, as the farther door of the library opened, admitting Madame Walewski, her homeliness painfully accentuated by her dazzling dress of gold brocade and famous *parure* of Brazilian emeralds; and another lady, dark-haired, sweet-faced, and of middle height, dressed in half-mourning, towards whom Ada Merling hurried, saying in a tremulous whisper as she caught the outstretched hand:

"Oh, Mary, come! . . ."

And then the three ladies were gone, retreating by that farther door into unknown, conjectural regions; and the velvet curtain lifted and dropped behind Dunoisse, and he turned, instinctively drawing the Prince's letter from his breast, to meet the radiant blue eyes and graceful, cordial greeting of Count Walewski, and to be presented to the Ambassador's companion, Lord Walmerston. . . .

You saw the all-powerful Foreign Minister as a hale, vigorous, elderly gen-

tleman, displaying a star, and the broad red ribbon and oval gold badge of a Civil G.C.B., and the befrogged and gold-laced swallow-tail of official ceremony rather awkwardly, upon a heavy-shouldered, somewhat clumsy figure, though the black silk stockings showed well-made legs, and gold-buckled, patent-leather shoes set off the small, neat feet.

One phrase employed by him was to linger in Dunoisse's memory. He said, as Walewski handed him the letter from the Elysée, and he wiped his tortoiseshell-rimmed eyeglasses to read:

"You herald the event after its occurrence, Colonel."

And a moment later, folding up the sheet and returning it:

"His Imperial Highness certainly owes less to a fortuitous concurrence of atoms than to his own ability, energy, and tact." He added with emphasis: "This is an immense act; its importance can hardly be overestimated. For my part, I officially recognize it, and shall adhere to my determination to support it."

Then, as Walewski, flushed with a triumph he could hardly control, murmured a gracefully-worded, low-toned entreaty, he responded:

"Ah! I understand. You wish me to write a line to His Imperial Highness, recapitulating what I have just said, to be conveyed with your own loyal congratulations by his messenger? . . ."

Walewski, unable to trust himself to speak, bowed assent. Perhaps the hand that held the tortoiseshell-rimmed eyeglasses knew a moment of unsteadiness as its owner's swift brain balanced the question of risks. Then, with characteristic boldness, my lord took the leap.

"Certainly, my dear Count—certainly. I see no objection at all!"

And, with a slight jerky nod of dismissal for Dunoisse, accompanied by a not unkindly glance of the hard, powerful, dark brown eyes, the stooping figure of England's great Foreign Minister moved forwards to the writing-table and penned the single, brief, emphatic line of approval, that burned the writer's boats and brought about the

downfall from which he was to rise, with popularity enhanced and power redoubled, within the space of a year.

An hour or so of fevered sleep in a luxurious bedroom, ringing with the clatter of late cabs and early milk-carts upon London paving-stones, and Dun-oisie was on the iron road again. As he leaned back, with folded arms, in the class compartment that had no other passenger, his imagination followed Ada Merling back to the Hospice in Cavendish Street. But it was to a house in Park Lane that swiftly-trotting hoofs and rapidly-rolling wheels had carried her when she had left the Embassy on the night before.

LII.

The shadow of Death brooded over the great canopied bed in the luxurious chamber, where a face that was the pallid wraith of Ada's own lay low amidst the lace-trimmed pillows. And as her daughter bent above the sick woman and kissed the fair, unwrinkled forehead between the bands of grey-brown, the sunken eyes opened widely, and the weak voice said:

"You have come back! . . . Is it very late? . . . The time has seemed long!"

"Dear mother, I should never have left you had you not wished it so. Have you been lonely in the midst of all the pain?"

"I have been thinking! . . ." said the toneless voice.

"Of me, dear mother?"

"Chiefly of you, my own."

"It is you who will be lonely, child, when I am gone. Then you may think more favorably of—the course that others follow, and welcome those natural ties, my Ada, that make the happiness of life."

Ada answered, putting up a hand to hide her tears:

"When you are with God I shall be lonely, dearest, but not sorrowful, knowing you in His safe keeping. As for marriage, urge it upon me no more, my mother! For something tells me that these natural ties you speak of, sweet

and pleasant as they are, are not destined for me."

"My daughter," the dying woman said, "I am only grieved for you. . . . For I have fancied—if, indeed, it was fancy?—that your heart was not quite free; that your imagination had been touched, your thoughts attracted, Ada, by someone of different religion, language, and nationality, met and known abroad. Someone, the recollection of whom—forgive me if I am wrong, dearest!—has made you indifferent to the good qualities of Englishmen of your own rank and social standing, cold to their merits and blind to their attractions—"

"Mother, are you not talking too much? Will you not try to sleep?"

"My dear, I have but little time left for talk, and in a very few hours my sleep will know no earthly waking. Answer my question now!"

Ada Merling laid down the thin, frail hand that she had clasped, rose up, and went to the window, moved the blind, adjusted the curtain, went a step or two about the room, and having, possibly, controlled some emotion that had threatened to master her, resumed her seat beside the pillow and took the feeble hand again, saying:

"Mother, there can be no concealment between us! . . . I have allowed myself to think too constantly of a man whom I met not quite three years ago; and who appeared to be, morally and mentally, as he undoubtedly is physically, as superior to the common run of men as Hector must have seemed, compared with the other sons of Priam. Your daughter, of whom you are so proud, threw away her heart unasked; and on the strength of a single meeting, built up the flimsy fabric of her house of dreams. To-night I met the man again, and the charm was broken. I saw him, not as I had imagined him to be, but as he is! Not the young Bayard of my belief, but the *beau chevalier* of Paris salons; not as the man of unstained honor and high ideals, but as the attaché of the Elysée, the servant of its unprincipled master—the open lover of Madame de Roux."

She hid her face, but her shoulders shook with weeping, and little streams of bright tears trickled between the slender white jewelled fingers, and were lost amidst the snowy laces of her dress.

"I cannot conceive it!" the mother faltered. "The man was hardly known to you? . . ."

"I had heard him glowingly described and fondly praised by one who loved him. . . ."

"He is a foreigner? . . . A Frenchman? . . . A Roman Catholic? . . ."

"He is a Bavarian Swiss by birth; French by naturalization and education, and a Catholic, without doubt."

"And had he asked you, you would have left us all to follow him?"

"Mother, you did the like at my father's call!"

"Our parents approved!"

"If they had not, would you have abandoned him?"

"I cannot reply; it is for you to answer me. . . . Would you, had this man loved and sought you in marriage, have changed your religion and embraced his?"

"Mother, you ask a question I need not answer. He did not love me . . . he never sought me. . . . Were our paths, that lie so far apart, to cross now . . . did he ask of me that which I might once have gladly given, I should deny it, knowing him to be unworthy of the gift."

"Ada, I must have your answer! Would you have deserted the faith of your Protestant forefathers?"

"It may be, mother, that I should have returned to the faith in which their fathers lived and died. Remember, we Merlings were Catholic before the Reformation."

"Those were dark days for England. A purer light has shown the path to a better world since then."

"Dear one," the sweet voice pleaded, "we have never thought alike upon this matter."

"I shall know peace," said the relentless voice from the pillow, "only when I have your promise—a pledge that, once given, I know my Ada will keep. Say to me: 'Mother, I will never become

a Romanist, or marry any man who holds the Catholic faith!' That pledge once given will be kept by you, I know! . . ."

In her very feebleness lay the strength that was not to be gainsaid or resisted. Her daughter's tears fell as she whispered in the dying ear:

"Dear little mother, when you have crossed the deep, swift river that separates Time from Eternity, and the Veil has fallen behind you, you will be so wise, so wise! . . . Not one of the kings, and priests, and prophets who lived of old, will have been so wise as you. Think, dearest and gentlest!—if, by the light that shines upon you then, you were to see that the ancient Faith is the true Faith and the Mother Church the One Church . . . would you not grieve to know your Ada shut off from peace—deprived of the true and only Bread of Life—fettered and shackled, body and soul, by an irrevocable vow? . . . Would you not?"

Her voice broke and faltered. But the pale head upon the pillow made the negative sign, and she went on:

"Will not you—who have submitted yourself so meekly to the will of Almighty God in accepting this cup of death that He now offers you, leave the issue of affairs—in faith that He will do all for the best—to Him? and forbear to exact this promise, which my heart tells me will bring me sorrow and pain!"

In vain her pleading. The tongue that was already stiffening uttered one inexorable word.

"No!"

"Oh, then I promise, mother!" she cried through bursting tears. "And may God forgive me if I promise wrongly, seeing how much I love you, dearest dear!"

LIII.

There were not lacking signs by the wayside, as Dunoisse was whirled along the iron road to Paris, of the bloody drama that had begun upon the previous morning, and was being played to the bitter end.

Troops and bodies of police lined the

platforms of the railway stations. Pale faces, downcast looks, and mourning attire distinguished those members of the public whom business or necessity compelled to travel at this perilous time. Glimpses of towns or villages, seen as the train rushed over bridges or in and out of stations, showed closed shops and jealously shut-up houses, many of them with bullet-pocked walls and shattered windows; more police and soldiers patrolling the otherwise deserted thoroughfares; and agents in blouses, with rolls of paper, ladders, brushes, and paste-pots, posting the proclamations of Monseigneur upon walls, or trees, or hoardings, or wherever these had not already broken out like pale leprous sores.

Paris had never seemed to Dunoisse so crowded and so empty as when, on foot—for no public conveyance was obtainable—he returned to his rooms in the Rue du Bac. Entire regiments of cavalry, riding at a foot's pace in close column, flowed in slow, restless rivers of flesh and steel, along the boulevards. And brigades, with their batteries of artillery, were drawn up in the great squares and public places, waiting the signal to roll down and overwhelm any organized attempt at resistance, under cataclysms of disciplined force.

Turning the corner of one of the narrower thoroughfares, where a single unbroken oil-lamp made a little island of yellow light upon the murkiness, Dunoisse came upon two persons who were, for a wonder, conversing so earnestly that neither paid attention to the light, even footstep drawing near. Said one of the couple, a bloused, shaggy-headed man of the artisan type:

"They kept up the ball at the palace last night with a vengeance! . . . Champagne flowed in rivers; I had it from Francois."

The shallow, taller man laughed in an ugly way, and said, spitting on the pavement:

"And women were to be had for the asking. Such women! . . ."

Envy and scorn were strangely mingled in his tone as he said, again spitting:

"Such women! Not only stunners like Kate Harvey and that red-haired, blue-eyed wench they call Cora Pearl, that drives the team of mouse-grey ponies in the Bois, and curses and swears like a trooper; but real aristocrats, like the Marquis de Baillay and Madame de Kars, playing the prostitute for political ends—you twig? There was one whose name I do not know—an ivory-skinned creature, with ropes of black hair and eyes like emeralds. . . . She was half-naked and covered with jewels. . . . The Secretary-Chancellor of the Ministry of the Interior received a warning—that was at four o'clock in the morning, when they were still supping. . . . Word came to him that the Ministry was to be seized . . . he rose from the table, saying that his place was in the office of his Department. . . . And she put her arms round him before them all. . . . She kissed him full upon the mouth, and said, 'Stay!'"

"And he stayed?" asked the stout man eagerly.

"By my faith, my friend!" rejoined the tall man, "he did as you or I should have done in his place, you may be sure!"

The echo of the speaker's ugly laugh was in Dunoisse's ears as he passed on, and the image of the black-haired, cream-skinned woman whose kiss had stifled the voice of conscience upon the lips of the Government official rose up in restless witchery before his mental vision; and would not be banished or exorcised by any means he knew. . . .

So like!—so like! . . . Thus would Henriette have tempted and triumphed, provided that Hector Dunoisse had not been absolute master of her heart, and supposing that to tempt and triumph had been to serve that idol of hers, the Empire. . . . He drove away the thought, but it returned, bringing yet another bat-winged, taunting demon, who reminded him in a shrill, thin, piercing whisper that de Moulny was Secretary-Chancellor of the Ministry of the Interior. . . .

The Hand in the Dark

Editor's Note.—Anyone who has felt the lure of the lone trail, who has responded to the instinct inherited from some primitive ancestor to follow the call of the wild, will thoroughly enjoy this story of the Northland. It tells of a hunting adventure, "worth more than a million dollars."

By Theodore Roberts

Author of "For the Sake of Argument," "The Hunger Test," etc.

DAVID KEMP and a score more of big men went out like snuffed candles on the day that Bertram W. Strang did his great trick. "Trick" is the only name for it. Even in the Great Market it was a three days' wonder—for there nine days' wonders are unknown. Strang had worked underground, and had struck the final blow in the dark; and daylight had found him a great man, with his original five millions multiplied by ten. David Kemp, who had once loomed so large, vanished from the Great Market and from the mind and sight of his slaves.

As Bertram W. Strang wore on past middle life, day by day his interest in money-making declined. He knew the game so thoroughly that at last every trick of it grew stale to him. By degrees he became a sportsman—a pursuer and slayer of the beasts of the field—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." He did not sit on air-cushions and take pot-shots at animals that were driven up to him. No, he was not that kind. He went after things hard, and got them fair. His methods in the wildernesses of the world were not the methods he had practised so assiduously in the Great Market. There he had been something between a conjurer and a pirate; but now he was a sportsman.

In Africa, in Asia, in Europe, and in South America his rifle had found its prey; and at the age of sixty, hardy as a pioneer, lean as an Indian, and

sound as an athlete of twenty, he realized that for new experiences in woodcraft the wilds of his own continent alone remained to him. He had roughed it in every sort of jungle and forest in the world except in the black swamps and black forests of the American North. He had pitched his tent and followed the lure in every desert in the world save the boulder-strewn, moss-carpeted barrens of that vast, unpeopled land that lies to the west and north of Hudson's Bay and to the east and north of the wheat-lands. So he decided to go thither and pit his skill and endurance against the sagacity and wariness of the musk-ox.

The railways carried him as far as they went in the desired direction. Then rough-coated ponies took him and his rifles over another stage of the journey. On Little Moose Lake three men of the Arrowheads, two canoes, and his outfit awaited him; and, with three months' provisions, he embarked on the long trail which, by way of six rivers and innumerable portages, was to bring him into the final dash. The final dash was to be made by sledge and dogs into the desolate, untimbered lands of the musk-ox.

Strang's hopes were high. Every rod of the country through which he was to pass was new to him, and the greater part of it was unmapped and unexplored. The game was also new to him, and was worthy of his skill and of his steel-jacketed bullets. He would

go up beyond the arctic circle by a way that no white man and few red men had ever traveled before him. He would run the gauntlet of many dangers—and risk of death by forest and flood had become as the spice of life to him. He would accomplish what more than one mighty hunter had told him he could not do.

Strang had spent both time and money liberally and with judgment in acquiring information and perfecting arrangements before even so much as the first railway-ticket was purchased. For months before the commencement of the expedition he had corresponded with men in the outposts of civilization and in the lodges beyond—with trappers, factors of the H.B.C., missionaries, and the like. Through such agencies had his party of three been engaged, along with his supplies and outfit, the canoes at Little Moose Lake, and the dogs and sledge and driver awaiting him at the frozen edge of the musk-ox pastures.

The evening was coming on—the evening of the third day of the stage by water. Strang sat in the leading canoe, with a wolf-skin robe across his knees. The air was chilly, and the pungent scent of frost on wilted fern hung between the rocky, spruce-clad banks of the river. The brief summer was gone; a few days of that mystic, elusive season known as Indian summer were still to come; and then the sudden winter would strike the wilderness with scarring, rending cold and enshrouding immensities of snow and ice.

But the anticipation of these things did not daunt the spirit of Bertram Strang. He was toughened, body and mind, to all moods of the wild and all seasons of the year. In northern Asia he had camped for weeks in a horse-hide tent banked around by six feet of drifted snow. He leaned back comfortably against folded blankets, smoking his pipe and idly surveying the shores of the stream through half-closed lids.

The stream ran northward, with a little westing in it, deep and strong.

Skin-um-Mink, the proven, the inscrutable, squatted astern, paddling a swinging, tireless stroke. He was the trusted one—honored by factors, the right hand of missionaries, the pride of his people. Great was his name in his own tongue—and even Skin-um-Mink, as the white men called him, was honorably meant. It was because Strang was a mighty hunter, and not because he was the owner of many millions of dollars, that the lords of the north had procured for him the services of this great chief.

The second canoe followed, a hundred yards distant, with most of the outfit, and with Strong Pipe and Wait-for-Snow at the paddles.

"Camp here," said Skin-um-Mink, swinging the bow of the canoe toward the left bank with a twist of brown wrist and broad blade. That was the second remark he had made since noon.

Strang, as reticent as the Indian, did not reply. He pushed the wolf-skins from his knees, and when the canoe hung motionless against a flat rock he stood up, perfectly balanced, and stepped lightly over the gunwale. Within ten minutes of the time of the landing, the little tent was pitched, a small cooking-fire was blazing cheerily, and Wait-for-Snow was groping through the black interior of a dunnage-bag for materials for the evening meal. The axes of Strong Pipe and Skin-um-Mink rang sharp in the darkling bush. Strang, who hated idleness, busied himself in unpacking his sleeping-bag and preparing a couch of spruce tips for the night.

While Strang ate his supper of bacon, flapjacks, and tea, the men erected their own lean-to on the opposite side of the fire from the shelter-tent. Then they ate, while the sportsman went down by the canoes at the edge of the black stream to smoke a meditative pipe. He sat on the roots of an ancient cedar that had been torn almost clear of its hold on the rocky bank by some freshet, and gazed down the dark valley. He was happy in his queer, uncompanionable way, thinking of other

nights and other camps, and feeling the glow of strength and health in every sinew and vein of him. His mind was drowsy, and did not go further back into the past than to a few of his most exciting wilderness experiences. It did not stir the lights and shadows of his old life.

His reverie was disturbed by a tiny yellow flare against the darkness into which he was gazing—a light that seemed, at the distance, scarcely larger or brighter than the flame of a sulphur match. It sank and shone bright again twice, and then blinked out.

"Now, what in the world would that be?" muttered Strang.

He sat motionless for another minute or two, staring at the unbroken dark that filled the valley down-stream. Then, returning to the fire, he stood for a moment in hesitation with his eyes on Skin-um-Mink's expressionless face, and seated himself at the open flap of his tent.

He had not found courage to speak to the stolid guide of the unaccountable flame against the blackness of the wilderness. Skin-um-Mink would have thought him fanciful, perhaps—or even ignorant. The brief light may have been entirely of his own eyes—an internal flash brought on by gazing so much, of late, on running waters. Or perhaps it was due to some common natural phenomenon peculiar to the country. So he pulled off his moccasins and outer clothing, and crawled into his sleeping-bag.

The guides transformed the little cooking-fire into a glowing, crackling hummock of flame fully six feet in length. The heat and the music of it beat into the open tents. For a few drowsy minutes. Strang watched the red light dancing on the canvas over his head; then he drifted into the strong, refreshing slumber that is the gift of the clean winds and the breathing spruces of the north.

II.

The light of dawn was filtering through the canvas when Strang awoke. The flaps of the tent had been

left wide open, and he lay still for a little while, looking out. The great fire of the night lay gray and black, with one eye of red glowing through a film of ashes. A thread of sky-blue smoke crawled up from it, straight as an arrow. The three guides stood beside the expiring fire, heedless of its need, close together, intent on something in the open hand of Skin-um-Mink.

"What have you found?" inquired Gray Feather.

The three turned to him as in a single movement, and stood for a second, gazing at the little tent. Then Wait-for-Snow stooped and blew upon the heart of live coals in the carcass of gray and black ashes. Strong Pipe took up an ax and strode into the bush. Skin-um-Mink replied to Strang's question by stepping over to the front of the tent, stooping, and extending his right hand. Between thumb and forefinger he held a slender gray feather.

Strang sat up and inspected the feather; then he looked at the guide's expressionless copper visage and veiled eyes.

"Well, what about it?" he asked.

"Bad sign," said Skin-um-Mink. "Find um in front lean-to, stickin' in ground. Him mean go back, turn 'round, quit!"

"Do you want to go back—you and the others?" demanded Strang scornfully. "Do you want to go home? Are you quitters?"

Skin-um-Mink shook his head.

"Very good. Then we go on. Be quick with breakfast," said Strang.

The Indian nodded, and thrust the feather into the front of his shirt.

"Bad sign, too," he said as he turned away.

In knowing many wilderness people Strang understood something of them all; therefore he did not jeer openly at the men for their concern over the discovery of a gray feather sticking in the moss. But in his heart he sneered at their superstition, and hoped that no further foolishness of the kind might crop up to bungle his plans and delay his journey. As to any fear of such

nonsense putting an end to his expedition—well, he would go on to the musk-ox grounds if he had to go alone!

The day passed without unusual incident. In the leading canoe no reference was made to the brief conversation of the morning. Three days and nights went by without any further word or sign of evil omens; but on the morning of the fourth day Skin-um-Mink came to the little tent with another slender gray feather in his hand.

"Is it the same feather?" asked Strang wearily.

The guide shook his head, and produced the other feather from the front of his shirt. He stared impassively at the sportsman.

"Well?" queried Strang.

"Strong Pipe, him say no good. Him stop here," said the guide.

So Strong Pipe was told to remain in camp on that river until further orders, and to employ his time in hunting and trapping and in smoking the flesh of any game that he might procure. He was provided with a small bag of flour, tea, tobacco, a rifle, and ammunition.

Two nights later there came a light fall of snow; and this was followed by a week of gold-and-azure Indian summer. Many arduous portages were made in that time, and the canoes tasted the waters of four different rivers.

Then came the third feather. It was found in the morning, sticking upright in front of the lean-to; and it proved to be too much for the peace of mind of Wait-for-Snow. So provisions were cached at this point, and Wait-for-Snow was left in charge. The loading of the canoes was rearranged, and Skin-um-Mink took one and Strang the other.

Again and yet again a gray feather was found beside Skin-um-Mink's sleeping-place.

"If you feel shaky about this feather business, you had better stop here, and I'll go on alone," said Strang.

"Bad sign, yes. Bad sign no scare

Skin-um-Mink," replied the trusty one; but he was uneasy, for all that.

Next day snow fell soft and deep over the wilderness. It broke from the banks and drifted down the swift, black water in vanishing patches. Ice, sharp and thin as shell, filmed the quiet pools; but though the snow lay undiminished over swamp and barren and hill, the cold did not strike severely enough to bind the lively currents of the river until five days later. By then the journey of the canoes was completed—and not once since the spreading of the snow-blanket had the sign of the gray feather reappeared.

The man with the dogs and toboggan was waiting for them at that point of the river from which the dash for the musk-ox grounds was to be made. Truly, the expedition had been wonderfully planned, and the plans wonderfully carried out! They had traveled for weeks without seeing a human being other than the members of their dwindling party; and here, in the desolate region of the Country of Little Sticks, not a day's journey from the arctic circle, were the five dogs, the man, and the toboggan, as had been arranged over a month ago, far back in the lands where people live. It seemed wonderful even to Bertram Strang, who was not unused to wonders, and he congratulated himself, Skin-um-Mink, and the man with the dogs.

III.

The man with the sledge was a white man. He did not show the faintest trace of native blood.

"How, cap'n! Where Big John?" said Skin-um-Mink.

"Him an' my boy gone sou'west to Porcupine," replied the other, drawing a scrap of paper from a pocket of his fur coat and passing it to the Indian.

"Yes, him all right," said Skin-um-Mink.

The scarred canoes were lifted from the icy water and covered with brush, on the chance that they might prove useful, next summer, to some far-farer of the wilderness. The provisions were overhauled, and most of them

given into the charge of Skin-um-Mink. The dogs were fed, the sledge was loaded, and camp was made for the night.

The sight of the new man's blue eyes and brown beard had awakened in Strang a hunger for conversation. When the three sat by the little fire after they had eaten, and tobacco was burning in three pipes, he told the man called "cap'n" of the gray feathers, and of the effect they had produced on Strong Pipe and Wait-for-Snow. The fellow listened in a silence as sphinx-like as that of Skin-um-Mink.

"This gray feather sticking in the ground is supposed to be an ill omen for the journey, or a warning to give up an enterprise, I believe," said Strang.

The man with the blue eyes nodded, staring at the fire.

"Did you ever hear of it before?" asked Strang.

"Something of the kind," replied the other.

And there the conversation died. The reticence of the wilderness had touched the lips of the man with the blue eyes and brown beard.

They struck northward under a sky as clear as glass, running beside the sledge. The snow was dry as powder under their feet, and the motionless, frost-charged air cut their lips and eyes as keenly as a driving wind. They left Skin-um-Mink to smoke and meditate alone beside the frozen river and cached provisions. Their way led into a vast barren, untimbered, and lumped and scarred with hummocks of the eternal granite ribs of the world. So tense-drawn with frost were sky and snow that it seemed to Strang as if a cry, or a sudden stamp of the foot, might bring it all tinkling and shattering about his ears.

Both men wore smoked glasses, as a protection against snow-blindness. All morning they loped northward in silence; and so intense was the cold that they dared not attempt to smoke their pipes. At noon they rested for an hour. The guide found dry moss and an armful of stunted spruce-tuck in a sheltered crevice between two blocks of gran-

ite. With this scanty material he built a fire sufficient for the boiling of snow for tea and the frying of a few slices of dried moose meat.

Again the dogs were fastened to the leather trace and urged forward into the silent, glittering waste. Camp for the night was made by the shifting, whispering illumination of the northern lights. A patch of frozen moss was uncovered, and here the tent was pitched and fastened down with stones. It was banked high with snow on both sides and the back; and in front was built a fire of dead partridge-berry vines and black, gnarled fagots no thicker than a finger. Food was tossed to the dogs—a big, red-bellied frozen trout to each. A tarpaulin, blankets, and the two sleeping-bags were arranged within the tent; then the men squatted in front of the flap for a little while, close to the dwindling fire, ate, and drank the scalding tea, and smoked their pipes.

So on the last red spark of the fire expired. The dogs curled themselves in the deep snow against the tent, with their brushes over their muzzles. The men knocked the ashes from their pipes, backed into the tent, laced down the flaps, crawled into their sleeping-bags, grunted "good night," and closed their eyes. Outside, the northern lights continued their flashing, crackling dance for an hour or so, and then vanished and let the darkness in upon the wilderness.

IV.

Strang was awakened by the fumbling of a hand across his face. He gripped the hand in his and opened his eyes in the same instant of time. The interior of the snow-banked tent was in pitch blackness. He could hear his companion's hurried breathing close above him.

"Wake up, man!" said Strang, violently shaking the hand that he gripped so securely and yet could not see.

"I am awake, thank you," replied the other. "But don't move." Here Strang felt the touch of a steel muzzle upon his forehead. "I have waited for you a long time, Mr. Bertram W. Strang—and now I have you!" con-

tinued the voice. "I have waited and worked for this interview."

There was nothing the matter with Strang's nerves.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked.

"Have you forgotten the name of David Kemp?" asked the other.

"I do not remember it," replied the sportsman, after a moment's reflection.

"I don't blame you for making a point of forgetting it," said the other bitterly. "A murderer would try to forget the name and face of his victim, I imagine. Well, I am David Kemp. Once upon a time I was worth a million dollars—and they were honestly made dollars. Then you took an interest in my affairs. You lured me into the market, struck in the dark, and ruined me."

"I remember you now," replied Strang. "What brought you here?"

"Don't move your left hand," said David Kemp, "Keep it down inside the bag, or there'll be trouble. What brought me to this part of the world? Well, when you left me in possession of a wife, a child, and eighty dollars, I was not entirely helpless. I had been something of a woodsman all my life, in a wealthy amateur way. I knew woodcraft and the northern wilderness—so I was not without a trade. Steady with your left hand! If I twitch my finger, your whole head will go! I brought my family straight up to Quebec and established them in a backwoods settlement. I trapped fur in winter, and guided sportsmen on the rivers in summer and in the woods in autumn. For the first ten years it was a hard struggle to feed and clothe my family, for the other guides looked on me as an outsider; but I won their confidence and friendship at last, and wiped the jealousy out of their minds. I began moving farther and farther north every winter for the trapping. I became known to the H. B. C., and worked for them in opening new country for the trade. Now I am one of their explorers, and the founder of several of their new posts. I am hand and glove with the northern Indians—the

Broad Arrows, and such. Oh, yes, I am quite a valuable man—and people call me the captain. But my wife is almost an old woman. It has been harder on her than on me, for she has had to wait and watch—sometimes with the little house snowed to the eaves—and with no share in the excitement. Her shoulders are bent now, and her hands are hard. My eldest son is a trapper, and the second is learning the craft. My girl will marry a young man who intends to build a lumber-mill in our settlement."

"Your case might have been much worse if you had not lost your million," said Strang. "But light a candle, and let us talk and look at each other at the same time. I give you my word I'll not jump on you or make any aggressive move while you are getting the light."

"Is it the word of Strang the financier or Strang the hunter that you offer me?" asked Kemp.

"Of Strang the hunter," replied the other, unruffled.

Kemp fumbled about until he found a candle in one of the provision-bags. He lit it, and propped it up somehow against the toe of one of his discarded mocassins, on the tarpaulin between the two sleeping-bags. The little flame illumined the low and narrow tent with a sinister light like that of a low-turned wick in a smoky lantern. One of the huskies moved uneasily in the snow against the wall of the tent. Strang sat up. Kemp returned to his own sleeping-place, reclining with his face toward the other and the revolver still in his hand.

"And how is it that you were waiting here with the dogs—you, of all men? That, surely, was not chance," said Strang.

"Chance! No, there was nothing of chance about that," replied Kemp. He stared fixedly at the sportsman for nearly a minute. "This position—this situation—is the result of as careful planning as ever went to the preparation of any of your expeditions," he continued. "When I first heard that you were coming up into this

country—I already knew a good deal about you as a sportsman—I began to lay out my plans. It is amusing to think that we were mapping things out at the same time—and the result is all that a reasonable man could possibly desire. My son and I took up your trail a few miles this side of Little Moose Lake. I did not expect to have to follow you all the way before managing to get a private talk with you—but there I was wrong. Knowing the Broad Arrows and their superstitions, I began the feather game; and I kept it up until that last fall of snow put a stop to it. And there was old Skin-mink still sticking to you! I had expected to bluff him out with the others, for this feather omen is a deadly one. I thought you would go on alone, angry and pig-headed—and then my time would come! Well, I had fooled myself by underestimating Skin-um-Mink. He seems to be growing superior to the superstitions of his people. So my boy and I hid our canoe, passed you on foot, and reached Bob Hushie and his dogs just half a day ahead of you. I knew exactly where to find Bob. I had a letter ready for him—a scrawl of ink on a piece of wrapping-paper—which he believed to be an order from the factor at McNab's. I sent him and the boy off to Porcupine, to wait there for me. In case I don't turn up at Porcupine inside of ten days, they'll come this way, looking for me. No, it was not what you'd call a chance meeting! Well, Strang, that is the story—as far as it has gone."

"And a remarkable story, too," said Strang. "But tell me what it is all about? What are you after?"

"I was after *you*—and now I have you," replied Kemp dryly. "I have heard an expression in the settlements that seems to fit the case—I have you where I want you. That's the idea—where I want you! You see, Strang, we're a long way from interference, away out here beyond the Country of Little Sticks!"

"You talk very well, Mr. Kemp; but I wish you would come to the point," said Strang, smiling grimly.

"Well, it is just this—you don't get out of here until you promise to make good to me the million dollars you've robbed me of," replied Kemp.

"I suppose I should feel offended at the way you put it; but I don't," returned Strang. "It happened a long time ago, when my ideas of honesty were somewhat vague. You see me now, Kemp, a man who would not take a pound of pemmican out of another's cache or a mink-skin out of a trap I had not set myself—and yet, long ago, and in the city, I took your million, along with plenty of other people's money, without a twinge of conscience. Well, I am changed. I regret having been the cause of Mrs. Kemp's discomfort and anxiety for all these years. I'll give you back your money without a word or a kick—on one condition."

"I am not making any conditions, for it does not matter to me whether you kick or not," said Kemp.

"You will agree to my conditions, because it is a fair and sporting one," replied Strang coolly. "I will pledge myself, in black and white, to the payment of the money—check, letter to my bankers, witnessed agreement, and everything—if you will come along and finish this trip and do your best to get me within range of a herd of musk-oxen."

"And what if I do not agree to the condition?" asked the other.

"Then I'll kick," replied Strang crisply. "You may get the best of the fight, but you'll not get the money. You can count on that."

They gazed at each other for a second or two, grim as wooden idols. Then they both began to smile, with reserve but without bitterness.

"I agree," said Kemp. "I'll do my best to bring you to a herd of musk-oxen. Will you shake on the agreement?"

"By all means. Delighted, I'm sure," replied Strang.

They shook hands. Then Kemp blew out the candle and they both lay down and fell asleep.

V

Strang got his musk-ox. After hardships and frost-bites and hunger, the expedition, augmented by David Kemp and his son, won back to little Moose Lake. From there, Strang and the two Kemps made their way out to the settlement that was Kemp's home. All this was not accomplished in a day, nor yet in a month.

After a short rest, David Kemp started forth again, this time for Montreal. He had Strang's check for a million dollars, a signed and witnessed agreement, and an open letter to a Montreal banker, snug in his pocket. Strang refused to accompany him, saying that he would remain with the family and play at trapping furs until his return.

David Kemp sat at a polished desk opposite the great banker. In front of the banker lay the check, the letter, and the agreement. The banker was fiddling with his eye-glasses and gazing mournfully at his visitor.

"For how long has Mr. Strang been out of touch with the world?" he asked.

"He has spent close upon four months on this expedition," replied Kemp.

"My check for this amount is as good as Mr. Strang's," said the banker sadly.

"I don't doubt it," returned Kemp heartily.

The banker's large and benevolent face brightened for a moment, only to gloom again even more gloomily than before.

"You don't quite get my meaning, sir," he said. "Bertram W. Strang is a ruined man."

David Kemp leaned back in his chair, speechless with amazement and incredulity.

"It happened within the last two weeks," continued the banker. "His huge fortune was all in the market, the plaything of a reckless and unscrupulous nephew. For years Strang has neglected everything. The nephew has made the most of his opportunities—and last week, in an unfortunate attempt to get possession of all the cotton in the world, he enriched the market with something over sixty millions of dollars."

Kemp's reply was nothing more than a feeble gurgle.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Kemp," continued the banker. "Strang has been behaving like a fool for the last ten years."

"You must not say that," replied Kemp. "He is less of a fool than he used to be, and a particular friend of mine."

He gathered up his papers and returned them to his pocket, shook hands with the banker, and went away. At a news-stand he found the papers that described in full the sudden disappearance of the great Strang fortune into the open maw of the market. The end of Strang's financial activities had made even more stir than the beginning.

"Poor old fellow!" murmured Kemp, standing there with his eyes intent on the week-old news and his ears deaf to the hum and clatter of the busy street. "Well, it looks to me as if we might end our days together, trapping mink and otter and fox. And it will be a fine thing for Jane and the children to have a man of Strang's culture and knowledge to talk to now and then—a finer thing, perhaps, than a million dollars!"

Cash in Bank Tills and Commercial Confidence

A month ago Mr. Appleton argued that there was no commercial crisis ahead. In the article following he shows that the banks of Canada have more cash in their tills at the present time than they had a year ago, and also that they are generally strengthening their reserves. In view of such facts he maintains that there is no reason for lack of commercial confidence. Great Developments which followed the building of the Canadian Pacific's first line will follow the augmentation of transportation services by the operation of other two transcontinental systems and work incidental to those developments is already close at hand, and will keep Canadian Industries busy.

By John Appleton

TALK of tight money, of tighter money, and of an autumn squeeze has given encouragement to the bears to look for signs of a pending crisis. To the average daily newspaper there is more of the "human interest" copy in disaster than there is in success. A commercial casualty is given greater news prominence than a commercial success. The former is advertised gratuitously and the latter has to be paid for. This tendency is admirably expressed in the case of the commercial casualty record for the past half year which was headed up out of all proportion to its significance. When the amount of the liability of defaulters commences to show a decline from year to year, or from six months to six months, it will be a sure sign of decline in commercial enterprise. If business mortality records at any time manifest that tendency it will be an ill-day for Canada. A very natural trend both as to the number and the size, or importance, of business failures would be for them to increase proportionately with the growth of commerce in the Dominion. The fact of gross liabilities of defaulters in six months of the year being greater or less than for the corresponding period of previous years is not of grave significance. It is foolish to regard greater

losses, or defaults, as indicative of some grave crisis, or that the country generally speaking is going to the dogs. To make such a deduction is equally as erroneous as one would be to the effect that the greater amount of liability and the greater number of defaulters, is a sign of expanding business. Of the two, the latter lends itself to more reasonable justification.

Business failure statistics to be of any real value should be based on very carefully gathered data which made clear the causes of casualties. In Canada the chief cause is lack of capital. Some of the most promising and courageous business men, more than ordinarily imbued with a sense of the splendid opportunities which Canada offers, may be embarrassed temporarily when credit supply is for any reason cut off. They have tackled projects without an adequate supply of capital and have not the influence to control credit with banks or monied friends. They have depended on "things coming their way" which did not come. Are not these men exactly in the same boat as some of the business undertakings that have had to be backed by the credit of the Dominion as a whole. The only difference is that in the case of the larger undertakings the government be-

cause of very proper national considerations lend a hand. This would not be practical in the case of small undertakings purely of a private character. But in both cases there was the daring, or the courage, to enter into a project with faith as their principal asset. Faith in the country is as necessary as capital and most of the difficulties that arise are due to the fact that there are so many of the new citizens, and old citizens in new vocations, who have more faith in the projects they enter into than they have capital. In this new country men have to be trained to adapt business to its needs and in the process business casualties are more numerous than in older, more highly developed and more populous countries. A few more or less in any particular year is not therefore a portentous circumstance. It would not be so regarded if there was not existing a predisposition to take a gloomy view of the immediate future for which there does not appear to be substantial justification. Canada's present commercial position could not have been reached without having had at its back the faith of far-visioned men. They saw what could not but eventuate if to the opportunities presenting themselves they applied energy and skill. But to their individual efforts had to be won the aid of external capital. That was made available when the whole world, so-to-speak, became convinced that Canada had faith in her commercial future—a faith made manifest by her tackling of big undertakings without knowing where the money was coming from to complete them. It is now coming, alright, and the result is due more to faith than cool calculation.

Sir Edmund Walker, in London, stated very positively that during the late summer months there would be in Canada tighter money than exists at the present time. Though making himself particularly clear on that point he did not assume a tone indicative of alarm. He said the acute point of the stringency would not be "serious." When the head of so large a banking institution makes a statement of that kind it is well worth noting. It may be just as well also for men engaged in any

kind of business to look to other signs of the times so as to arrange their affairs accordingly. This does not mean that Sir Edmund's advice is to be despised. On the other hand it ought to be taken seriously to heart. Good physicians are not adverse to taking their own medicine and following the advice they offer to others. Sir Edmund has for some time been acting on the advice he offers to others. The bank over which he presides has been economising—or, in other and better words—it has been increasing its reserves and reducing its liabilities.

Towards the latter part of June the monthly statement, covering the banking operations of Canada to the end of May, issued from the treasury department of the Dominion government and it showed that at that time the gross liabilities of the Canadian Bank of Commerce aggregated \$197,826,000. If the corresponding statement of a year ago is looked up it will be found that the gross liabilities at the end of May in 1912 amounted to \$213,914,000. Other banks which have reduced their liabilities are the Merchants, the Northern Crown and the Bank of Hamilton.

Within the year, from June 1, 1912, to May 30, 1913, the gross liabilities of the chartered banks of the Dominion increased from \$1,247,306,000 to \$1,281,729,000. This is but a slight increase when the natural increase of the business of the Dominion is taken into account. As against this increasing liability the banks have not been able to keep up their reserves of liquid assets to as high a point as at the close of May a year ago. At that time for every \$100 of liability the banks had absolutely liquid assets to the amount of \$24.80. According to the government statement just issued the banks had for every \$100 of liability \$22.60.

To hear the remark passed that the banks could let out more money if they desired and that they are lending too much to the stock gamblers of New York and to those of Montreal and Toronto is not by any means unusual. From responsible business men whose relations with the banks are close, such expressions are not heard. They know

that the banks are only too anxious to lend out all the money they dare. Money in their vaults earns nothing. When loaned, at the present time, it is exceedingly lucrative. The temptation to lend is very strong. Under existing conditions, however, it would be very imprudent on the part of the banks to adopt any other policy than that of conservation of their resources and the building up of reserves to a higher point.

At the end of June the reserve of the banks usually approximates 25 per cent. of their gross liabilities. This means the addition of approximately \$40,000,000 to their liquid assets or a very decided decrease in their liabilities, if a normal position has been reached by that date.

At the present moment, in view of the prevalent talk with regard to the available cash at the disposal of the banks it might be of interest to compare the actual amounts the banks have in their tills and the amount they had a year ago. Cash in the till may be taken to mean specie, Dominion notes and notes and cheques of other banks. On this basis it will be found that on May 31, the banks had in actual cash on which they can instantly lay their hands a total of \$194,822,025, as compared with \$193,583,316 a year ago.

Here again the increase in actual cash has not been in proportion to the growth of liability. At the end of May the banks had \$15 in the till for every \$100 of liability and a year ago they had \$15.40.

This should not be regarded as a circumstance pregnant with danger. It is rather a warning. The danger point has not been approximated. If the cash reserves or holdings of the banks should continue to decline there would be danger and the banks themselves would be very much to blame if in the face of the approaching harvest they did not take somewhat vigorous steps to build up their reserves. Since December last the banks generally in Canada have been adding to their stores of liquid assets in that particular month they sank to a low ebb, dropping to 21.6, as compared with a normal of about 24.50 for that month. At the present time the reserves have strengthened to 22.50 and probably better than this, as will be shown by the bank statement covering June operations when that document appears towards the close of July.

The position of each bank in respect of cash holdings in proportion to gross liabilities as at the end of May last is as follows:—

BANKS AND THEIR CASH.

| Bank. | *Cash on Hand May 31, 1913. | Liabilities. May 31, 1913. | % cash to Liabilities. | % 1912. |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------|------------|
| Montreal | \$ 26,054,723 | \$ 214,002,887 | 12.1 | 12.4 |
| Quebec | 2,499,172 | 216,993,222 | 14.7 | 14.4 |
| Nova Scotia | 12,782,861 | 62,176,658 | 20.5 | 19.0 |
| B. N. A. | 5,522,157 | 55,065,808 | 10.0 | 10.5 |
| Toronto | 7,041,834 | 40,834,506 | 15.0 | 15.3 |
| Molsons | 7,390,670 | 41,323,337 | 17.3 | 15.6 |
| Nationale | 2,269,677 | 20,112,017 | 11.2 | 12.7 |
| Merchants | 11,939,535 | 67,999,192 | 17.5 | 16.7 |
| Provinciale | 1,048,040 | 10,896,726 | 9.6 | 7.8 |
| Union | 8,251,892 | 65,129,122 | 12.6 | 14.1 |
| Commerce | 27,531,820 | 197,826,803 | 13.9 | 14.6 |
| Royal | 27,469,345 | 158,214,164 | 17.3 | 18.3 |
| Dominion | 11,979,401 | 66,405,252 | 18.0 | 19.7 |
| Hamilton | 5,982,732 | 38,607,000 | 15.6 | 16.1 |
| Standard | 4,269,126 | 36,524,669 | 11.7 | 11.8 |
| Hochelaga | 3,609,947 | 25,199,170 | 14.3 | 15.9 |
| Ottawa | 5,529,959 | 41,337,505 | 13.4 | 12.4 |
| Imperial | 16,325,187 | 65,236,960 | 25.0 | 26.3 |
| Metropolitan | 1,195,983 | 10,465,764 | 11.3 | 11.2 |
| Home | 1,918,553 | 11,976,812 | 16.1 | 15.8 |
| Northern Crown | 2,549,982 | 15,155,252 | 16.7 | 16.1 |
| Sterling | 1,216,969 | 7,402,797 | 16.7 | 14.6 |
| Vancouver | 3,399,208 | 2,096,011 | 17.1 | 19.8 |
| Weyburn | 83,252 | 968,963 | 8.6 | 11.4 |
| Total | \$194,822,025 | \$1,281,729,097 | 15.0 | 14.5 |

*Cash includes specie, Dominion notes and notes and checks of other banks.

Total cash on hand in 1912 was \$193,583,316, and total liabilities were \$1,247,306,724.

Cash holdings as indicated in the foregoing tabulation is not intended as a measure of the strength of the respective banks. To some extent it indicates readiness for emergencies. Some of the banks are much stronger than others in liquid assets that grade secondary to those included in the above list. Amongst these may be included Government securities and call loans. Generally speaking, call loans on Government paper and call loans on standard securities have been readily realisable. In times of easy money they are but when stringencies of an acute character develop it would not be quite safe to assume that any security could be instantly turned into cash. Both Wall Street and London have demonstrated remarkable softness even in the digestion of marketing of the highest class of securities. British Consols have dropped within a short period very considerably and they are the strongest relatively speaking of all government securities that go to the markets unconditionally. With the prospect of markets continuing to be extremely soft the only safe position for all the banks to be in is to have on hand fairly healthy reserves in cash.

The above tabulation serves to show that for all practical purposes the reserves of the banks in Canada are as strong as they were a year ago. By continuing a cautious policy they will be stronger as the summer progresses. Assuming that the banks continue to exercise the greatest caution in this respect it may be taken for granted that when the acute point in the monetary situation is reached in the late summer months the results will not generally be serious to Canada. Business will continue on about the same basis as at present with some diminution in industrial activity where the products are non-essentials. Present industries will not be able to absorb the same proportion of the immigration that they have done in the past few years. This is not an un-mixed evil, as it will tend to force a larger proportion of the new arrivals on to the land and will also tend to make those on the land remain there.

Whatever may be said by our neighbors, by the cable mongers who work on space or those manipulators of the market for Canadian credit the fact remains *that Canadian securities are still holding a very high place in the estimation of the British and the United States investors.* If they did not Sir William Mackenzie would not at the present time become sponsor for the many millions he plans to put into transportation facilities during the present summer and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy would not be entering light-heartedly into the expenditure of a \$100,000,000. The investor provides this money and it could not be had unless he had great faith in Canada. When the credit of the Canadian people was pledged for the building of the Canadian Pacific it was an expression of their faith in their country. What followed? After the line was built the people had to get down to hard digging. Peopling the West was the first task, but when that was well on the way what happened. The Canadian Pacific could not handle the business, not even with the assistance of other roads which by lake connections carried traffic east and west across the continent. When the one all-the-year transcontinental is assisted by two others what will happen. A development will follow proportionately greater than that which followed the completion of the first Canadian line across the continent. For the completion of these lines the credit of the country is pledged and the money is forthcoming. This will provide work enough for a nation fully three times the size of that of Canada at present and the work is already to our hands. To do it right we want our share of the capital the world has to lend. Can we get it. Our credit stands high, why should we not. It has been said that Canada has overborrowed. The investor does not say so as he still lends us money at a lower figure than to other countries similar in character. Take for instance the old state of Tennessee. It required \$11,458,000 for refunding purposes. Two years ago it had the money offered on a basis of 4.76 per cent. It

declined. Now it has to pay six per cent. San Francisco failed to borrow \$5,000,000 at five per cent. Canadian provinces and cities have not had to pay that price for money as yet. Reference of course is had here only to cities in the same class as San Francisco. Winnipeg with a population only half that of the Californian metropolis does not pay five per cent. for her funds. When the Canadian Pacific can get money at little better than four per cent. and her competitor at a rate very little higher, it can be safely taken for granted that of the world's available supply of loanable capital Canada will continue to get her

share. There is no reason to fear therefore that the immediate future of Canada has anything in it of a gloomy character.

All that is necessary is the usual faith that has counted so much in Canada's upbuilding. At the present moment her store of cash for current purposes is sufficient to stave off any serious commercial crisis. Her railways are hustling to get ready to carry a larger crop and at the same time they are busy carrying to new homes the incoming thousands. There is no lack of work ahead to keep the entire nation profitably employed.



AN OLD FESTIVAL

Midsummer Eve was a great occasion with our forefathers. One custom—widely spread and dating back, it is believed, to the childhood of the race—was that of lighting fires on the hills at midnight in honor of the summer solstice. In later times these came to be known as St. John's Fires—the feast of John the Baptist falling on Midsummer Day—and in Roman Catholic countries the custom of lighting them is almost as prevalent as ever. At the village of St. Jean, in Brittany, thousands of peasants assemble every 23rd of June, and the rite of kindling the fires is solmenized with pomp and circumstance. Then for hours the folk dance joyously round, and the cattle are made to "pass through the fires" to preserve them from disease. It is not so very long ago that Eton scholars had bonfires on Midsummer Eve.

THE BEST SELLING BOOK



Editor's Note.—In this contribution this month Mr. Weaver has departed a little from his usual custom of featuring the story of the writer of the best selling book, but his readers will pardon the discretion to enjoy this beautiful glance at *Stella Maris*, whose charming story is already familiar to many.

By Findlay I. Weaver, Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer "

IT WILL doubtless be news to most people that W. J. Locke, whose new novel, "*Stella Maris*," has appeared among the best sellers for successive months in both Canada and the United States, although being a member of the notable company of present day English novelists, was born in America—South America; to be still more definite, in British Guiana. That was forty years ago. It is worthy of note that outside of a brief sojourn in England, his school days were passed in Trinidad, at the Queen's Royal College, where, at the age of seventeen, he won a government scholarship that sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge, for his university career.

At college he went in for mathematics and confined his reading to English and French literature.

The continual hearing of the Creole French of the natives of Trinidad during his school days aided materially in laying the foundation for his present excellent knowledge of the French language. At college he had the reputation of "studiously neglecting his studies" and one admirer has averred that Locke established the record of attending only one lecture in his three-year course, so that it was a source of considerable surprise to his friends when he obtained his degree of B. A. in 1884.

His holidays in those years were spent in Paris, the Latin Quarter being his haunt. There he became thoroughly familiar with the Café Delphine, the Boulevard Saint Michel, the Café du Cochon Fidele, and other of those

spots so delightfully introduced in his books.

Locke began his career as an architect and until 1907 was secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Then he deserted house-building to become a builder of books and plays.

In the fifteen years in which he has been before the public as a novelist he has produced the same number of books and so lovable, naive, good-natured and humorous are his characters that the reader of one of his stories is magnetically attracted to his other tales. He has been called "The Apostle of Cheerfulness." So it comes about that a new novel by Locke is always an event of magnitude in the world of books, invariably appearing in the lists of best sellers.

His first novel was "At the Gate of Samaria." Other earlier tales were "The Demagogue and Lady Phayre," "A Study in Shadows," "Derelicts," "Idols," "The White Dove," "The Usurper," and "Where Love Is." But it was with "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," exhibiting a more ripened manner, that he attained first rank as a story teller. That was followed by "The Beloved Vagabond," with its whimsical charm, exquisite humor and an ease and naturalness that made it a general favorite.

"Septimus," "Simon, the Jester," "The Glory of Clementina," and "Pugol," added to his laurels as has his latest novel, "*Stella Maris*," so marvellous in its originality of plot.

In this new book the central figure is the girl whose name gives the book

its title. But after all that was not her real name. Stella was her Christian name, but her surname was Blount, pronounced Blunt, as the author takes care to point out, incidentally taking a little shy at the vagaries of British nomenclature. The name Maris was bestowed upon her by one of the two heroes of the story and the circumstance cannot be better explained than by quoting this paragraph from the first chapter of the book:

"Her name was Stella, and she passed her life by the sea—passed it away on top of a cliff on the south coast; passed it in one big, beautiful room that had big windows south and west; passed it in bed, flat on her back, with never an outlook on the outside world save sea and sky. And the curtains of the room were never drawn, and in the darkness a lamp always shone in the Western window; so that Walter Herold, at the foot of the cliff, one night of storm and dashing spray, seeing the light burning steadily like a star, may be excused for a bit of confusion of thought when he gripped his friend, John Risca's arm with one hand and pointing with the other, cried: "Stella Maris, what a name for her!"

The girl is twelve years old at this time and for several years as the tale progresses, she lives there in complete ignorance of all that is evil in life. To her the world is everything that is beautiful and good. Care is taken to prevent any other impression from reaching her. This ethereal fraud is effectually supplemented by a series of fairy tales invented by John Risca in which his daily life is described as one continual round of blissful enjoyment and his house as a palace in the "magic" city of London. The serializing of this story of his wonderful palace taxes his imagination and in reality is the antithesis of his actual life and experience for it is revealed that he had married a young woman who had turned out to be a fiend in human form threatening to ruin his career and causing him the greatest of suffering. For most inhuman maltreatment of a young girl taken from an orphan asylum into Risca's home, she is sent to prison. At

the end of the term she comes out to proceed with cunning and with patient, though unswerving purpose, to wreak vengeance upon Risca through Stella Maris and through Unity Blake, the orphan girl who had previously been her victim and whom Risca had sought out and taken into his home. This girl, than which there could not easily be less promising material, eventually develops into one of the strongest personalities in the tale.

Unity Blake, although herself secretly in love with Risca, seeks only his happiness and at the sacrifice of her own life involving the death of Mrs. Risca, the way is opened for Risca to marry Stella Maris. The result of the experiences of Stella Maris in the awful storm through which her soul passes in the terrible truths that are revealed, together with the supreme test of friendship in the actions of Risca and Herold when it develops that Herold too has all along loved Stella, works out to a most dramatic climax as the ending of the story.

United States Best Sellers

1. Virginia (Ellen Glasgow).
2. Guinevere's Lover (Elinor Glyn).
3. The Knave of Diamonds (Ethel M. Dell).
4. The Port of Adventure (C. N. & A. M. Williamson).
5. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker).
6. The Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.).

Canadian Summary

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Far-nol) | 220 |
| 2. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert | |
| 3. Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.)... | 90 |
| 4. Stella Maris (William J. Locke).... | 68 |
| 5. The Happy Warrior (A. W. M. Hutchinson) | 65 |
| 6. V.V.'s Eyes (Henry S. Harrison).... | 35 |

Best Sellers in England

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. The Unguarded Hour ..Lady Troubridge | |
| 2. The Strength of the Hills | Haliwell Sutcliffe |
| 3. In Old Madras | B. M. Croker |
| 4. Sunia and Other Stories | Maud Diver |
| 5. V. V.'s Eyes | H. S. Harrison |
| 6. Mr. Flight | Ford Madox Hueffer |

A Pedagogic Allegory

Editor's Note.—The world often judges a man's morals by the stand he holds in society. A man who steals another's thought is never put by the ordinary man into the same class as the man who steals a loaf of bread. The man who marks an examination paper for a pupil and departs from his usual fairness by severity of his test is looked upon quite differently than the man who forges a cheque. Yet, these cases spring from the same root of evil. This is a little point that has been brought out by the difference in sentiment that has resulted from cheating in school contracts and a certain irregularity in the examinations for a degree in pedagogy. The author is a gold medalist of the highest standing in his profession.

By James J. Sinclair

AND it came to pass that one Mr. Probe, a man with a mania to search, was obsessed with a desire to do valiant service for a good Canadian city by showing that dishonesty in all its myriad forms was not dead. So casting about for a suitable field for his activities, he discovered the open commons of School Contracts, and at once addressed himself to his task. Ere the close of day, however, he found a condition of affairs that astounded him, not so much because of the facts revealed, as because of the audacious attitude of Messrs. Contractors whom he found squatting on the commons and enriching themselves at the expense of the people. Dishonesty unashamed stalked abroad, and the only reply in justification that the squatters would vouchsafe, was the burden of the song *Everybody's Doing It*. This sort of dishonest dealing was so patent that Mr. Probe considered his special gifts ill-employed; so he decided then and there to make a change. Here he was confronted with a difficulty. He wished to remain in the field of school matters, and preferably in some phase of it of interest to Canada as well as to Toronto. As he rather relished an elusive pursuit of what he termed refined dishonesty, a department of pedagogy suggested itself. Little did he imagine that he was soon to be given a tip that would lead

his steps right up the Mount Olympus of matters educational.

He was yet pondering on the foibles of the Contractors while departing from the Field of Contracts, when he was met by two friends, Mr. B. Paed, and Dr. Paed. The former was very sad, apparently weighed down by the burden of the Christian Pilgrim. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Probe. "Matter enough," quoth Mr. B. Paed, "I could a tale unfold that would harrow up your sleuth-like aspirations, if I chose."

"Just what I am bent on—something to investigate—but it must be elusive, must present a problem, and preferably a pedagogical matter."

"Come, then," said B. Paed, "let us sit down and reason together, and, I warrant you, I shall give you food for thought, which my friend, Dr. Paed, will substantiate."

A STRANGE TALE.

So the three sat down, Mr. Probe between the two Paeds, with note book in hand and pencil poised. Then Mr. B. Paed began and this was the tale he told:

Away back in 1904, I graduated from the University of Toronto, in the department of pedagogy, and in 1906, our friend, Dr. Paed, graduated from the same department. Mine was designat-

ed a Bachelor's degree, his a Doctor's degree. We were at this time High School teachers in Ontario. In 1908, at Easter, during the convention of the Ontario Educational Association, a meeting was to be held by and for all such as held degrees like ours. (At that time we numbered some seven or eight of each kind.) This meeting was to be the first of its kind, organized to get the men in pedagogy together. Such was the general rumor, *ea fama rogatur*—as *Virgil* might say. History records, however, that, ere that looked-for meeting was consummated, something occurred that change the personnel of those present. Many were called, 'tis true, but few were chosen. In short, the meeting took the form of a dinner at a university dining hall, to which only such as our friend Dr. Paed, were invited. Alas! we who were minus the Dr. to our names were among those not present without even the chance of having a "wire of regrets" read in our behalf. My sad mien, dear Probe, dates from that hour. From that hour I trained myself to become one of your ilk—an investigator—yea, a detective, if you will, and by and by the reason for our exclusion, the purpose of that, esoteric conclave, were revealed. For at that dinner—but why do I relate these unpleasant details which, I foresee, will bring clouds of trouble about us all?

"Nay, nay, continue, we pray," chorused Mr. Probe and Dr. Paed. "Better far it is to get at the truth, though some may writhe, while others gloat, for here, too, we may find, figuratively speaking, deviations from specifications—hemlock for pine, iron for lead, as in School Contracts."

ONE DOCTOR EVERY FIVE YEARS.

"As you will, then," said Mr. B. Paed. "At that dinner, as I was saying, it was suggested by the doctors that only one being should be admitted to participation in the privileges of their noble order every five years. The suggestion was met with instant approval. Why not? *Should not the doctorate, that at that time contained only the flower of the teaching profession, be a closed cor-*

poration even as the medicos, another body of men browsing in too many cases on the weaknesses of a long suffering public? To this all shouted of one accord, "Why not?" That was the cogent reason for assenting. An exclusive body, therefore, it would be, qualifications for initiation to include a five years' probationary course. As Real Estate agreements read, "Time was to be the essence."

Now, my dear Probe, I shall not say how many or who of us excluded from that dinner have as yet been barred from the Doctorate. How well this cabal has worked will let some statistics prove. It is written that the last man initiated into the secret rites and mysteries, prior to the famous dinner, was permitted to prefix the handle Dr. to his name in 1906: the next in 1911. This year, however, saw one more emerge from the swamps of the rank and file to find himself a niche among those on the hills where the glory never fades. Why comes this divergence from the course laid down, perhaps our friend, Dr. Paed, will explain when I have done.

In conclusion, let me state that there is no lack of candidates who desire to attain to the mansions on high, the keys to which lie in the hands of those occupying them. The ascent is a steep one. To gain the first stopping place two morasses must be passed—called Section A and Section B. At these many an unwary pilgrim coming ahead of his fated time, has been forced to stand. When, however, these bogs are safely passed, each pilgrim, footsore and weary, is designated B. Paed, and becomes a member of my class. Then, if he desires to go higher, two seas of rock and shoal confront him, also called Section A. and Section B. And finally a third tempestuous ocean, called Thesis, must be safely sailed in a bark without blemish, manned and navigated by the Pilgrim himself. This water, as treacherous as African quicksands, Syrtes, is where full many an aspirant runs foul of hidden rock and dangerous shoal, which delay his course, if not utterly wreck his bark. With this I close, but though the stars are out and invite to sleep, I would urge you to get

Dr. Paed to tell the story of a fellow worker who has had an unique experience in his sailing career."

He ended and Mr. Probe, still anxious for more data turned to Dr. Paed as if to say, "I am waiting." Dr. Paed, in answer to a knowing look from his inseparable friend, Mr. B. Paed, thus began:

"One story you ask for: one concrete story I shall give—nothing more. This for your benefit, let me promise. The gods that dwell in the Mt. Olympus of Pedagogy move in a mysterious way their blunders to perform. A certain Diogenes Clericus in the spring of 1910 had secured a firm footing on solid ground in the morass Section B., having by a circuitous route evaded Section A for two years. This point he had reached after being once thrown back. After two more years of difficulty climbing up pedagogy's steep ascent, he essayed to conquer Section A, assisted in his endeavors by a skilled and intimate (so he thought) knowledge of Philosophy, Ethics, Psychology and Sociology. When the conflict was over he consulted a friend and former mentor, Professor Universitatis Torontonensis. To him he recited a detailed description of his struggle and Professor's opinion was *The gods that occupy the pedagogical seats of the mighty surely cannot prevail against thee*. Thus assured he confidently awaited reports from headquarters. In a month or so there came the cruel words, *Rejected, you must try again*.

Now, Diogenes' surprise was only exceeded by his chagrin, and his conclusion was that *there was something rotten in the State of Denmark*. He at once protested to Jupiter Paedagogus himself and was promised consideration. The report of the warders was that Diogenes had done excellently with two weapons but that with the other two he had failed to display the requisite skill. Supported by his mentor, Professor Universitatis, Diogenes averred that he must have been rejected because of his style. He, Mr. Probe, was trained in a Materialistic School, while the warder and judge were nurtured in the

Idealistic. Then there was war. Diogenes was willing to try again on the two under dispute but wished exemption from a second trial on the other two. This, Jupiter claimed, was impossible. Diogenes retorted that that concession had been granted by the Olympus Minor of the East to our mutual friend, Mr. B. Paed. Jupiter at once made inquiries and learned that Diogenes' statement was true. Bringing the matter before the Senatores was contemplated. So the controversy went on till a compromise was effected. Diogenes was to try again with the two under consideration while he could "make believe" with the other two, his skill with the latter displayed in the first encounter to count in arriving at the net result.

In the month of December, 1912, Diogenes, as per arrangement, once more crossed swords with the warders, but, horrible to relate, the swords had been tempered with and Diogenes found himself, through a blunder of the gods, at a grave disadvantage. He at once demanded an explanation threatening to retire forthwith and refer the whole matter to the Senatores. Jupiter Major and his first assistant were hastily summoned. The cause of the trouble was seen at once, but nothing could be done at the time. Jupiter urged Diogenes to do nothing rash, to try his skill anyway, and trust to the gods to carry him through.

So Diogenes Technicus did the best he could, and when the report was handed down, lo' Diogenes name was there on the page bright and fair.

My tale is told, Mr. Probe. The facts are known to only a few including Mr. B. Paed. Make what use of them you choose."

And Mr. Probe replied: "How very like the facts of the School Contracts affair, not according to specifications. Verily, here, too, we find hemlock for pine, iron for lead."

Then the three arose. The Paeds fared along the old Ontario strand wondering what Mr. Probe *would* do, while he wended his way homeward, wondering what he *should* do,

Longevity and Happiness

Editor's Note.—August is largely a month of vacations, and consequently a time for review and taking stock of one's own real worth and importance to the world and his work. In this regard nothing will form more pleasing reading than the following optimistic, hopeful, and sane chapter by Dr. Marden. As stated previously, MacLean's Magazine is the only Canadian magazine to which he is a regular contributor.

By Dr. O. S. Marden

"THE face cannot betray the years until the mind has given its consent. The mind is a sculptor."

"We renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies, our habits, by changing our thoughts."

"Last Sunday a young man died here of extreme old age at twenty-five," wrote John Newton.

George Meredith, on the celebration of his seventy fourth birthday said: "I do not feel that I am growing old, either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye."

You cannot tell how old people are by the calendar. You must measure the spirit, the temperament, the mental attitude, to get the age. I know young men who are in their sixties, and old men who are in their thirties. "Old age seizes upon ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house."

No one is old until the interest in life is gone out of him, until his spirit becomes aged, until his heart becomes cold and unresponsive; as long as he touches life at many points he cannot grow old in spirit.

"To live on without growing old, to feel alive and hold, to the last, whatever is best in youth—vigor of mind and freshness of feeling—then, when the end has come, to find in the depths of the soul the belief of earlier years, and to fall softly asleep with a sure hope, is not this an enviable lot?"

The youth cannot understand why the close of the day does not have that

"wild gladness of morning"; it has riper, richer hues. The sunset is just as beautiful, and often more glorious than the sunrise. The last of life should be just as beautiful and grand as the first of life, "The last of life—for which the first was made."

Age has its pleasures. If the life has been well lived, the reminiscences are grand, the satisfactions beautiful. Indeed, what can give greater pleasure than to look back upon a life well spent, lived usefully, beautifully, fruitfully? When we arrive at the Port of Old Age, after a rough passage over a stormy sea, there is a feeling of rest, of completeness, of safety.

It is said that "long livers are great hoppers." If you keep your hope bright in spite of discouragements, and meet all difficulties with a cheerful face, it will be very difficult for age to trace its furrows on your brow. There is longevity in cheerfulness.

Time does not touch fine, serene characters. They can't grow old. An aged person ought to be calm and balanced. All of the agitations and perturbations of youth ought to have ceased. A sweet dignity, a quiet repose, a calm expression should characterize people who are supposed to have had all that is richest and best out of the age in which they lived.

There is no justness or fairness in ranking people by their years. People ought to be judged old or young by their mental conditions, their attitude

toward life, their interest in life, their youthful or aged thought. If they face toward youth and optimism, if they are hopeful, cheerful, helpful, enthusiastic, they ought to be classed as young, no matter what their years may say.

The elixir of youth which alchemists sought so long in chemicals, lies in ourselves. The secret is in our own mentality. Perpetual rejuvenation is possible only by right thinking. We look as old as we think and feel because it is thought and feeling that change our appearance.

Mental poise means mental harmony, and harmony prolongs life. Whatever disturbs our peace of mind, or upsets our equilibrium, causes friction, and friction whittles away life's delicate machinery at a rapid rate.

Few know how to protect themselves from rasping, wearing, grinding, disintegrating influences in their environment.

Nothing else more effectually retards age than keeping in mind the bright, cheerful, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant picture of youth, in all its splendor, magnificence; the picture of the glories which belong to youth—youthful dreams, ideals, hopes, and all the qualities peculiar to young life.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

What a mistake we make in associating the great joys of life with youth. Everywhere we hear people say, "Oh, let the young people enjoy themselves. They will only be young once. They will come into the troublesome part of life soon enough. Let them be happy before the clouds come." It is estimated that the person who lives a perfectly normal life will experience infinitely greater joys and will be much happier in his seventies than in his teens.

When a man has reached middle life or later, he is largely the creature of his habits, and he cannot develop entirely new brain cells, new faculties. We enjoy the exercise of the faculties which we have been accustomed to use, the

faculties which have been most dominant, active, throughout our lifetime.

One reason why many people have such a horror of old age is because they have made no provision for their occupation in their declining years. They spend all their energies in making a living, and do very little towards making a life. The curse of old age is a lack of interesting mental occupation, and it is usually due to an early lack of training for an interesting old age. "The mind that is vacant is a mind distress't." To avoid mental old age ought to be everyones ambition. But having formed the habit of reading, in youth, very few ever cultivate the habit and taste for reading late in life, and the result is that many people find old age extremely dreary and monotonous. A person who has always kept up the habit of improving himself, reading good books, thinking and contemplating great truths, who has developed the love of art and beauty, and who has cultivated his social faculties, finds plenty of employment for his last years.

One of the most pathetic pictures in American life is that of the old men who have retired, but had nothing to retire to, except their fortunes. They had never prepared for old age enjoyment. In their younger days they did not develop the qualities which make leisure even endurable, to say nothing of enjoyable.

Everywhere abroad we see the retired American who feels out of place and homesick, hungry for the exercise again in the office, in the store, with the customer and the check book.

He cannot talk and laugh as he used to with his old college mates and friends, for even his mirth and enthusiasm have evaporated. No matter how hard he tries to enjoy himself in the art galleries, the concert halls, the yard stick, customs and schemes for making more money keep revolving in his mind, and strangle all the efforts of the finer sentiments to assert themselves. The things which he could have once enjoyed so much now only bore him.

Some of the most disappointed men I have ever met have been men w

retired after having made a fortune. Years of leisure looked enticing to them when they were struggling so hard in their earlier days to get a start and in their later days to accumulate a fortune. Their imaginations pictured a blissful condition when they could lie abed as late as they chose in the morning, do whatever they felt like doing, instead of being prodded by the "imperious must," which had held the lash over them for so many years. And the beginning of their retirement was so blissful that they thought they had never before really lived. But very soon the days began to drag; and they discovered that their lives were not fitted to enjoy very much outside of the routine rut between their office and the home. After retirement their faculties which had been used in mental wrestling with men and things, in the barter of trade, soon began to atrophy; that which had been their strongest hold gradually faded out and left no adequate compensation. They soon found that their real enjoyment was in the exercise of their brain cells, that when they tried to find satisfaction and real enjoyment by the use of faculties which had not been developed, which had been little used, there was no corresponding satisfaction.

In boyhood the family necessity forced many of these men to find work, and their early education was neglected. The whole train of their business lives had been in an entirely different direction, away from the things they are now trying to enjoy.

How frequently we have heard of men who, after acquiring a fortune, have retired in robust health and at the very height of their mental vigor, and yet shortly after went into a decline and in a few years died.

Of what use are books and pictures and statues to him who has robbed intellect of all that deepens and enhances life's value? There is no greater self-deception than that which impels one to give the best part of himself and the best years of his life for something which he hopes to enjoy when the fires of youth have departed and there is

nothing left but embers and ashes of age.

An observing writer has said: "How many men there are who have toiled and slaved to make money that they might be happy by and by, but who, by the time they came to be fifty or sixty years old, had used up all the enjoyable life in them! During their early life, they carried economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them."

The man who has trained his mind, who has prepared himself for the enjoyment of his retirement in his late years is a fortunate man. If a man has richly earned his leisure by an industrious life, if he has tried to do his share in the world's work and has trained his mind for enjoyment after his retirement, he ought to be able to be very happy. There are multitudes of ways in which an educated mind can derive enjoyment.

Think of the world of pleasure which can be found in books alone to a person who loves them and knows how to appreciate them! It is hard to conceive of greater delight. This would mean very little to the man who has spent half a century plodding away in the business rut and who has perhaps never read a book through in his life.

Think of the enjoyment possible in the world of nature, of art, to a man who trained his esthetic faculties, as did Ruskin, where every natural object, every sunset, would awaken delights that would ravish an angel.

What delights await the man who has made it a life habit to improve himself, to absorb knowledge from every conceivable source! Who can imagine greater delight than that which comes from feeling one's mind expand, from pushing one's horizon of ignorance farther and farther away from him every day!

There is no satisfaction in life like that which comes from helping others to help themselves; and the man who has kept this practice through his business career will find endless satis-

faction and joy in retiring to this helpful life.

It is not only the man whose entire experience has been confined to the narrow business or professional rut that finds life very disappointing after retiring, but also the man who has had early advantages, but whose absorption in his career has shut him out of the world of books, the world of art, beauty and travel, and closed the avenues of the social side of life, and destroyed the faculties that had found early enjoyment in these things. This has been the sad experience of men who have tried to find enjoyment after retiring, but discovered that they had lost their power of appreciation and enjoyment of things which they once loved so. This was Darwin's experience. He was shocked to find that during his years of complete absorption in scientific studies, he had entirely lost his love for Shakespeare and music, that the faculties which presided over these things had become atrophied from disuse by nature's inexorable law, which is "use or lose."

We get our greatest happiness in the use of the faculties which have been long and habitually exercised. It is not an easy thing late in life to awaken new sentiments, new powers, new faculties which have been lying dormant for so many years. It is the exercise of the faculties and powers which we have been using all our lives which is going to bring us the only happiness and satisfaction of which we are capable.

By retiring, the average business man relinquishes his hold upon the very faculties which are in any condition to give him the most satisfaction.

He cannot get very much out of trying to arouse faculties which have been lying dormant for half a century, and perhaps have never been thoroughly awakened or developed.

I believe that the majority of men who retire not only fail to find happiness, but actually shorten their lives.

How often we hear of men dying, juts because they have given up the only thing they could do, and can find no other stimulant to exertion to take

its place—like the horse which so interested Mr. Pickwick, which was kept up by the shafts in which it drew a carriage and collapsed when removed from them.

If you would keep young you must learn the secret of self-rejuvenation, self-refreshment, self-renewal, in your thought, in your work, in your youthful interests.

If you think of yourself as perpetually young, vigorous, robust, and buoyant, because every cell in the body is constantly being renewed, decrepitude will not get hold of you.

I believe that the average person could extend his life very materially, and especially increase his capacity for both achievement and enjoyment wonderfully by forming the habit of excluding from his mind especially before retiring, all unhappy thoughts.

In other words, if we could only learn the secret of what is called, in Eastern countries, "orienting the mind," first emptying it of everything that can mar it or cause pain, and get the right mental attitude, the attitude of love, charity, of kindness, of magnanimity, helpfulness towards every living creature, it would revolutionize civilization.

There is something wrong when we wake up in the morning with careworn faces, when we feel cross and crabbed and out of sorts, when we feel so touchy at the breakfast table that everybody must handle us with gloves. There is something wrong, when we do not wake from sleep fresh, strong, vigorous, cheerful, bright, full of energy, vigor, ambition, eager to get to our work which is a perpetual tonic.

It is not the troubles of to-day, but those of to-morrow and next week and next year, that whiten our hands and wrinkle our faces.

One's disposition has a powerful influence upon one's longevity. People who fret and fume and worry, who nag and scold, who are touchy and sensitive, age rapidly.

How can one have lines of age or weariness or discontent when one is

happy, busy, and one's spirit is ever, ever young?

I know an old lady who has such a sweet benignant, serene nature that she has robbed old age of its ugliness.

"Frame your minds to mirth and merriment,
Which bar a thousand harms and lengthen life."

Happiness is a great vitality generator, a great strength sustainer, and a powerful health tonic.

"A very fine old gentleman of the best American type, accounting for his advanced age and his advanced happiness, said: 'It is quite simple. Lead a natural life, eat what you want, and walk on the sunny side of the street.'

"There's a cheery, comfortable bit of advice that does not ask you to live like an angel or die like a saint. By a natural life the old gentleman undoubtedly meant that we were not to live in excess of our incomes, turn night into day, or abuse our bodies. By avoiding these modern temptations one avoids dyspepsia, apoplexy, and nervous prostration, and so, being normally healthy, one can pretty generally eat what one wants to. As for the sunny side of the street—that is the best bit of the old gentleman's whole creed. The crowd that travels on the shady side are a bad lot. They are such questionable fellows as Worry, Melancholy, Greed, Vanity, Idleness, and Crime. On the sunny side, however, it's a jolly crew that jogs along—Mirth, Pleasure, Success, Health, Friendship, Love, good fellows all who help tremendously to halve the burdens and double the blessings of this little affair we call life, and in whose company, blow high or blow low, it's always the fairest of weather."

"Pleasures belong to youth; joys to middle life; blessedness to old age, says Lyman Abbott. "Therefore old age is best; because it is the portico to a palace beautiful, where happiness is

neither withered by time or destroyed by death. Yet one need not wait for old age. He who in the prime of life has learned this secret of immortal happiness can with Paul bid defiance to all the enemies of happiness. He welcomes troubles as contributions to his happiness because builders of his character: 'We glory in tribulation also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us.'"

The greatest conqueror of age is a cheerful, hopeful, loving spirit. A man who would conquer the years must have charity for all. He must avoid worry, envy, malice, and jealousy—all the small meannesses that feed bitterness in the heart, trace wrinkles on the brow, and dim the eye. The pure heart, a sound body, and a broad, healthy, generous mind, backed by a determination not to let the years count, constitute a fountain of youth which everyone may find in himself.

"O, Youth! for years so many and sweet,

'Tis known, that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—

It cannot be that thou art gone!

The vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:

And thou were aye a Master Bold!

What strange Disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?

I see these Locks in silvery slips,

This drooping Gait, this altered Size:

But Springtime blossoms on thy Lips,

And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes!

Life is but Thought: so think I will

That Youth and I are House-mates still."

Of those who live life to the full of usefulness, service, and enjoyment, it may be said:

Nor custom stale their infinite variety."

